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Poetry.

HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day,
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who moved apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

He answered: "Nay, I cannot please;
The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"We are all true men here,
And to each mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly sang the strong, clear voice,
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

The trees hushed all their whispering leaves,
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender memories filled.

Ended this song the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, good night, my friends,
God grant us sweet repose."

Out spoke the captain "Sing one more";
The soldier bent his head,
Then smiling, as he glanced around,
"You'll join with me," he said,

"In singing this familiar air,
Sweet as a bugle call;
All hail the power of Jesus name;
Yet angels prostrate fall."

Wondrous the spell the old tune wrought
As on and on he sang;
Man after man fell into line
And loud their voices rang.

The night winds bore the grand refrain
Above the tree tops tall;
The everlasting hills called back
In answer, "Lord of all."

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard.
But oh! the depths of every soul,
By those old hymns, was stirred.

And up from many a bended lip
Rises in murmurs low
The prayer the mother taught the boy
At home long years ago.

A TURNED-DOWN PAGE.

J. E. BENNETT.

There's a turned down page, as some writer says,
In every human life—
A hidden story of happier days—
Of peace amid the strife.

A folded leaf that the world knows not—
A love dream rudely crushed;
The sight of a face that is not forgot,
Although the voice be hushed.

The far distant sounds of a harp's soft strings,
An echo on the air;
The hidden page may be full of such things,
Of things that once were fair.

There's a hidden page in each life, and mine
A story might unfold;
But the end was sad of the dream divine—
It better rests untold.

Our Story Teller.

A TWILIGHT TALE.

BY LUCILLE LOVELL.

"You know I am always doing queer things," Kate said, "but last winter I fairly outdid myself."

"What did you do?" This in chorus from the group seated around the blazing wood fire.

"I stole a horse," she replied with perfect gravity.

"Stole a horse!" echoed the chorus; "tell us about it, Kate."

"Very well," she said. "Bring me my knitting, Jack, will you, please? I hate to have my tongue my only busy member. Can't find it? Well, never mind; come sit down, and I'll find it myself."

While Kate is searching for her knitting, will you not allow the chorus to be presented to you? We, the chorus, are Kate's guests at her charming old homestead in Sussex. We are not all sopranos and altos by any means; there are an equal number of extremely agreeable tenors and baritones. For Katy, the doer of "queer things," never demonstrated her queerness by inviting a lot of women to spend October with her in a country house only to leave them to languish before each other's eyes. Nor did she trust to such men as the town might offer; she imported her own specimens, and whosoever received an invitation to "Morningside" could rely upon the choiceness of the specimens. This had been so in the days when Kate was entirely "fancy free," and lived at "Morningside" with a chaperone as charming as she was useless, and now that the grand old place had a master as well as mistress, the same rule of agreeable pairing-off was still adhered to. Which proves, does it not, that Kate was a glorious exception to the rule of average young married women, who, being quite content with their own life-cavalier, dream not that other maidens may sigh for other companionship than his?

This was our first October at Morningside since Kate's marriage, and on the particular evening whereof I write we were seated in a semi circle around the blazing logs, Kate in the middle, and Jack, her husband, very near her. When she announced her last escapade a smile might have been seen hovering about his lips, amused at first, then melting gradually into one of extreme tenderness, which said quite as plainly as words that Kate's story was one of interest to him.

"Do you believe in the depravity of inanimate objects?" Kate inquired when she joined us again.

"I do. I am willing to swear that I left this knitting on yonder table. I found it in the library under a chair, where it had deliberately hidden itself away from me."

"It must be feminine," said Berry, casting a reproachful glance at Laura, "and therefore bound to be as aggravating as possible."

"It knew very well you would chase it, Kate," said Laura calmly.

"Imagine its disappointment if you hadn't, Kate," said Jack, smiling saucily at Laura.

"My dear," said Kate, "don't you know they never run away except they are morally certain of being chased?"

"Is knitting They?" asked Jack, gravely.

"No, but women are. You know what I mean—"

"But the story," said Laura, who did not fancy the turn the conversation had taken.

"Of course, the story!" we exclaimed together.

"Well," said Kate, settling herself comfortably in her chair. "You know I spent winter before last in Boston, and being thoroughly tired of hotel life, and not caring to take a house of my own, I went to a large boarding-house. I need not describe it; you know that by some mysterious ruling of the unseen fates a boarding-house is nothing more nor less than a rallying ground for widows, and mine was no exception to this rule. There were widows in every stage of bereavement, and every stage of mourning; from the indisputable hue of real grief to the delicate tint of questionable sorrow. Some very natural widows who had really lost real husbands, others of that variety called 'grass'—because they spring up everywhere, just as grass does, I suppose. But all called themselves widows. Of one only shall I speak, Mrs. Otis. From my arrival to my departure Mrs. Otis was constantly on the watch for me to do 'queer things.' And I did my best to gratify her desire; I never disappointed her if I could help it! When I failed to furnish her with a weekly morsel to roll under her tongue she was positively offended, and looked upon it as a personal affront. Yet in spite of my genuine efforts to be useful to her as a moral wherewith to adorn her many tales of feminine idiosyncrasies, she never appeared specially grateful to me. In fact we were so mutually antagonistic that, although no open warfare existed between us, it was evident enough that we were not friends. One of the bright young girls in the house spoke of Mrs. Otis always as my 'practical enemy.' But enough of that. She has since married, and had I longed for revenge I couldn't have had sweeter." And Kate laughed musically.

"Why?" we clamored.

"Because she married the man she didn't want. But no more of her now. You know that no one can live in Boston without becoming tainted with literary and intellectual ambitions, and I was no heroic exception to that rule. That winter Browning was the idol worshipped. He has ever been my idol, as you know, and from my enthusiastic study of his vigorous poetic philosophy of life I was deemed fit to conduct a Browning class. We met at the house of a charming woman who was such a sufferer that her couch was literally her home. She lived in one of the loveliest houses I have ever seen, one of the loveliest lives I have been brought in contract with. But there was this disadvantage as far as I was concerned, her home was some eight miles from the city, and most ideally remote from the vulgar convenience of a railroad. Consequently I was obliged to drive over. One very cold January afternoon I was was waiting impatiently for the conveyance that was to take me to W——. I was ready, warmly wrapped in furs and prepared to defy the cold, and I did not realize being kept waiting by the liverymen. I was just getting into a little temper when my pilgrimage to the window was rewarded by the sight of a sleigh drawn up before the door. I didn't recognize the driver; it was not the one I was accustomed to have, but, of course, it was my conveyance, so I ran down stairs and out to the sleigh, and got in. "Drive me to W——," I said. "And you may give the horse his head, for I am late now."

The driver touched his hat, bent down and tucked me in snugly and off we went. I needn't have said anything about giving that horse his head; he took it; he spun along over the crust like a Russian steed. I noticed his superiority to the slow animal that dragged me over the same route the week previous, and so pleased was I with the change that I remarked it.

"This is a better horse than the other one," I said.

"I don't know," he said, doubtingly. "Some like the other best."

"Impossible!" I exclaimed, remembering the other.

"I like this one best, though they go well together, so they can't be so very different," he said, somewhat as he resented my noticing any difference.

"Go well together!" I echoed. "How could that be?"

"All the doctor's horses are fine animals," he continued.

"Ah!" I said. I didn't care to enter into a discussion with the driver, but something impelled me to say, "Your master knows how to select a horse, of course, being in the business."

"No one better, Miss. The doctor never gets taken in in a horse trade."

"Your master is a horse doctor?" I said.

The well-bred English-looking driver actually turned his head and looked at me! In an instant he had recovered himself, and answered me.

"No Miss, he ain't."

His tone was so aggrieved that I was sorry that I had wounded his feelings and hastened to make amends. I know how sensitive servants are to any apparent disrespect to their master, and although their master in this case was but a livery stable keeper, who was known as doctor, I didn't want to lower his dignity in the eyes of his servent, so I said:

"Veterinary surgeon, I believe horse doctors are called, it is the same thing."

He made no reply, though he still looked aggrieved, and we whirled along in silence.

We met various people whom I knew. They stared slightly as they bowed to me, and even smiled before that was necessary.

"They think it is my own," I said to myself, meaning the decidedly swell turnout.

When he reached Mrs. Staniford's I told the driver to take the horse to the stables, and be at the door in an hour. Let me pass over the hour spent in discussing that fine dramatic poem, spoiled by too much telling, 'The Ring and the Book.' At the end of that hour my driver was waiting for me, and we were soon whirling along again toward the city. When I reached my whilom home I gave the man a little "tip," and told him to come for me the next week at the same hour, and to tell the doctor, his master, that I wanted the same horse also. Then I went into the house, and, instead of going to my room, went into the drawing room. I was so full of my enjoyable drive that I wanted to talk about it. A group of the ladies in the house were gathered around the open fire, and I joined them. They had been talking as I entered, but, as I drew near, they ceased speaking. Mrs. Otis was one of the group, and seated next to her was a big fellow who stared at me more than I enjoyed. But I was too full of my drive to resent it.

"Such a drive!" I exclaimed, rapturously.

"I should think so!" said Mrs. Otis, with a peculiar inflection.

"I am going to have that horse and drive every week," I continued.

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Otis with the same inflection.

"Yes, I told the man to tell the doctor that I wanted it regularly. Did you ever hear anything more absurd? that man was really hurt that I should call his master a horse-doctor!—veterinary surgeon does sound better, I suppose.

'I should think so!' murmured the big fellow with a broad smile.

I can tell you I was indignant at his impudence, but Mrs. Otis spoke before I had a chance to petrify this audacious fellow with a glance.

'Dr. Mainwaring naturally would not be looked upon as a horse doctor, or even a veterinary surgeon by his servant,' she said sweetly. 'It is possible, also, that the servant found it hard to understand how a lady could speak disparagingly of his master's profession when availing herself of his equipage.'

'His equipage,' I echoed. 'I don't understand you, Mrs. Otis. Please make yourself clear.'

But she did not have an opportunity. The strange young man rose and said with great courtesy, though his mirthful face contradicted his grave words: "I am Dr. Mainwaring; and I am charmed if you are pleased with my horse. I like his gait myself, and I am proud that an accident should have made it possible for Miss Lovering to judge of it."

It all flashed over me then. I had taken the wrong horse.

"Do you mean to say that you didn't really know that it wasn't your horse?" said Mrs. Otis a little later, after everything had been satisfactorily explained.

"Of course I didn't!" I exclaimed indignantly. "Do you think I am in the habit of stealing horses?"

"I didn't know," she replied. "I knew you were in the habit of doing exceedingly queer things."

"I don't call stealing horses queer things," I said.

* * * * * * *

"Did you ever see Dr. Mainwaring again?" asked Laura.

"Yes," said Kate.

"Yes," said Jack, looking at her quizzically. "She contrived many a meeting after that. I know, I was there."

"But," said Berry, "his name was Mainwaring?"

"So is mine; John Mainwaring Gray is my whole name," Jack replied.

"Oh," we exclaimed in contented chorus, glad to know that Kate's adventure had ended in a romance.

The clock in the hall struck 12. "Midnight," said Kate. "To bed, girlies, or your roses will not bloom to-morrow. Good night."

"Good night!" we cried, trooping up the wide, old-fashioned staircase. Laura lingered a moment behind the rest; Berry had some difficulty in lighting her bedroom candle. When she came into the room we shared together I was looking out over the meadow glittering with frost under the light of the harvest moon.

"I'm sorry the story ended that way," she said emphatically, rubbing one of her fair hands vigorously and suspiciously with her handkerchief. "There is altogether too much nonsensical romance about, any way."

"Is there?" I asked dreamily, turning away from the sight of the fairy meadow bathed in the pale splendor of the moon.—*Louisville Times.*

The Centennial Engine.

One of the late George H. Corliss's greatest achievements was the building of the monster engine which operated all of the machinery at the Centennial exposition. It was not only the largest engine that had ever been constructed up to that time, but it was built in the shortest time on record, and for nothing. No one thought it possible that the machine could be built in time. Mr. Corliss went home, made his plans, calculated the amount of shafting and power needed, hit upon a novel idea of putting the shafting under the building and out of sight, and on the day of the opening turned the wheel of the new monster engine, and saw it start slowly at first and then gradually progressing reach the required speed and power without a shiver or a misplaced bolt. He always said that he never made a dollar off that engine, but lost a lot of ideas by appropriation. The engine is now working in a big factory at New Bedford.

TRUE TO BABY BROTHER.

A Little Heroine at the Battle of Chancellorsville.

"Chancellorsville is up the river from Fredericksburg," said old man Plunkett, "and I think it's what was afterward called the 'Wilderness,' when old Gen. Grant got down there. Thar's er world of pine land erlong there, but they ain't the long pines like we have in Georgia; they are kind of stubby like, and the limbs come down nearly to the ground, and I seed Gen. Wright on er horse what they said the ladies of Augusta give to him to go er sailing ermong them limbs, and got his long hair tangled up eround them and liked to have got snatched offen the horse's back.

"Hooker was the Yankee general at Chancellorsville, and the boys among the Yankees would tell from our fellows from ercross the river how he'd fight, and Mr. Lincoln come down to Fredericsburg and reviewed the army, and we could see them on the other side of the river, and our fellows begin to think that they wouldn't have old Burnsides to deal with, but Hooker couldn't do nothing with Lee nor none of 'em, as long as he had anything like an army.

"The bombshells set the woods on fire and their was er lots of fellows burned, and if ever you seed fighting it was there. The Confeds had just ran the Yankees back and held possession of the field, and when the woods caught on fire the Yankees tried to regain the ground so as to save their wounded, but they jist might as well been er butting ergin Stone mountain for the Confeds wanted to save their wounded too, and they stood.

"But I seed er little girl over to the left of the old Chancellorsville tavern that they couldn't make run by their balls, but that there fire what I've told you erbout made her git up.

"The little girl's folks were refugeed folks, and they were living in er little house out in the wilderness by some old gold mines. The mother had went up the river and got cut off from her home, and the little girl, erbout twelve years old, was taking care of the house and the little baby boy, and the fighting soon got so fierce that it was safer to lay down at one place than it was to try and run out, so she stayed and hugged the little brother close in her arms, and lay down on the floor till she heard the fire er cracking and er roaring, and then she riz, and with the baby boy in her arms, and her hair all streaming down her back, with nothing on her head, she pitched out amidst the shower of lead, and the soldiers seed her and begin to cheer, and that seemed to get her faster, till her foot caught in er bush and tripped her and threw her down, and the little baby fell erway in front of her, and er bomb bursted and tore up the dirt not more than twenty feet in front, but she never left her little brother. She grabbed him and started ergin, and the Yankees ceased firing and the soldiers of both sides cheered worse than ever, and the whole line pulled off their caps and waved to the little lady as she went over the brow of the hill. I hope she lived to see the days of peace restored, and I hope she may raise up a family as true to the old flag as she was to her little baby brother."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

THIS BIRD GOES ON "TICK."

The Wyoming "Pendulum Bird"—A Story That is Very Doubtful.

The Wyoming pendulum bird is what its name indicates—a natural time-keeper, measuring off an hour at three different periods of the day with the regular tick, tick, tick of the clock or watch and away of the pendulum.

To its long, snipe-like bill the pendulum bird of the wild mountains owes both name and fame. To that bill, some four inches in length, on the under side and near the point of the lower mandible, is attached a hard, ball-shaped substance about an inch in circumference, and in this ball is found the pendulum of the feathered keeper of time. Three times during each day does the curious metamorphosis from a bird to a clock take place. As the sun rises, as he attains his meridian and as he sinks to his fall the pendulum bird respectively seeks some high perch, usually the loftiest limb of a tree, preparatory to business. The hard ball on the under side of the bill slips quickly and easily from its place and hangs suspended by a stout, cord-like ligament; then sways backward and forward the pendulum in regular and rhythmical movement, and on the mountain air comes the tick, tick, tick, by which the hour is exactly and faithfully marked off. Though close investigation has been made it has not yet been discovered whether the "tick" accompanying the pendulum belongs to the pendulum movement or whether it is a vocal effort of the bird itself. It is probable the latter, as the sound is very loud and distinct (as clock-ticking goes), so much so, indeed, that when a dozen or more of these birds are marking time at once the listener has little difficulty in imagining himself in a vast and aggravated watch and clock emporium.

While keeping time the pendulum bird is deaf and blind to all else, attending strictly (as every well regulated pendulum should) to the business on hand. Apparently the bird cannot, or will not, break the enthrallment of its own rhythmical—if slightly monotonous—melody."

THE "STAR OF BETHLEHEM."

The Foolish Vagary That It is to Reappear at the Present Time.

The reappearance of the Star of Bethlehem is still looked for by the credulous, although there is no more reason to expect the return of this legendary star than there is to look for the reappearance of the fiery sword which, according to Josephus, hung over Jerusalem just previous to its destruction by Titus. There are thousands who have scanned the heavens this season with the expectation of beholding the wondrous star which 1900 years ago guided the wise men to the place "where the young child was." Some charlatan with a smattering of astronomy first started the theory that the year 1887 was the time for the advent of this celestial phenomenon, and nowithstanding repeated denials from leading astronomers have been published over and over again by the press throughout the civilized world, there are still those who write to the newspapers, anxiously asking when this star is to be expected. Some time last autumn Venus shone resplendent as the morning star, and it had been repeatedly announced that it was Venus. But these wonder-mongers deluged the newspapers with queries as to whether this was not the long-expected star. The only foundation for the belief in the reappearance of this star is the fact that on November 11, 1572, Tycho Brahe, a renowned astronomer, discovered a radiant star of extraordinary size. It exceeded the largest planets in brilliancy, but gradually faded and entirely disappeared in March of the same year. As similar phenomena were known to have occurred before, the devout of those days were inclined to give a sort of supernatural interpretation to them, and from this came the theory that the star of Bethlehem becomes visible in cycles of about 300 years. This theory has, however, been utterly disproved. The scimetar of fire which hung over the doomed city of the Jews may have been and probably was a comet. And it is casting no discredit upon the records of the evangelists or upon the belief of devout readers to suppose that the star which pointed out the place of the Savior's birth may have been one of those strangely luminous and erratic bodies that have occasionally, in the distant realms of space, flamed up and died out, never to be seen again. It is no less a miracle that like phenomena may occur again in obedience to some unknown law of the universe; for is not every star in the heavens a miracle?

Ornaments for the Scarf.

A bunch of grapes in dark colored pearls makes a unique scarf pin.

A golden canoe, with oars, net and anchor attached, is a pretty scarf ornament.

In scarf pins a unique idea is a razor of gold, the blade of which is set with seven pearls.

Two grain pearl studs and white onyx sleeve buttons are the proper shirt front and cuff ornaments for evening dress.

A jockey's cap of blue and white enamel rimmed with gold and centered at the top with an opal, is a pretty ornament, so constructed as to be worn either as a brooch or a scarf pin.

A handsome scarf pin is a boot, the body of which is composed of diamonds. A heavy gold band forms a frame for the mass of stones, and projected from the heel is a small golden spur set with a garnet.

WHY HE LAUGHED.

How Sunset Cox is Said to Have Earned an Occasional Hour With Congenial Statesmen.

Although nearly 60 years of age, Sunset Cox is nearly as jolly as he used to be. He has been a quarter of a century in the lower House of Congress, and in his time has been a little wild, and needed more fun and excitement than his own witticisms and the debates in the House afforded him. But he has changed his habits in this respect, and is taking much better care of his health than he used to do. Cox married a comely woman with a handsome fortune, and never likes to do anything to displease her. He has no children and is wrapped up in those domestic relations which his wife alone affords him. But he used to want to have a good time away from the restraining influences of domestic matters about once a week.

"Cox used to get of his house at night by a very novel and characteristic excuse," said one of his old chums to day. "When he intended to make a night of it he would invariably go home at an early hour, dress himself in his slippers and smoking coat, crawl well down into a comfortable chair, draw himself up in front of the grate, read to his wife and congratulate himself in audible tones on his ability to get away from the cares of public life. He generally expressed himself as not feeling first rate, and crawled into bed before 11 o'clock.

About midnight the crowd down at the club, who were to enjoy the society of the funny statesman, as per arrangement, would send a delegate to Cox's residence. He would rap gently on the door, and the statesman would complain bitterly at being disturbed, although he had been resting with one eye open, and his mind bent on the good time in waiting. He generally felt too badly to go to the door, and Mrs. Cox would kindly consent to go herself. The delegate from the crowd always wore a very serious look, and spoke in a tone of great importance and apprehension.

He would tell Mrs. Cox that there was a caucus on hand, at which her husband was to preside. He always deprecated the fact that the business of the caucus could not proceed unless her husband was there, as no one could conduct the proceedings without the information he carried in his head. Cox would first hear this statement and would groan like a boy who has gorged himself with June apples. When Mrs. Cox returned to the bed and informed him of what was wanted he appeared to be in the greatest agony and would threaten to resign his place in Congress if this thing kept up. Then he would go to the door with Mrs. Cox and beg like a good fellow to be let off. But the messenger would be immovable and would declare that his absence from the caucus would entail untold inconvenience. Then Cox would dress himself, and in going out of the house would experience considerable discomfiture in suppressing his laughter over the accomplished manner in which the scheme was worked.

"When he returned to the house in time for breakfast next day his prolonged absence would always be on account of the lateness of the hour at which the caucus adjourned and his dislike to awaken the good housewife."

JOT IT DOWN.

A Good Way to Save Big Money.

"It is a good thing to keep an account of your small expenses," ex-Minister John Bigelow once said to an acquaintance, as he entered an item in his note book. His listener smiled at the remark, but took it in good part. In recently telling the story of his experience, he said that, up to that time, he had never thought of the amount it cost him annually for cigars and drinks and treats, and other sundries. He began to itemize the cost daily. He was amazed at the end of the year when he footed up the sum of $750. A change was wrought in him. He determined that, for the next ear, he would keep such expenses down to one-third of the sum in question. "And now," he said, "within ten years I have profited by Mr. Bigelow's advice to the amount of $5,000, which I have handed over to my wife to keep for hard times; and I have not become mean, either."

She Didn't Want It.

"Madam," he began as the door opened, "I am selling a new book on 'Etiquette and Deportment.'"

"Oh, you are!" she responded. "Go down there on the grass and clean the mud off your feet."

"Yes'm. As I was saying, ma'am, I am sell——"

"Take off your hat! Never address a strange lady at her door without removing your hat."

"Yes'm. Now, then, as I was saying——"

"Take your hands out of your pockets! No gentleman ever carries his hands there."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, this work on eti——"

"Throw out your cud. If a gentleman uses tobacco, he is careful not to disgust others with the habit."

"Yes'm. Now, ma'am, in calling your attention to this valuable——"

"Wait! Put that dirty handkerchief out of sight and use less grease on your hair. Now you look half-way decent. You have a book on 'Etiquette and Deportment?' Very well. I don't want it. I am only the hired girl. You can come in, however, and talk with the lady of the house. She called me a liar this morning, and I think she needs something of the kind."

Five Notes About Spectacles.

The honor and credit of pointing out the benefits of glasses in aid of defective vision belong to Roger Bacon, who lived from 1214 to 1292.

In the early progress of the art the spectacles made were rude and crude, and the glasses were rough, though they rendered great aid to the afflicted.

There is no exact age at which either men or women may need the use of spectacles, but a man usually will need some aid to his natural vision after the age of forty-five, and a woman after the age of forty.

Spectacles were actually invented about the year 1280 A. D., and certainly they were made previous to the year 1311. The man who conferred this great benefit on suffering humanity was Alexander Spina a monk of Pisa, who died in 1313.

A mistake commonly made by near-sighted people is in wearing the same glasses for all purposes. This can seldom be done without straining the eye. Two sets of glasses are absolutely needed, each differing widely from the other in focus.

The Power of Beauty.

"Had you been," writes a correspondent, "in a South End horse car a short time since, and been listening, as the writer was, to a conversation between a lady and the conductor, you would have noticed a striking illustration of the power of female loveliness. The lady passed the conductor a half-dollar in payment of her fare, upon which he instantly said:

"'This half-dollar is a counterfeit.'

"'Why, is it? I'm sure I didn't know it,' she replied.

"'Well, I don't believe you did,' said he, gazing admiringly into her pretty face, while he retained the coin and passed her 45 cents good money. 'One of those rascally conductors must have passed it onto you. I'll take it and pass it onto somebody!'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Cleared the House.

On one occasion, when the Irish members were fighting in a forlorn hope against overwhelming odds, old Jo Biggar, as he is familiarly called, arose and began an elaborate and profound speech, which consisted mainly of statistics of the most amazing length, breadth and thickness, based on the exchequer report of the year 1841. He spoke in a hard, dry, rasping and metalic voice for four solid hours until the speaker, in a fit of exhaustion, said testily: "I do not think I quite understand what the honorable gentleman was saying."

"Ah! that's too bad," said Mr. Biggar sadly; "I'll have to begin all over again."

He turned back and began his four hours' speech at the beginning, but before he had uttered three sentences the whole house in a body arose and rushed away.

Out of the Frying-Pan.

The principal had called the whole seminary together, and there was sulphur in the air.

"Ladies," she began: "this morning the object which I hold in my hand, and which I am given to understand is a cigarette, was found in Miss Rapide's room. Miss Rapide, have you any explanation to offer of this scandalous circumstance?"

"P-p-please, Miss Duxbury," sobbed the culprit, hiding her face in her hands; "I-I-I did n't mean to smoke them—I—I only b-b-bought them for—for—for the pictures!"—*Puck.*

CITY AND COUNTRY BOYS.

A Man Who Was One of the Latter Writes Pithily About Them.

Col. A. K. McClure in Philadelphia Times.

Which is the better place to be born and reared in, city or country, if one wants to achieve success in life? This question is asked occasionally, and there is a widespread popular impression that the country boy has the better chance. The claim is truthfully made that nearly all the great American statesmen of the first century of this government's existence were countrymen, and that the leading representatives of the professions and business enterprises were born in the rural districts.

While this is undoubtedly true, so far as the past is concerned, it would hardly be safe to jump to the conclusion that a city-bred boy is foreordained to stand all his life at the foot of the ladder and gaze with feelings of envy and admiration while his country cousin climbs to the highest pinnacle of success. Franklin was city born, and so was Sumner. Two generations of Vanderbilts and three of Astors have been city born, while Girard, if not exactly city born, soon gravitated to the city and made his career there.

If there have been more American statesmen furnished by the country than by cities it is partly because there were more country than city districts to be represented in Congress and legislatures, and partly because while countrymen of good abilities sought political careers, city bred men of the same class devoted themselves to business instead. If many of the leading business men of our large cities are country born, it must not be forgotten that American cities are mostly new, their population being made up of countrymen and foreigners, without which there would have been but few cities of importance. The fact is that the real test between city and country as starting places in life is yet to be made in the United States.

Philadelphia, one of the oldest, most stable and conservative of all the American cities, is represented in Congress by a solid city bred delegation, and it cannot be said that Kelley or Randall suffer by comparison with the country born representatives of other districts. Is it not quite possible that other cities besides our own will in time duplicate Philadelphia's experience in this respect? So far the fast growing American cities have offered the greatest prizes to men ambitious for wealth and professional distinction, and have served to drain whole states of their ablest and most ambitious men, thus giving a great preponderence to the country born among those who have achieved distinction even in business life. But will this process continue indefinitely? It is very doubtful.

An analysis of the relative advantages of city and country during the formative period of a boy's life shows them to be nearly equal. The city boy has access to libraries, lectures, the best schools, and is subjected to the quickening influences of the busy life that surrounds him everywhere. On the contrary, he is beset by a multitude of temptations and distractions which do not assail the country boy. The latter has fewer books, fewer instructors and his surroundings are less inspiriting than those of the city boy. But he has more time to appropriate the few advantages he does possess and less temptations to neglect or disregard them. City life is doubtless more enervating than country life, and, when all is said, it is probable that the country boy's chief advantage is in the greater capacity of physical endurance which he acquires almost without effort or volition on his own part.

The enervating influence of wealth is the same in city and country. The sons of the rich in either are likely to be outstripped in the race for wealth and prominence by the sons of the poor and of those only moderately well to do. Simon Cameron's shrewd remark that he possessed one advantage in early life that outweighed all the advantages of his son Don, viz.: poverty, is applicable to city and country boys alike. And as American cities come to have a distinct and stable population, there is little doubt that from the lower and middle classes of this population there will constantly arise men who will achieve as marked pre-eminence in business, professional and political life as their country-born neighbors.

A MILLIONAIRE'S WAY OF DOING IT

How Senator Stanford Would Go About it to Abolish Poverty.

The other day I asked the millionaire Senator from California, "How would you abolish beggary?"

"There is only one way," he said. "Dry up the source—abolish the conditions that make beggars. To try to cure poverty by street charity is like trying to stop a hole in your roof by mopping up the puddles that gather on your floor."

I asked him if he would specify the conditions.

"Yes," he said, "I can vaguely indicate them. Let me say, in the first place, that it is not millionaires that cause poverty. Nobody is worse off because the Vanderbilts are worth $200,000,000. If they had not the wealth it would not exist at all. It is only in those communities where millionaires are possible that the average citizen has enough to eat. Now what causes poverty?

"First—Ignorance of how to save money. I found beggars in California in 1850, when any man could go out with a tin pan and earn $5 before breakfast. When by working three hours a day a man could make his board and clothes, there were always shiftless creatures around whom the rest had to support. It is the same way now. The soil is wonderfully fruitful there. Merely 20,000 men produce all the wheat of the state, and export 1,000,000 tons of it every year, and yet there are beggars. We can cut, thresh and sack wheat at an expense of one and a half cents per 100 pounds, potatoes cost only half a cent a pound, and flour is only $4 a barrel, and yet there is want. An important cause is unthrift. People do not understand economy or practice it, as almost every rich man has had to at some time in his life. I really believe that there would be beggars in the world before night if $20 gold pieces were to be sown broadcast every morning, and so distributed that every man, women and child were certain to get some.

"Second—The sale and use of liquor. As long as there are ten times as many saloons in this country as there are of both churches and schools, and they are mainly supported by the very poor, the sources of misery are pretty obvious.

"Third—A lack of manual training. This last need is most serious. If so many people could be taught trades that the entire product of this country were doubled next year the wages would be doubled, either in increase of money received, or in the smaller cost of the necessities of life to be bought. More capable skilled hands—that is one of our greatest needs. My great hope is in my university, which I wish to build so tall and deep and broad that the rudiments of every useful trade and occupation may be taught. When everybody knows how to do some difficult and useful thing poverty will rapidly diminish."

Seven of the First Things.

The first use of a locomotive in this country in 1829.

The first table cutlery of American manufacture was made at Greenfield, Mass., in 1834.

The first cotton mill in the United States went into operation in 1787, at Beverly, Mass.

The first dwelling house in Kentucky was erected in 1774, on or near the site of Harrodsburg.

The first iron forge in America was established in Raynham, a town of the Plymouth colony.

The first Quakers in New England arrived in 1665, in Massachusetts, and were banished from the colony.

The first newspaper published in America, outside of Boston, was issued in Philadelphia, and called the *American Weekly Mercury.*

A Very Expensive Cigar.

"Will you not smoke with me?" said a preacher who was supplying a church that Sunday with a view to a call. The father of that young man, thus offered a cigar, had quit the use of tobacco for fear that his son might take to it. That cigar, handed out by the preacher, turned the scales, and he was not called to that church. The mother of the young man said: "We are not extremists, but we prefer that our sons should not use tobacco. How can we keep them from it if our own pastor uses it?" That was a three thousand-dollar cigar—we mean that it was a three thousand-dollar salary which the cigar turned into smoke.—*Richmond Religious Herald.*

ELSEY FARM.

HOW IT WAS LOST AND WON.

BY DAVID R. LOCKE.

CHAPTER VII.

Pollard knew that Cassidy would be at the office at about eight in the morning, and that he would discover the fact of his absconding by nine. Till then he would be safe on that train. But he took no such chances. He was muffled so that the conductor did not know him, and he paid his fare for only some twenty or thirty miles, leaving the train at a small, obscure station. He did not hire conveyance there, but quietly struck off through the woods and over the hills to a point on another road, some twenty miles distant, where he took another train, on which he made his way to the nearest large city, in which he buried himself.

John Cassidy, of course, attempted to find him. He did not make any public demonstration, for it would do him no good to do that unless he could get his hands on his man. His object was to hold Pollard in restraint—to imprison him—to tie his hands, and all the sheriff's proclamations in the world would not do that while he was at large.

But he instituted the strictest possible search. He put private detectives on his track, who were promised very liberal rewards for the discovery of his whereabouts.

Pollard was apprised of this effort, and he laughed at it. He had lived this kind of a life before, and he knew all its outs and ins. He was where no detective could find him, unless he was betrayed, and he snapped his fingers at Cassidy and his detectives.

Cassidy, after a week or two, abandoned the search, for he saw it was useless. Should he abandon Mary Elsey as well? He supposed, up to this time, that he had sufficient control over himself to do even this, but he found, when he attempted it, that he could not. His passion for her amounted almost to madness. He could not dismiss her from his mind, and the more he attempted it, the more impossible he found it.

Swept on by a passion he could not resist, he determined to risk his all upon one bold move. He would spring his trap and catch his game if possible.

He went to the house now occupied by the Elseys, and his eye gleamed with a strange light as he saw the well cared-for flower beds, the tasteful ornamentation that had been added, and the thousand and one indications of a refined taste that he saw about it. He stepped to the hall door and rang. A neat servant girl answered the bell, and, as the door swung open, he saw within the same evidences of taste and culture, and he felt sure that this girl, so fond as she was of luxury and refinement, would make any sacrifice, rather than abandon it.

His card was taken in, to which a speedy answer came:

"Miss Elsey cannot see you, sir."

"Tell Miss Elsey," said Cassidy, "that I must see her, or rather, that she must see me. It is a matter of importance to her."

The girl returned, saying simply, "Miss Elsey will see you."

He was ushered into a room richly and tastefully furnished. It was evidently, Mary's private room, for in it was everything she took any special delight in. Here stood her piano, there her books; and on an easel was a water-color just commenced and all about the room were scattered evidences, not only of a refined taste, but of hard work, in the direction of development.

Mary Elsey stood in the center of the room as John Cassidy entered it, with a look of determination in her face. She did not ask him to be seated; as he entered she merely exclaimed:—

"Well, sir?"

Cassidy, for a moment, lost his self-possession, but it was only for a moment. The very presence of the radiant woman gave him the nerve to make the final effort for the possession of her. How beautiful—how glorious she was! Beautiful as she had been in poverty, she was infinitely greater here. The diamond had, now, its appropriate setting.

"Well, sir?"

"I am here, Mary, once more, to offer to make you my wife."

"You have done this before."

"I have."

"Did I give you any encouragement—any hope of final success?"

"None."

"Then why do you force yourself upon me again? Why annoy me with this persistent pursuit, when the pursuit itself is an insult?"

"You decline to consider me at all, do you?"

"I do. I tell you once for all, that, under no conceivable circumstances, could I ever think of marrying you. It is impossible, and can never be."

"I expected this answer, but you will change your mind, nevertheless."

"Never!"

"Mary Elsey, that I love you, you know; that I would prefer you to marry me of your own free will, is true. But you will not do this. Very well—you shall marry me, all the same. Are you happy here? You need not answer, for I know you are. Excuse me for taking a seat, for this conference is likely to be somewhat long. You doubtless forgot to ask me to sit. Were you happy in your old home on the farm? Would you be willing to go back to that home? Would you be willing to take your brothers and sisters from the schools in which they are placed? Would you be willing to give up this beautiful home—these elegant surroundings, your books, your piano, your pictures—all the luxuries which you have here, and go back to the life you led on the hills?"

"What do you mean by these absurd questions?"

"I mean, Mary Elsey, that, having exhausted every other way of possessing you, I give you the choice of accepting me as your husband, or going back, not to your old life, but a still worse one."

"Again, man, what do you mean?"

"I will tell you. Your father has no title to or ownership in Elsey Farm. Elsey Farm is—"

"In God's name, whose?"

"Mine!"

"Yours?"

"Yes, mine. I own Elsey Farm. I own the well—I own every drop of oil that has flown from it. You are trespassers. You doubt it? Here is the deed! See the names, John Elsey, Margaret Elsey, properly signed, properly witnessed and properly stamped. Now, Mary Elsey, it is for you to choose—my hand, or the street for you and yours."

In an abstracted way, as one walks in sleep, Mary Elsey took the deed in her hand and looked at it and the signatures. In a moment all of Pollard's warnings came to her. This was the danger with which she was threatened; this was what Pollard referred to when he said, "No matter what John Cassidy has, or may do." But, right or wrong—there it was in black or white; and as the thought of this cruel change in her condition came to her, she fell fainting to the floor.

Cassidy left the house at once.

"It will be well," muttered he to himself, "for her to hear, immediately, of the death of Paul Bates."

And the next mail carried to the camp of Col. Mackintosh's regiment, an envelope addressed to John Moss, Co. C.

There was nothing inside of it. It was simply an envelope so addressed. But he to whom it was addressed knew very well what it meant. It was the death-warrant of Paul Bates.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE CAMP.

The ——th Pennsylvania regiment was in the advance of the great army which General Grant was leading to Richmond. It had borne its part in the terrible battles of the Wilderness, and had its history of stubborn fights, of terrible exposures, and fatiguing marches. It had lost men by the hundred. After the last battle in which the regiment had participated, the roster showed only two hundred of the thousand brave men who originally composed it.

But the regiment was a favorite one—its officers were men known and esteemed, and was being rapidly recruited. That great stimulant to patriotism, the draft, was producing thousands of fresh men to take the place of the fallen heroes, and the ——th Pennsylvania was being rapidly filled up.

Among the recruits who had, just before, joined the regiment, was John Moss, whose coming was accounted for in the conversation he had held with John Cassidy. He made a fair soldier, and was not unpopular with his comrades. He was accustomed to danger, and possessed a degree of coolness that had, in skirmishes, and duty, where the individual stands out, given him some considerable reputation.

There had been an attack made on the front one day, in which the ——th Pennsylvania suffered severely; in fact, it had borne the brunt of the attack. For eight hours, the brigade of which it was a part, had held a bay, a force of three times their number, for the plucky colonel commanding the brigade had been ordered to hold his position at all hazards, and he did it. The Federal force occupied a rough, broken ridge crowned by a stout fence. Beyond, was an open field, dotted with stumps and trees, and beyond this, the attacking rebels emerged from a heavy forest, to which they finally driven. Then, Col. Mackintosh was reinforced.

The slaughter had been terrific, and Surgeon Bates had his hands full. At ten o'clock that night, Col. Mackintosh came into his quarters in a state of excitement, unusual to him. The major of the regiment was his brother, and, late in the day, when the regiment was pressing the enemy and was far in advance of its original line, he had been wounded, and had fallen from his horse. Col. Mackintosh saw him fall and saw him taken up by his men. At that moment, the rebels made a furious attack, and, in turn, the Union line was forced back. Col. Mackintosh supposed that his brother had been taken to the hospital in the rear, and had, the moment the bloody combat was over, gone in search of him, to learn his fate. To his horror, he found no trace of him. The men who were carrying him from the field, had been compelled to drop him to save themselves.

"I fear, said the Colonel, "that the rebels picked him up, and that he is a prisoner. If so, wounded as he is, it will go hard with him."

"The probability is," replied the surgeon, "that the rebels did not take him. If he was wounded so that he fell from his horse and had to be carried, the rebels would never have burdened themselves with him. I saw that part of the fight, and the struggling back and forth of both forces was too frequent and sudden to admit of either side carrying off badly wounded prisoners."

"Then where is he?"

"Where the men dropped him. Search should be made at once."

The two men by this this time had stepped out in the open air.

"I will go with you, Colonel," said the surgeon. "Take a dozen men, and we will find the major."

The suggestion was acted upon at once. A dozen men were detailed, lanterns were procured, and the party started on their search, the Colonel and Surgeon walking some distance in advance.

John Moss was one of the men detailed to make the search, and a curious expression came over his face as the party started.

When near the spot where the wounded man had been dropped in the afternoon, the men separated and examined the ground carefully, the colonel and surgeon remaining together. It was supposed that that the rebels had evacuated the woods, but it was not so. Their pickets were still in its edge and were watching the movements of the party. When quite near the woods, John Moss dropped behind a stump and leveled his rifle at the figure of the surgeon, who, with the colonel, was not more than thirty rods from the woods, and the same distance from the line. At that moment a body of rebels made their appearance and open fire upon the men, who, accustomed to that kind of fighting, returned it. A hot skirmish ensued, the Federals falling back to where the colonel and surgeon were standing.

"We had better fall back," said the surgeon, "and return with force enough to hold the position while we search for the major."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a single report rang out upon the night air, from the right of the colonel, and, Surgeon Bates, pressing his hand to his side, fell to the ground. Col. Mackintosh could do nothing to succor him. The rebels had moved out of the woods in force and were close to them. The men were seeking safety in flight, for they were outnumbered ten to one, and the colonel had but one thing to do, and that was to save himself.

There was an alarm in the camp at the firing, and the ——th Pennsylvania was ordered to the front, and were met by its colonel. Hastening back to the spot, they found neither the rebels or the body of the surgeon. He had either crawled out of the way, or had been taken by the enemy. The rebels had gone under the cover of the woods again, and the regiment returned to its camp.

Colonel Mackintosh was sorely troubled. He had heard the report of the rifle on his right, and the surgeon had pressed his hand on that side. Who had fired that shot? If it was a rebel, he had been an extremely bold one. He called the sergeant who had been in charge of the detail.

"Where were your men when the rebel pickets fired upon us?"

"Scattered about the field, sir."

"Do you know them all?"

"I know every man of them well, sir, except one. With the exception of Moss, they are all Brownhelm boys."

"Who is Moss?"

"I don't know, sir. He came into the regiment with the last lot of recruits."

The colonel knew the history of Paul Bates' love for Mary Elsey, and his quarrel with Cassidy. He and the surgeon had occupied the same tent all the time that the regiment was out.

"Did not Cassidy, when he was here, enquire for this man, Moss?"

"Yes, and found him. I saw them sitting together in close conversation, three hours, one night."

"Where was Moss during the skirmish to-night?"

"To the right of where you and the surgeon were when the surgeon fell."

"Go and bring Moss to me."

"That d—d scoundrel shot him," thought the colonel to himself, "and John Cassidy put him up to it. I'll ferret out this mystery. That report was not made by a rebel gun, for no rebel would have dared to get so far from his support. It was behind us."

The sergeant returned in a few moments with the report that Moss was missing. The other men were brought to the colonel and examined, touching him, and they all agreed that he had not been seen since the men separated to search for the body of the major.

The next morning the trains came up from the camp from which they had moved three days before, with the knapsacks of the men. Col. Mackintosh was standing by as the effects were thrown out.

"Here is Moss's knapsack," said the man who was handling it. "Give it to the captain."

"Ha!" exclaimed Col. Mackintosh, "let me have that knapsack. I will examine it."

He eagerly opened it. It contained the usual outfit of a soldier. He took out the blue shirt, and in the breast pocket found an envelope addressed to "John Moss, Co. C., ——th Pa. Volunteer Infantry."

There was nothing inside of it, but Col. Mackintosh scrutinized it carefully, notwithstanding.

"It is postmarked Brownhelm, and I could swear that the hand-writing is Cassidy's. I have done business with the scoundrel too long not to know that hand-writing. When in the camp he enquired for Moss—he had a secret interview with him—he sends him a letter—the surgeon is shot, and Moss is missing. John Cassidy, you are in this!"

Thus thought the worthy colonel, as he put the envelope carefully away in his pocket book.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. CASSIDY HEARS SOME NEWS THAT PLEASES HIM, AND PROCEEDS TO ACT UPON HIS INFORMATION.

Mr. John Cassidy was in the way of good luck. The very morning after this interview with Mary Elsey, he discovered the whereabouts of the missing Pollard. One of the detectives he had employed and dismissed, when he thought further search unavailing, had discovered, in the course of his investigations, facts that made it of direct interest to him to get his hands on Mr. Pollard. It was a matter of forgery that occurred some years before, that involved a considerable interest. Pollard was not the forger, nor was he in any way implicated in it, but he knew the man who was, and, so the detective believed, could throw light upon an exceedingly complicated affair that had grown out of the crime. And so, stimulated by a higher reward than John Cassidy could afford to pay, he had worked untiringly, on his own account, to find the man, and had finally succeeded. But the finding of Pollard availed him nothing, for he could not arrest him, having no charges to prefer against him. Cassidy could arrest him, for Cassidy could prefer charges. So he was compelled to notify him of the discovery, thus doing his work without his money.

A telegram brought Mr. Cassidy to the spot—the necessary charges were made, and James Pollard found himself inside a particularly strong jail, at the very time, of all others, when he wished to be at liberty. He could give no bail, the jail in which he was incarcerated was hundreds of miles from Brownhelm, and his trial would not probably take place for months.

The detective desired Pollard to make his disclosure, which he was entirely willing to do, on condition that he be released, but, unfortunately, that condition was one that the detective could not comply with. It was out of his power, for Cassidy held the key to the position. The detective had overreached himself, as detectives usually do. There was no earthly use in asking for his release, for Cassidy had no interest whatever in the matter of the forgery, and had good reasons for desiring Mr. Pollard to be kept safely in that especial jail. He was the only one who could interfere to protect the Elseys, and in jail he was powerless. Mary Elsey did not know of his whereabouts, even.

In the meantime, John Elsey was made acquainted with the situation of affairs. He denied ever having signed a deed, but of what avail was his denial, in the face of his signature? There was his name in black and white; under it was the name of his wife, and in the proper place, were the names of the witnesses. It was a good and sufficient deed, and one that could not be gone back of. Mr. Cassidy asserted that he bought the farm and paid for it—that Mr. Elsey's statement of the loan was a fiction, and the deed, duly signed and recorded in the court house at the county seat, bore him out in it. He stated further, that he told the old man, when he bought the farm, that he could occupy it till he had decided what to do with it—that he was away when oil was struck, and that the moment the property became valuable, he asserted his rights. Nobody believed the story, but Cassidy cared nothing for that. The farm was his in law, and that was all that was necessary.

Mary Elsey knew not what to do. She was aware of the fact that John Cassidy had the law on his side, and that he doubtless, could substantiate his claim to Elsey Farm and all that had come from it. He could force her father to account for every drop of oil that had come from the land,—in short they were worse off than ever, for they had absolutely no home to go to—no refuge or shelter. And where was Pollard who had promised to protect her?

Mr. Cassidy followed up his blow promptly. He made his appearance a second time before Mary Elsey, this time at her request. She was paler than before, and her face showed traces of deep mental suffering.

"You have tricked my father out of his land," said she, "he supposed he was signing a mortgage."

"He did sign a deed," was Cassidy's reply.

"I know it," replied Mary. "It is not necessary to discuss any point of morals with a brigand. You have possession, which is enough for a man like you. Let me know the worst at once. What price must I pay for the restoration of the land to its rightful owner? What is the amount?"

Cassidy looked her full in the face as he answered:

"Your hand. I will not insist on it immediately—I will not be hard with you. You may take a week to bring yourself to the point."

Mary looked about the well-appointed room and shuddered.

"Leave me," said she, "and come again for your answer."

"When?"

"To-morrow. Leave us in undisturbed possession twenty-four hours, and at the expiration of that time I will give you my final decision."

"I will do it. I shall be here to-morrow, Mary Elsey," said Cassidy slowly and deliberately. "I shall then expect to know your final decision. If you choose to become Mrs. Cassidy, well and good. You shall have all that you dared to hope in your wildest dreams—your brothers and sisters, your father and mother shall fare as you do. But, if you decide otherwise, I shall assert my rights. I shall hold possession of the land, and shall hold you to a most strict account for everything that has thus far been expended. You have to choose between me and the streets."

And the man departed, feeling that he had made his point.

The next day he was again at her house. She appeared pale, but dry-eyed. She had been weeping, but she was determined that he should not see it.

"I have come for your answer," said Cassidy.

"I can give it in a few words," said she. "You have acquired a title to my father's farm by fraud, and you intend to make that the means by which to force me to a marriage which I—"

At this moment her father entered the room with letters for her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDEPENDENT WOMEN.

Novel Means by Which Some of the Fair Sex Make a Living.

Women, to be sure, are learning more and more how to take care of themselves and become independent. Here they devote themselves to bee culture, the raising of silkworms, the poultry business, flower selling, the gathering and putting up of sea mosses to sell to tourists, and raising pampas plumes and curing them.

Then we have a woman architect, who understands her work quite as well as the husband with whom she is in partnership. He plans for the ordinary home, and she for all the nooks and corners, closets and out-of-the way places. Then she is an artist and knows what colors harmonize in paint, woodwork and furnishings, and her own abode is a marvel of taste and the fitness of things that please and satisfy the eye.

Another woman, a lady of refinement and education, takes the furnishing of your new house and plans for you, telling what you need, and with carte blanche makes your interior surroundings and furnishings in perfect harmony, or she will suggest to you what is essential in parlor, library or hall.

Still another woman understands the art of decorating for dinner or evening parties and sends out cards to all new comers who have homes and wish to entertain. She will come and trim your rooms with flowers, arrange your tables and festoon draperies, and bring the harmony of color out with wonderful effect. And here were flowers bud and bloom in such rare perfection a flower artist can do marvelous things in floral decorations.—*Los Angeles Letter.*

Woman's Most Interesting Age.

"What is the most interesting age of women?" was a question recently discussed by an artist, an author and a woman of society. The artist said he did not like to paint the portraits of those between the age of 25 and 40 years. Before 25 the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope, and is full of puzzling promises. At 40 years the character is formed and the lines of the countenance are strong for the painter's study; but in intervening years the face has lost its expectancy, is apt to be indifferent, and has no particular interest. The author differed from the artist. He liked to study women between the ages of 30 and 40. They had then the experience of the world and the joyousness of youth. In those years they were brightest and most interesting. The society woman thought that it was impossible to make general answers to the question, as individual women differ in regard to the most attractive age. Some are most charming at 60 years, while others have passed their prime at 20. The best answer would be that women are always beautiful to the friends who love them.—*Boston Transcript.*

Its Own Punishment.

Tight lacing is no new thing. Three hundred years ago Harvey complained of it in as modern terms as if he had spoken last week. A curious fact is that while tight lacing has prevailed for so long a time it has created no perceptible difference in the form of children. The newly born babes of civilization have as large waists as the children of barbarous nations. So it seems that while the sin of tight lacing brings its own punishment, that punishment is visited on the person alone who commits it.

Recent Literature.

WHAT AUTHORS ARE DOING.

Physical Culture—The Invasion of the Crimea—Manifold Cyclopedia—Geological History of Plants—Gentle Breadwinners — Monarchs I Have Met—Other Stories and Pamphlets-Literary Notes.

"Physical Culture," by Prof. D. L. Dowd, is a scientific and practical work upon this subject for the home and the school, with 80 illustrations. It is written with clearness and simplicity, and aims at symmetry of development, beauty, health and longevity. Its lessons extend to every part of the body, including the vocal organs and the muscles of the face. The following are some of the subjects:

The value and necessity for breathing pure air, and the fatal and deadly effects of inhaling foul air; the good and the bad effects to be gained from participating in various exercises, such as rowing, horseback riding, walking, etc.; the injurious effects from the use of heavy weights, benefits to be derived from the use of light weights and athletic sports in general. It answers a great many questions that are constantly being asked, such as: "Does massage develop and strengthen the muscles?" "Is there a limit to muscular development?" and, "Is it possible to gain an abnormal development?" "How long will it take to reach the limit of development?" "What is meant by being muscle-bound?" "How should a person breathe while racing?" "What kind of food is best for us to eat?" "What form of bathing is best?" "How can I best reduce my weight, or how increase it?" with many other similar questions. Published by Fowler, Wells & Co., New York.

"The Invasion of the Crimea: Its Origin and an Account of Its Progress Down to the Death of Lord Raglan," by Alexander William Kinglake, has reached its fifth volume, which comprises the events from the "Morrow of Inkerman" to the "Fall of Canrobert." It takes up the siege of Sebastopol on the 6th of November, 1854, and carries it along to the middle of May, and also pictures vividly the diplomatic negotiations between the Powers with reference to the matters in disputes. The readers of these volumes cannot fail to feel that they have a very complete understanding of the course of events in this most important part of European history when they have finished. Published by Harper Brothers, New York.

The fourth volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" has made its appearance. It extends from Baptism to Bilberry, containing between 600 and 700 pages, with 122 illustrations. The more this work is examined, the better is one satisfied of its merit. The articles are short, comprehensive, and accurate, exactly adapted for the practical, every day use in a family, and for use everywhere, answering the needs of all except those who are making an exhaustive study of certain subjects. The combination, too, of Dictionary and Clycopedia is exceptionally convenient. Each volume costs 50 or 65 cents, depending upon the binding. Reduced prices are offered to early subscribers for complete sets, which are to consist of 30 or more volumes, the volumes being issued at intervals of about a month. The work is not sold either by agents or booksellers, but only by the publishers direct, which in some measure accounts for the wonderfully low prices. John B. Alden, publisher, 393 Pearl street, New York, or 218 Clark street, Chicago.

In the International Scientific Series published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, comes "The Geological History of Plants," by Sir J. W. Dawson. The object of the author was to give a summary of the development of the vegetable kingdom in geological time, and he has succeeded in doing this in an admirable manner. Wherever lack of space has hindered giving detailed descriptions, reference to the best authorities to be consulted are given in foot notes at the bottom of the page, and there are also notes appended to the chapters that will be found exceedingly useful to collectors and students. The illustrations are mostly original with the author, and are very good.

"Gentle Breadwinners. The Story of One of Them," by Catherine Owen is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The author endeavors to show how a poor woman, possessed, indeed, of fine natural taste and abnormal good sense, made for herself a home and fair fortune. Dorothy, the heroine of the story, is such a genius that most women will feel afraid to even try to tread exactly in her footsteps, but some will be inspired to set their faces in her direction. Mrs. Owen's book will be found useful to practical housewives for the clear and explicit manner in which she explains the mysteries of macaroons, French icing, candied fruits, and many other dainties for which people usually depend upon confectioners and caterers.

"The Voyage of the Fleetwing," by C. M. Newell, published by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston, is a novel containing exciting whaling adventures, wrecks, and with it, interwoven, is a charming love story. The character drawing, the every-day life of the inmates of a well-ordered vessel on a long voyage are all admirably done. The description of "killing the sperm whale" is a fine bit of writing. The reader will find it one of the best stories of the perils and joys of a life at sea at any time published.

A very interesting book, in paper covers, and one bound to be read, has been recently issued from the presses of Harper & Bros., New York, bearing the title, "Monarchs I Have Met," by W. Beatty-Kingston, a well-known English journalist and traveler. The book is copiously illustrated. Human nature everywhere is interested in its Kings and Queens, and this sprightly and well-written narrative of the author's personal presentation to many sovereigns will prove racy reading.

"An Unlaid Ghost," published by D. Appleton & Co., New York, is called a Study in Metempsychosis. The book is made up of two stories, one of which is the sequence of the other. The spirit of the beautiful and ambitious Poppaea, imperial favorite in Nero's debauched court, described in the first, revisits the earth in the body of a lovely and unprotected girl of the nineteenth century, who brings blight and sorrow into homes that she would bless and brighten.

The same publishers have recently brought out a little book by a New York broker entitled, "The Art of Investing." The book is small, but it is brimful of wisdom. The various chapters appeared in the original in various magazines under the author's signature. For prudential reasons of his own, the signature is withheld in the present publication.

A very strong and passionate story of sin and sin's atonement is published by the Appletons, with the title, "The Deemster; A Romance of the Isle of Man," by Hall Caine.

The Purdy Publishing company, Chicago, has just issued a paper cover of 53 pages entitled "Condensed Thought About Christian Science," by Dr. Holcombe, of New Orleans, the author of "Our Children in Heaven," "The Lost Truths of Christianity," and many other popular works. He believes that "Christian science is a babe born into an evil environment, and must grow and develop amid tremendous difficulties before its latent powers can be duly unfolded for the blessing of the race."

How to Succeed as a Stenographer, by Arthur M. Baker, and *Heads and Faces*, by Nelson Sizer and H. S. Drayton, a manual of phrenology and physiology, are issued by Fowler & Wells Co., New York. The former will be found very useful by the many who are wishing to make short hand a profession. Price, 25 cents. *Heads and Faces*, 40 cents.

"Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Nos. 11 and 12, have been received and contain very much that is interesting. Subscriptions are received by the publishers only for the whole work, which is to contain 32 parts. The Century Company, New York.

"Le Neuvaine de Colette," an amusing novel very recently published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, has been added to the list of *Roman Choisis*, published by W. R. Jenkins, New York. It is the story of a romantic young girl, shut up in an old chateau with an angular and prosaic old aunt, who makes life about as dull as possible to her niece, whose sentimental tendencies, however, are not to be overcome either by suppression, isolation or the primness and grimness of her guardian.

No. 4 of the second volume of the Papers of the American Historical Association, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, has been received. It treats of Church and State in the United States or the American idea of Religious Liberty and its effects. Price $1.

Literary Notes.

"Bismarck" is the subject of a brief but timely paper which is to appear in the March *Century*.

"Some Pupils of Liszt" is the subject of a paper which will appear in the March *Century*, with portraits.

John B. Alden has in press a book entitled "The Land of the Pueblos," by the wife of Gen. Lew Wallace.

"A Life Interest," by Mrs. Alexander, is published in No. 89 of Henry Holt & Co.'s "Leisure Moment Series."

In the last half dozen years the number of literary magazines published in this country has nearly doubled.

A new volume of poems by James Russell Lowell, entitled "Heartsease and Rue," will be published early in March by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. will shortly issue, in a handsome volume, "The Life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet," founder of deaf mute instruction in America.

G. P. Putnam's Sons add to their announcements for the spring season in the "Story of the Nations" series, "The Story of Holland," by J. E. Thorold Rogers.

The Century company publish in paper covers "The Dusantes," by Frank R. Stockton. It will be remembered that this is the sequel to "The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine."

Messrs. Ditson & Co. have just published a guide to the Nibelung Triology, by Octavia Hensel. It is based on the work of Hans von Woizogen, and contains many leading motives in musical type.

Announcement is made by T. Y. Crowell & Co., of a new work by Prof. Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins. It is entitled "Taxation in American Cities and States," and will appear early next month.

W. F. Taylor will shortly publish, in a limited edition, a volume of Coleridge's marginal notes, compiled from the volumes formerly in the poet's possession, and now in the library of the British Museum.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce for early publication Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett's recent story, "Sara Crewe," which will be issued uniform in style with the author's "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Mrs. Stannard, the author of "Bootles' Baby," has written a novel called "Confessions of a Publisher." It is in the press, not having appeared serially because, it is said, several magazines owned by publishers declined it.

The D. Lothrop company have in preparation and speedy publication a series of graphic historical narrations by popular authors telling "the Story of the States" of the American Union from their earliest beginnings to the present day.

The thing that will strike the American reader first in the *Magazine of Art* for March, is a short paper called "Some Plain Words on American Taste in Art." The American market, this writer says, is simply flooded with "the sweepings of the Parisian studios."

Two of the little known religious communities in Pennsylvania—the Harmonites and Moravians—will have their quaint customs and peaceful abodes described in illustrated articles in the next number of the *American Magazine*. As the Harmonites already light their village with natural gas and the Moravians have deposited their antiquities in a museum, it seems likely that their distinctive features are in danger.

"Reincarnation" is the title of a forthcoming book by Mr E. D. Walker of New York, who treats in a popular way the doctrine of metempsychosis, showing how it has been held by Eastern writers, and what arguments and suggestions for and against the idea have appeared in the writings of the most famous English and American authors.

Miss Hapgood has translated for the *Independent* a story of Tolstoi's; called "Laborer Yemelyan, and the Empty Drum." It is said that the story "has never been printed in Russia or elsewhere, and exists only in one or two manuscript copies, one of which was furnished Miss Hapgood by a friend of Tolstoi, with the latter's special permission, he having made her, since her arrival in St. Petersburg, the authorized translator of all his works."

—The peculiar purifying and building up powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla make it the very best medicine to take at this season.

CONGRESSMEN'S BLUNDERS.

A Lot of Funny Mistakes Made by Members of the House.

The New York *Tribune* has a correspondent who has taken notes in the two houses of Congress of what does not go in the *Record*. To read it would be a good lesson for a student of logic, elocution or English grammar. In most of the examples given it is carelessness in the use of language rather than ignorance.

A lesson on tautalogy: Belford, "the red-headed rooster of the Rockies," as he was called, pointed to a fellow-member, after having demolished him, and said: "There he sits, mute, silent and dumb," when a witty member sitting near by said: "And he ain't saying a word."

The same red-headed gentleman once rose and said: "I move this House adjourn *sine dei*." The laugh that followed brought the "rooster" to his feet again, and he said: "I move this House do new adjourn *bona fide*."

The uproar lasted some seconds, when the gentleman came to his own relief and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I move that this House adjourn in the common way it always does."

Congressman Bingham speaks rapidly, and the other day in debate he said:

"Now as to the question of this matter being effected by this question." Whereupon a Congressman from Pennsylvania said that reminded him of a speech made in the Legislature of Texas, when Davy Crockett was a member. The member rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, the ginerality of mankind in general is disposed to take advantage of the ginerality of mankind in gineral." "Sot down," said Davy Crockette; "you old fool, you come out at the same hole you went in at."

Mr. Taulbee, in an earnest speech, said: "Now let each man work together."

A member close by said, "Yes, be *he* either man or woman."

Senator Vest was describing the limited means of the postoffice in Kansas City, and said: "Why, Mr. President, I have seen waiting at the delivery window a line of ladies half a mile long." Senator Vance rose and said: "Mr. President, I wish to inquire if that is the usual length of ladies in Missouri?"

In distributing time Mr. Gallinger, temporarily in the chair, said: "I give three gentleman to the minutes from Kansas."

And Mr. Carlisle, when tellers are appointed, directs the members to pass "through" instead of between the tellers.

Mr. Ingalls, the other day, recognized Senator Hale, of Maine, as "the Senator from Hale," and in a fit of absentmindedness, when his colleague, Senator Plumb, rose to speak he recognized him in the usual greeting of the cloak room, simply by the word "Plumb."

Herbert, of Alabama, begun a speech: "If all the gentlemen who have spoken on the other side." And a member from Pennsylvania speaking of the boys in the mines, said: "It will do personal violence to their constitutional health."

Crain, of Texas, said: "This is an organic change of law."

Reagan said: "This thing must be stopped undecidedly."

Mr. Bland said: "I returned back home."

Timothy Campbell said: "Lynch was the baldest-headest man in the House."

Such expressions as "has came," "has saw" and "bonny fide" are common.

Mr. McMillin, with his fist clenched, said: "I will learn the gentleman from Illinois something."

Mr. Brumm said: "It is a matter to be decided between he and his employes."

O'Neal, of Indiana, spoke of a law as coming down to us through the crucible of time."

Cox asked how it could come through a crucible, but the Hoosier refused to be interrupted.

Senator Harris said in debate the other day: "I make this statement in bona fide good faith."

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

The habitual lender of books is an unfortunate individual who, unless he possesses more than ordinary *sang froid* in his way of looking at matters will find himself rasped beyond measure every day that passes. To him who lendeth, the reason is plain. A book is like property in no-man's land. It is not believed to have a legitimate owner. He who buys and pays for it, is simply an agent for passing it around among his friends and neighbors. If it be borrowed, let him bid it farewell, for aye. He will be likely to see it no more, or if by some strange chance it should return, its last state is so much worse than the first that he knows it not. The borrower means no harm. He would not defraud his neighbor out of a penny, but a book means nothing to him only so long as he is reading its pages. Years have been when this was not so. In the days of our forefathers, books stood for so much money, and to borrow without returning was robbery. Those were the old times, immeasurably beyond to day in that respect, if in no other.

Florists are constantly making new departures in flower culture or perhaps in some cases it might more rightly be called "flower torture." The latest idea is to write names or messages upon the rose or other flowers petals, thus enabling the sender of floral offerings to make himself known in a most unique manner. The writing is done by means of an electric needle which is connected with a very powerful battery. The most prominent and perfect leaf of a rose is selected and placed over a piece of glass. There, with the needle just touching the flower, the name is written and the electric current passing through the instrument kills the parts it touches, driving out the color and bringing the inscribed sentiment into bold relief. The notion is a new one, though it could hardly be called a pretty idea, but doubtless it will take well with that part of the world which cares more for novelty than for the fair loveliness of nature unadorned.

At a recent fashionable ball in Brooklyn the distinguishing feature of the occasion was a profusion of green-tipped carnations. Through the floral decorations the event was dubbed the "Emerald Ball," and the new freak in flowers made a subject for comment far and wide. The blossoms did not adopt this change of color of their own sweet will. They were simply dyed, like any piece of common, faded cloth, and made to take upon themselves any hue fashion's fancy might dictate. The flowers are held in the fumes of sulphur until they are thoroughly saturated, then by dropping them into a dye, they are transformed into any awful shade the florist's taste may lead him to choose. Imagine a spray of lilies-of-the-valley with one of its bells blue, another red, and so on through the whole category of colors. The invention belongs to a New York youth who spent months experimenting, and it would seem that his time was of very little value to have been wasted upon so useless a folly.

Upon nearly every lady's toilet table amid the numberless dainty trifles and knick-knacks that helps to make perfect the feminine toilet, may be found an odd shaped little brown jug, labeled "Recamier Cream," and thereby hangs a tale. A few years ago one of New York's fair belles was wedded to a prosperous young Chicago merchant. Their house was in the Western metropolis and fitted up in a way that owed its perfect appointments to the exquisite taste of the wife and the magnificent stock of one of Gotham's best house furnishing establishments. All went well for a time until with the death of the husband, the wife found herself left alone in the world with only the luxurious belongings of the house and a few hundred dollars in her possession with which to face life.

Writing at once to the firm from which her household goods had been purchased, arrangements were made by which a portion of the rarest articles were bought back and the lady herself offered a position as clerk and house decorator. She accepted the offer at once and settling her affairs as speedily as possible started for New York to engage in her new field of labor.

Life meant hard work to her now, but her efforts were crowned with success and her skill and taste in house furnishing made her in constant demand. The firms by whom she was employed sent her abroad every summer to choose and purchase goods, and it was during one of these trips she discovered in the possession of an old woman, claiming to be the descendant of one of Madame Recamier's serving woman, the famous recipe which is said to have been originated and used by the beautiful Recamier in her days of glory. With characteristic American enterprise the lady recognized in the bit of paper what might prove to be a money making scheme, and by the transfer of gold from one palm to the other, she secured the prize, and upon her return to New York the plan was put into operation, and was soon crowned with success. The ornamental brown jugs, filled with a delicious, sweet-smelling compound, for which a good price was charged, soon became a staple toilet article, and the fair originator of the scheme is once more the owner of a handsome home with a goodly number of ducats placed to her account, and probably there are more to follow.

The Very Toughest of All.

So tough, so hard, so difficult to drive out is that hateful old malady, rheumatism, that people sometimes endure its torments for years and years, under the mistaken idea that nothing can overcome it. Just what a mistake such people make may be inferred from the case of Miss Winfree, of Lynchburg, Va. She had been afflicted with rheumatism since she was four years old. When she was thirteen her father thought it would be a good idea to try Compound Oxygen on her.

What was the effect on this rheumatism of nine years' standing? For the first few days the young lady was discouraged; was pale, and had little strength; thought it affected her heart.

But how was it after five weeks? Altogether a different experience. Her father wrote:

"Within a week from beginning the use of the oxygen she began to show signs of improvement; since then her recovery has been remarkable. I have never seen anything to equal it. The action of the heart is quiet and soft; there has been no sign of rheumatism; she sleeps sweetly all night; has fine appetite; has gained many pounds of flesh, and has considerable color; can walk all about the house, and has paid two or three visits in the neighborhood."

Score one decisive victory for Compound Oxygen, and send for the treatise about it. Write to Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., who will send it free.

Balance Partners!

A Philadelphia minister tells a good story of the first marriage ceremony he performed: "I forgot to make out the marriage certificate, and a year or so afterward I found the woman who had become the wife on that occasion waiting for me at my home in company with a man. 'How do you do, Mrs. Blank?' I said. 'I am not Mrs. Blank any longer,' she said, 'but Mrs. So and So, and this is my husband.' 'Ah! and to what am I indebted for the pleasure of this visit?' 'I have come for the certificate of my first marriage.' I was a little taken aback. 'What on earth do want with the certificate of your first marriage when you are married again?' 'You see,' she said, 'I have the certificate of my second marriage and I want the other so that I can frame them together.'"

A Precious Gift Destroyed.

Fine teeth are among the most precious gifts of nature. But it is easy to mar them, and that beyond redemption, with any one of the numberless abrasive and corrosive dentifrices sold. SOZODONT is the only reliable tooth preservative.

The Secret Bond Between Twins.

What is the secret bond between twins which makes one suffer from the pain the other feels, however distant? Here is a case from Tiffin, Ohio:

"Charles Fencannon, aged 25, got his arm in a planer at the churn factory, and it was ground to pulp at the elbow. At the exact time this happened, 2:45 p. m., his twin sister, living over a mile away, suddenly cried out in great agony, saying that there was a fearful pain in her arm. She suffered so in a few minutes that a physician was sent for, and soon after he arrived three other physicians arrived, bringing her brother, whose arm they proceeded to amputate at once. When the sister had first been taken with the pain she had cried out: 'Oh, Charley is hurt!'

"While the arm of her brother was being amputated, the sister, who did not know what was going on, suffered terribly and screamed with agony. It was necessary to give her an injection of morphine in the arm to quiet her."

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

INVESTMENTS ON CHANCE.

How Are Authorized Lotteries Drawn?

THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.

Closely Watching its Drawing.

Correspondence of the Hartford Times.

New Orleans, La., Dec. 14, 1887.

I have witnessed one of the drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery. It occurred yesterday in the Academy of Music in this city. Further, I have been through the company's office, which occupies a good share of its own handsome granite building on St. Charles street. At your request I have given the subject of lottery drawing a thorough investigation. I sent to the *Times* what I myself *know* to be an accurate account of everything having to do with the transaction of the business of the company and the drawings. Were I ever convinced of absolute fairness in any scheme, I am in this case; for I labored diligently to see and know all the details. Below are my observations, which will quite likely interest the reader as they did me.

There is not a city, nor a town, nor scarcely a hamlet in the United States that does not contain patrons of the Louisiana State Lottery. The lottery is chartered by the state of Louisiana, and is as legitimate as any other institution in that state. Now, this has much to do toward begetting confidence in the lottery, and it is still further aided therein by the fact of Gen. Beauregard and Gen. Early giving their strict attention to the drawings. Fairer men than they are not to be found.

Some years ago the New York World sent a reporter to attend one of these drawings, with instructions to write up the whole business strictly according to the facts. The Chicago Times later did the same thing. So did the Chronicle of San Francisco. Even "Petroleum V. Nasby" of the Toledo Blade quit the Cross Roads long enough to write up this lottery. All of them failed to give an accurate idea of the mode of drawing. I will supply that omission. One fact we have all been obliged to acknowledge—that all the ticket holders

STAND THE SAME CHANCE

of winning in these strictly impartial drawings.

The drawing itself is of great interest to every ticket-holder, whether he be present, or a thousand miles distant. The manner of determining who shall receive the prizes is alone worthy of detailed explanation, and I have made it one of the principal parts of my article. The drawing of December 13, was what is known as an extraordinary one, the price of the tickets, and the amount of the prizes, being twice those in the regular drawings. About 10 o'clock that forenoon I went into the Academy of Music, which is situated on St. Charles street, not far from the office of the Lottery company. I accompanied General Early thither, and upon entering the Academy he invited me to a seat on the stage where I might observe the modus operandi of the drawing in every detail, and as closely as I might desire. The drawing was to begin at 11 o'clock. Preparations for it began about three-quarters of an hour before that hour, General Early and General Beauregard both being present. Under their direction assistants placed, at one side of the stage and close by the footlights, the wheel for the tickets. This is a large concern and resembles a bass-drum in its shape, its woodwork being similar, but the heads are of glass instead of sheepskin. It is five or six feet in diameter and some two feet thick.

THE WHEEL STANDS

on its side, and through its center runs an axle which rests at each end in a socket of a frame built upon a large wooden base. The wheel easily rolls clear of every obstruction. At each end of the axle is attached a large iron crank, by means of which two assistants "roll," that is, turn the wheel rapidly for about two minutes, thus mixing up the tickets thoroughly. In the woodwork on the side is a door a foot or so square. It is closed when the tickets are "rolled," and then opened for the boys to draw the numbers. No person lays a finger to this door save General Early. This large wheel having been placed properly in position the tickets were prepared to be emptied into it.

The tickets were in canvas bags, and there were 100,000 of them. Ten bags, each containing about 10,000 were used. These bags were taken out of two great boxes which had been brought on to the stage, the lid of each being unscrewed. The ten were placed together in the centre of the stage at the front, awaiting personal services by Gen. Early and Gen. Beauregard. By this time there were fully 600 spectators in the house, and they looked on at the preparations with evident satisfaction. First, Gen. Early took up a bag, broke the wax seal, cut the string which held the neck of the bag tightly, and before emptying the tickets into the wheel, scrutinized a folded strip of manila paper, which he had unwound from the neck of the bag also. This piece of paper he then handed to Gen. Beauregard, and the contents of the bag were thereupon emptied into the great wheel. The manila strips were laid together on a table close by. The story of the first bag is the story of all the others. While this work was progressing I noticed that on the inner side of each paper were the autographs of both Gen. Early and Gen. Beauregard, and on looking closely at an unopened bag I

CLEARLY SAW THE WAX SEAL

to bear the letters "B & E," and also to perfectly seal the string and folded strip of paper. When the bag has been emptied into the wheel it is searched for holes through which even a solitary ticket might be lost. For years not the slightest tampering or accident has occurred to the bags, and this, too, with twelve drawings every year. And yet this result could not but be natural when one considers the safeguards thrown around the big canvas pockets; for, on being sealed after the drawing, they are taken into the company's large vaults and there kept together until removed for the next drawing. I give, perhaps, unusual space to this matter of tickets, but I judge that nothing in the entire machinery of the lottery can be of greater interest to the reader than the method of preparing and handling the tickets; and the great care exercised for every one of the 100,000 numbers is surely of great consequence to those who pay out their money for them. The whole number of tickets are actually counted once a year by assistants who are under the especial supervision of Generals Early and Beauregard. By their system above referred to, and the return, at each drawing, of the numbers drawn the previous month, these gentlemen are *sure* of the entire number being in the big wheel, whenever a drawing occurs.

But to return to the drawing of December 13. As the tickets were being loaded in by the half bushel I looked at them through one of the glass sides. The ticket is about four inches long by two in width. The number is printed in heavy black, condensed figures.

THE TICKET IS ROLLED

tightly and inserted within an india-rubber tube and inch and a half long, thus showing a quarter of an inch of the roll of paper at each end. The tube is of the diameter of a lead-pencil. The natural spring in the rolled ticket prevents it from ever coming out of the tube save when pulled out by General Early. To "roll" them from noon until midnight would not disarrange the tickets in the tubes, even to a hair's breadth. By the time the 100,000 tickets were all in and General Early had closed the small door of the wheel, it lacked about half an hour of 11 o'clock, the hour for the drawing to begin. There were nearly 1,000 persons then in the house, the parquet being well filled. In the front row of the dress circle I noticed three well-dressed ladies sitting together. The day before, I saw the same trio in the lottery company's office, where the handsomest of them counted out $150 and bought that amount of twentieth tickets.

The wheel containing the prizes, situated opposite the big one, was next prepared by Generals Early and Beauregard jointly, as in the other case. They fill the tubes with rolled papers bearing the amounts of the prizes, the papers and the tubes being similar in size to those in the ticket wheel. This process is performed before the day of the drawing, and they also are emptied into the small wheel from a sealed canvas bag. The prize wheel is a miniature model of the big one, glass and all; but the tubes containing prizes bear about the proportion to those holding the tickets as four quarts do to five or six bushels. The door of the little wheel being secured, it was stated to be 11 o'clock, and there were fully

1,500 PERSONS IN THE HOUSE.

General Early took a seat on the left front of the stage, close by the ticket wheel. General Beauregard seated himself alongside the wheel of prizes at the right front of the stage. Four small boys from a New Orleans orphan asylum filled a sofa at the rear of the stage, and as everything was announced to be ready two of these lads came forward and were blindfolded. One stood between General Early and his wheel, the other between General Beauregard and the 836 prizes.

The two wheels having been thoroughly "rolled," the doors are opened. One boy reaches in, takes a single tube and hands it to General Early; the other picks out a prize from his wheel and gives it to General Beauregard. The number of the ticket is read by General Early, and the amount won is announced by General Beauregard. An assistant standing close by General Early takes the ticket from him and he, too, states its number; another gentleman near General Beauregard takes the prize from him and repeats the amount won. Each of these assistants then hands his piece of paper to a young man sitting between them at the center front of the stage, facing the rear. Before him is a large box of compartments, one for each denomination of prizes to be won. He takes from the two assistants the ticket and the prize corresponding to it, rolls both together closely, and places the roll in its proper compartment. By this method the particular prize won by any ticket can be ascertained later to an absolute certainty; and in case there might be an error in the recording of numbers and prizes, done by an experinced clerk in the rear of the wheels, this folding together of the two pieces of paper is sure to show it. For, the next day the list as made out by the clerk is

VERIFIED BY GENERAL EARLY

from this compartment box. So, every number winning a prize goes on the list as sent out to patrons.

When twenty tubes had been drawn from each wheel, the order to "roll" was given by the checker at the table. Both wheels were then violently turned forward and backward, most thoroughly mixing up the tubes in each. Again the doors are opened and the same process is repeated for the next twenty prizes and numbers. Then comes another "roll." When the next to the last number of the third twenty is called, the checker calls out:

"Roll, and change boys."

While the wheels are being rolled for the third time, two other boys step forward in place of the first two, and two other gentlemen relieve the two assistants to Generals Early and Beauregard. So it goes, "rolling" the wheels every twenty numbers, and changing boys and assistants every 60 numbers, until the 836 actual prizes in the wheel are disposed of. In other words, of the 836 tickets drawn, each wins a prize.

One thing was noticeable at this drawing. Not a person at all connected with the lottery company was present, either on the stage or in the house. The drawings are under the sole charge and supervision of Generals Beauregard and Early, the authorized commissioners. At no time, nor under any circumstances, nor in any sense, does the company have the slightest connection with the drawing or any of the details of its preparation. Their business is that of selling tickets to their patrons, and they confine themselves strictly to that. They

DO NOT CARE A PICAYUNE

which numbers are successful.

Of the 836 prizes in the wheel, 500 were for $200 each, 200 were for $300 each, and 100 were for $500 each—in all, 800. The remaining 36 prizes were one of $300,000, one of $100,000, one of $50,000, one of $25,000, two of $10,000 each, five of $5,000 each, and 25 of $1,000 each. Naturally $200, $300, and $500 prizes were often announced. In fact, they came so steadily as to be somewhat monotonous, inasmuch as everybody in the house was in an excited frame of mind awaiting the announcement of the three higher prizes, which had an exasperating way of remaining untouched. For instance, the first $10,000 appeared in the first hundred, the next in the second hundred. Just before 300 had been drawn, the $25,000 prize was won by No. 67,022. This made the crowd of spectators wakeful. Soon after 360 numbers had been read, General Early read "8,180," and General Beauregard replied:

"One hundred thousand!"

It seemed as if every person in the audience sighed deeply, for the sound that reached the stage was strongly suggestive of bitterness of soul. Surely there were no holders of 8,180 present. Nothing of particular interest occurred thereafter, until 620 tickets had been drawn, when 21,301 took the $50,000 prize. Evidently that was not held in New Orleans. The capital prize of

$300,000 WAS EXPECTED

at every number from thence onward. Yet there came "Roll" and "Roll and change, boys," time after time, with nothing but small shot—$200, $300, and $500—varied now and then by a stray $1,000 and $5,000. Finally 700 prizes had been drawn. No capital. Then it was 750, and no capital. Soon the drawn prizes numbered 800! Only thirty-six more prizes in the wheel! Great Scott, where was it? General Early arose and walked over to the little wheel. He looked through the glass and saw the pint or so of prizes. Then he resumed his seat. Col. Dan A. Wilson, who sat by me, also went over and looked at the handful of valuable tubes. Then he sat down with a smile, and we compared numbers on our tickets. The spectators were dreadfully uneasy, and many were in intense excitement. At last 825 numbers had been drawn, and the big $300,000 prize was missing. Nearly everybody in the building was then at fever heat, with only eleven more prizes to be drawn! To my mind, this was indeed lottery in all its purity—the very essence of chance! And it was all the more aggravating because of the manner of Gen. Beauregard's announcement of the $300 prizes. No matter what the amount might be, the general pronounced it in slow and measured tones, and each time he said "Three h-u-n-d-r-e-d" everybody in the house expected to hear "thousand" follow.

The 826th number drawn was 53,459. As General Beauregard read the prize, he began as usual with "Three h-u-n-d-r-e-d," and like a flash that word "thousand" went out at that body of spectators like a

SHOT FROM A CANNON.

The strain on their nervous systems ceased surprisingly quick, and they soon dispersed.

The drawing began promptly at 11 o'clock, and was completed at 1:45. The tickets were again placed in the bags, sealed and tied as described above, boxed and fastened, and taken to the company's vaults at once.

Of course, I had a desire to learn where the lightning had struck—that is, where the two tickets, winning together $400,000, had been sold. By reason of the marvellously perfect system of transacting its business, the company was able in less than an hour after the drawing to locate the buyers of these tickets as well as those of the others. With reference to 53,459, which captured the $300,000 prize, I was shown the letter of a man in Chestertown, Kent county, Md., dated somewhere about December 1, enclosing $50 for quarter tickets, and among the ten sent to him was one quarter of 53,459, entitling him to $75,000! I saw his signature too, but it is a rule of the company not to make public a winner's name except by his consent. No. 8,180, which took the $100,000 prize, was sold in fractions in ten different cities —New York, New Orleans, Boston, St. Louis, Kansas City, Benecia, Cal., Lancaster, Penn., Memphis, Vicksburg, and Biloxi, Miss. And the books showed the name of every purchased of fractions of that ticket! A system of record books which is indeed

PERFECTION ITSELF.

The same rapid tracing of winners of other prizes brought to light their names and residences.

The plan of the lottery is simple and easily explained. This drawing was an extraordinary one, with 100,000 tickets at $20 each and prizes amounting to $1,055,000. An ordinary drawing is where the price of tickets is $10, and the amount of prizes is $535,000. There are twelve drawings a year, once a month. Heretofore the grand drawings have occurred semi-annually; but in 1888 there will be four of them—one every third month. The tickets are sold in fractions to suit the patron, but it is absolutely impossible to send out any particular number, on account of the great amount of labor necessary to find it, and also because the company put these fractional tickets into thoroughly assorted packages of twenty and upwards, which are never sent broken to large customers. Besides the 836 prizes drawn on Tuesday, there were 2,300 prizes dependent on the first, second, and third capital prizes, viz: Each one of fifty numbers on either side of 53,459, which drew the $300,000 prize, makes 100 prizes of $500 each; the fifty numbers on each side of 8,180, of $100,000, make 100 prizes of $300 each; the fifty numbers each side of 21,301, the third capital prize, make 100 prizes of $200 each. Those are called "approximation" prizes. Besides these, there are 2,000 "terminal" prizes, that is, the 1,000 tickets, whose number ends with 59 (after 53,459, the first capital) draw $100 each and another 1,000 draw $100 each by having the terminal 80, after 8,180, the second capital.

IN THE COMING YEAR

the first capital prize in the regular drawings will be $150,000, and in the extraordinary ones it will be $300,000.

On Monday, the day before the drawing, I called at the lottery company's office and made known to M. A. Dauphin, the president, my desire to see the workings of the concern. It was readily granted, and I was taken into every department forthwith. To say that I improved my opportunity is true, and I came out personally convinced of the faithful handling by the company of every dollar sent to them by their patrons. Indeed, this must necessarily result from the use of the system in vogue. There are some seventy-five clerks employed during the two weeks preceding a drawing, though at other times only forty are required. This is because the rush comes on the last half of the month. From one end of the offices to the other, the clerks are paired, and each is a check on his associate as to errors. The number of letters received daily during the week or ten days before a drawing is very large, averaging between 10,000 and 15,000! Without system and rigid discipline, the entire concern would be in chaos in ten hours. One set of clerks do nothing but open letters, assort those containing money into pigeon-holes according to the amount enclosed. Another set verify the money by the letter. Another set read the letters and lay aside orders that cannot be filled, as calls for special numbers, and requests outside of regular methods. Still another set fill orders for tickets, the name and

ADDRESS OF EVERY PATRON

is recorded by another set alphabetically, another directs the envelopes to the customers, another set verify the directed letters with the list as recorded, and the order which comes in at one end of the great concern accompanied by the proper amount of money, goes out at the mailing department faithfully executed. The working by these clerks in pairs is dead sure of detecting any oversight or error before it has had time to travel and entangle the records. The clerks begin work at 8 A. M., and at 11 half of them quit at the sound of a gong. They at once go to a hot and substantial lunch prepared by the company, in the rear room of the building. At the expiration of twenty minutes they go back to their desks, and the other half go to lunch. At the end of forty minutes all the work of the office is evened up among the clerks, and the rush continues until 4 P. M. or later, as may be. These clerks are experts in their line, and though receiving good salaries are always well paid for all overtime by the company.

How careless many people are in sending money! In one of the company's vaults I saw two large and long boxes opened. They contained thousands of dollars, sent by persons who did not give an intelligent address. Some send only their name; others send merely their town and state; and yet some send neither. Then, hearing nothing from their letter, they accuse the company of unfair treatment. But the concern has a set of books simply devoted to this class of letters, and for years the letter, envelope, and money remain pinned together in the long box, of no value to anybody. The money might rot there before the company would touch a penny of it. It is held sacred to the "Old Hoss" account, as they term the record kept of it.

Now, I do not intend to discuss the morals of lotteries, or the

MORALS OF PEOPLE

who buy tickets in lotteries. It is not necessary to do so. My object has been merely to see how everything in connection with the Louisiana State Lottery was conducted—as matter of fact, and not of moral ethics. Nor have I considered it necessary to interview the leading men of New Orleans extensively as to the honesty and fairness of the lottery company. That has been done so often by newspaper men who have come here bent on the same investigation as I, that people all over the country are well aware that the company has the unbounded respect and confidence of New Orleans people, from the highest to the lowest. You can't find a man in New Orleans who would not wager every dollar he has on the integrity and straightforwardness of every person connected with the lottery. Better proof than New Orleans people give on this point cannot exist. Everybody here buys tickets in the drawings. Banks, bankers, merchants, clerks, clubs, societies, men and women in every walk of life—they all buy tickets. Were there any kinks in the drawings or preparations, do you think the people here would come up every month and pay over their money? Wouldn't they be sure of first finding out any funny work? Assuredly. Just so long as there's a chance for a person to win $15,000, $10,000, $5,000, $2,500, or even $1,000, by investing a single dollar in the Louisiana State Lottery, there will be patrons of the company throughout the country who will not despair of some time "getting there."—*Hartford (Conn.) Times, Jan. 4.*

THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION.

A Plain Statement of Its Proceedings—The Entire Validity of President Hayes's Title.

The Electoral Commission act was passed by the Senate January 15, 1877, by the House on the 25th, and approved by President Grant on the 29th. The vote in the Senate was 47 for and 17 against, ten Senators not voting. Of the 47 in favor of the bill, 24 were Democrats and 23 Republicans. Of the 17 opposed, 16 were Republicans and 1 Democrat. Of the 10 not voting 9 were Republicans and 1 a Democrat. The Democratic vote was, therefore, 24 for it, 1 against and 1 indifferent. The Republican vote was 23 for it, 16 against it and 9 indifferent. Thurman voted for it. Sherman voted against it.

The vote in the House was 191 for it 86 against it and 14 not voting. Of the affirmative vote 158 were Democrats and 33 Republicans. Of the 86 negative votes 16 were Democrat's votes and 70 Republicans.

If the vote is a test it was a Democratic measure, as taking the two Houses together, we have this political division:

FOR THE BILL.	
Democrats	182
Republicans	56
AGAINST IT.	
Democrats	17
Republicans	86
NOT VOTING.	
Democrats	8
Republicans	16

The bill provided that the Senate should select five of its members and the House five of its members to act on the commission. It also provided that those justices of the supreme court who were then assigned to the First, Third, Eighth and Ninth circuits shoud act on the commission, and that these four should select the fifth member of the supreme court, and the lot fell on Bradley instead of on Davis, as the Democrats had calculated in their zeal for the bill. The commission when organized was composed of the following:

Associate Justices Nathan Clifford, Wm. Strong, Samuel F. Miller, Stephen J. Field and Joseph P. Bradley; Senators Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman and Bayard, and Congressmen Henry B. Payne, Eppa Hunton, J. G. Abbott, Garfield and Hoar.

Of the Senators Morton voted against the bill, and of the Representatives Garfield voted against it.

In view of the facts above set forth it is a trifle amusing now to read that Mr. Tilden was opposed to the scheme and that he was forced into silence by the Democratic leaders in the House. This is in the nature of a confession that Tilden was ignored by those whose duty in a political sense it was to obey his wishes.

The facts of history are that the Democrats resorted to the electoral commission scheme because they felt confident that David Davis would be the odd man and that the vote on every point would stand in their favor 8 to 7. Henry B. Payne, then in the House, reported the bill to the House and being in control of the floor would not permit any debate whatever but demanded an immediate vote. It was put through the House under the party lash and would have carried if every Republican had voted against it.

David Davis was elected to the Senate, Justice Bradley was made the odd man, the commission was politically divided 8 Republicans and 7 Democrats. The only point on which they all agreed was Hoadly's attempt to make Cronin's nose a factor, in other words Hoadly's attempt to make good the theft of the Oregon vote. Even the 7 Democrats could not swallow that, and Hoadly was thrown out of court.

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Green Spring, Ohio.

Mrs. Martha Burch, missing since Thursday, was found in Kentucky. She did not explain her disappearance.

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The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the Camp Fire. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

FROM THE OVERFLOWING VAULTS

Let the Nation Pay to the Soldiers What Is Due Them—And Mend a Broken Pledge.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have been a reader of the Blade off and on for 15 years, and I want to say in this, my first communication to its columns, that I very much lament the death of its editor. This is the first time that I have attempted to come into your camp; and I am not able to carry a very large load of fuel. I was discharged from the army at the age of 21, after three years and three months service, in tolerably good condition, but I am considerably broken down now, and yet I have never inquired for the key to the Pension bureau. Neither would I mention the pittance of $13 per month for our service, (the half of which I would have given sometimes for a square meal), if we had left the country in such a torn condition, that it would have taken the balance of the time of our generation to have patched it up, and put in a prosperous condition. But, happily being permitted in our time to see it giantly waving in prosperity, its vaults overflowing with silver and gold, and we paying equal taxes with all other citizens, we cry, "Halt, ye prosperous nation." Comrades, with a wave of the hand, let us push Grover Cleveland, with his 300 pounds of avoirdupois, aside, and say "Statesman of 1888, give to our dependent comrades a living, and from the overflowing vaults pay us what a trembling government agreed to pay us if we would save it." And now since the honored Blaine is out of the race, more honored than ever by showing that he has nothing but the welfare of party at heart, among the many worthy names mentioned for Presidential candidates let us give our voice for the soldiers' best friend. Being from Indiana, I am for Ben Harrison.—L. M. Stegner, late Co. F, 1st U. S. Cav., Lebanon, Ind.

STEALING CHICKENS

For Other Soldiers—A Foraging Expedition That Resulted Well and Ended Without Profit to the Foragers.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have been much interested in reading what the old comrades have contributed to the Camp Fire, and have concluded to add my mite to keep the fire burning, by relating the incidents of a foraging expedition.

While we were camped at Franklin, Tenn., in the spring of '63, in April or May, we were ordered out to meet the rebel general, Vandorn. Our brigade consisted of the 33rd Indiana, 19th Michigan, 22d Wisconsin, 124th Ohio. Our commander expected to find a small force and make a breakfast of it, but he soon found that he had business before him, as the rebs completely crushed three regiments, and the 124th only escaped by taking to its heels. We returned to Franklin, and vowed vengeance the next time, and sang:

"We'll pay them back some other day
For the battle of Bull Run."

We were reinforced and in one week started again for Vandorn, confident that we would be the winners in this game, and we were. We routed him completely and followed him two days, and there is where my story begins. We camped at Duck river and my picket post that night was an old Johnny's residence. I soon found out that there were chickens there and it was not the natural order of things for a soldier to see chickens going to waste, so I and a comrade determined to try a slight-of-hand performance upon those chickens, knowing at the same time that the general's headquarters were at that house. When we were relieved from picket duty at 8 o'clock we made for that hen house. I went in and handed out 14 nice fat hens, when my comrade said, "enough." So we started for the reserve about a mile distant.

Here was a dilemma. Fourteen chickens and nothing to cook them in, so back we went to find a kettle where we found the chickens. Lucky again, we found a good-sized kettle, but there was no bail, and we were forced to carry it by hooking our fingers in the ears. That was no easy task, but the anticipation of a mess of chickens gave us courage. Well, we got back with our kettle, skinned our chickens, as the easiest plan, and soon had them cooking. Now came our turn to go on picket again, and we left that kettle of chickens cooking, expecting, most assuredly, a hearty breakfast when we came back; but, alas! at 6 o'clock we returned to find an empty kettle. You can better imagine our feelings than I can tell them. Four hour's hard work, and then to go without breakfast, was enough to make a preacher swear. Now, come to the front, you boys that had such a hearty meal off our chicken soup, for I have often wondered who the lucky ones were, as I never got even a spoonful of broth. I enlisted at Cleveland, O., in August, 1862, and was discharged in July, 1865. I was taken down with typhoid fever and left my command at Chattanooga, Tenn.; was sent to McMinville, Tenn., and there I fell into the hands of the rebel Generals Wheeler and Forest. After a sickness of two months, I took a relapse of typhoid pneumonia, from which I did not get up again for four months. My health is a total wreck. I applied for a pension, and, after seven years of hard work for it, I was finally granted a small pension. I voted for Grover once, but if I get forgiveness for that, I'll never do it again, so help me.—George A. Hautz, Co. B, 12th Ia. O. V. I., Milo, Warren Co., Ia.

The Value of Army Surgeons.

Editor Camp Fire:—Very little has been said concerning the efficiency of army surgeons, their devotion to the wounded soldier, their bravery in times of danger, and exposure attending campaign life. They have hardly had recognition commensurate to their service. Any old veteran will tell you they had rather occupy a position in the front rank, in the heat and storm of battle, than to be placed in the rear and within the danger line, as this latter position was assumed by the surgeon, who considered it his legitimate place in time of battle. To be sure, "many inefficient" but enthusiastic sons of Esculapius were admitted to practice in the field, and caused much and many mistakes, but all for science. My purpose is to speak of one of those surgeons who, in all emergencies, exposed to great danger in the immediate vicinity of his regiment in time of battle, who administered to the wounded, and soothed the dying soldier with his benign example. I speak of D. P. Chamberlin, assistant surgeon of the old 4th Regt. Mich. Vols., who from the time he joined to service, May, 1861, to the end of the peninsular campaign, was attendant upon the regiment in all its arduous services. He was always at his post, no matter how great the danger, administering to the sick and wounded, untiring in his efforts for the welfare of the regiment. Many times, efforts were made to impose upon him by those who were inclined to shirk duty, but he would receive them with a broad smile and dismiss them with the assurance that they would soon be better. He it was who, at the battle of Malvern Hill, Va., July 1, 1862, when the gallant Woodbury fell pierced through the brain by a rebel bullet, heard his last utterance, saw him die, and he it was who made it possible that the gallant dead was recovered and brought home to his beloved friends and buried. He now lies in our beautiful cemetery, Oak Wood. Such was our brave, kind, humane surgeon, D. P. Chamberlin, now of Toledo, Ohio. Dear old comrade, long may he be permitted to enjoy the life of this beautiful world. The above is no eulogy but plain facts which can be verified by every living member of the old 4th Mich.—O. S. Barrett, late of 4th Mich., Adrian, Michigan.

A Bloodless Battle.

Editor Camp Fire:—I bring a few fir cones to brighten the blaze. On the first day of August, 1862, we were camped at Decatur on Tennessee river, on the Alabama side. We had been in camp several days, but on the day mentioned about 60 of us were ordered out on a scout southwest of town. We went about 20 miles, but nothing of any note happened until we stopped for dinner just after we had crossed a small river on a bridge. While some were preparing dinner, others went up on the hill about 80 rods away, and found the woods full of rebs, who came down after us. Well, comrades, you can imagine the bustle that took place. We tore up a few planks from the bridge, but it was warm work, as buckshot were flying thick and fast. They sent a force around to our right and cut us off, and then came the fun. We would fire and run. Some of the boys soon run their horses down, and then they had to skip for the cornfields (what a good thing it was that there were cornfields in the south. Our captain lost his hat and then his horse fell down. The first duty sergeant (James Carnes), as brave a man as ever carried a gun, came up and helped the captain on his horse again, and on the rebels came, but we outran them, and got into camp minus a few hats, but all safe. This was a bloodless fight, but on the next day we were sent to Cortland, and on the way we were fired upon again. Then we had a brisk fight and lost two killed and several wounded. We came off victorious, and I remember that we had plenty of chickens, turkeys and kids, and you know we could draw them as we marched and never lose a step in the march.—David L. McLain, Co. H, 7th Ill. Cav., Gresham, Oregon.

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Mr. Campbell-Bannermann, of London, writes that he has no complaint to make against the Irish magistracy, but he contends that the duty of presiding at a summary trial without a jury, or virtually political offenses ought not to be entrusted to men who, besides acting as judges, act habitually as officers of a political executive.

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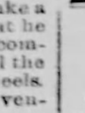

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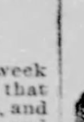

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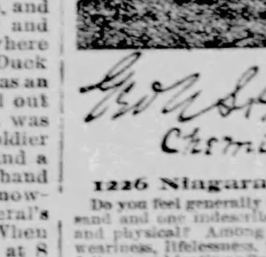

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Do you feel generally miserable or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, lifelessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fullness or bloating after eating, or sense of "goneness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensations in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning and a constant feeling of dread as if something awful was about to happen.

If you have any or all of these symptoms send 48 cents to GEO. N. STODDARD, druggist, 1226 Niagara street, Buffalo, N. Y., who will send you, postpaid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take and easy directions which if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (49) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you—either sex.

The Cincinnati Christian Standard says: "We have seen testimonials from sufferers and they all verify the good results obtained from his simple remedies. We know Mr. Stoddard personally, and can vouch for the truthfulness of his statements. He has been in business in Buffalo for 22 years, always doing just as he agreed to. Our readers need have no hesitancy in sending him money."

"Mr. Stoddard is an honest man."—Publisher The Golden Argosy, N. Y.

The Christian at Work, New York, says: "We are personally acquainted with Mr. Stoddard, and know that any communication to him will receive prompt and careful attention." Say where you saw this adv.

Read a Fact

THE strongest woman will be tired out after a day spent in washing clothes or cleaning house in the old way, with the old means. *While* with the aid of JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE a delicate woman can do the same work with comparative ease—far better—in less time. It virtually takes the hard work out of any task for which soap is used, and is harmless to fabric or hands.

Millions use it—Do you? Pearline is never peddled—but sold by all grocers.

Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Siberia—Serfdom in Russia.

1. Will the BLADE tell its readers something about Siberia and its inhabitants? 2. Also about Serfdom in Russia?

The population of Siberia is composed of various tribes and races. More than half are Russians or Russian descendants, some of whom came to the country as volunteer immigrants, but the greater part were sent as exiles. These exiles consist of three classes, criminal and political and religious offenders. The worst class is condemned to the mines, and those whose offenses are lighter are employed at less laborous work, while the rest is formed into settlements under the supervision of the police, and receive grants of land for their cultivation. The native Siberian tribes are quite numerous, for it must be remembered that Siberia is a very large country. In the Northwest are the Samoyeds, and the Ostiaks, who occupy the country south of them as far east as the river Yenisei. These people live by hunting and fishing, and very few of them are civilized to any degree. In the southwest the principal tribe is the Kirghiz, occupying the wide cold steppes called by their name; they are still in a barbarous state. West of the Altai mountains are the Kalmuck Tartars, who have become partially civilized. They carry on some manufactures of iron, and raise grain, but mainly subsist by the raising of flocks and herds. Another important tribe is that of the Buriats, who live chiefly in the region around Lake Baikal, and comprise the most numerous single tribe of Siberia. All of the many tribes of Northwestern Siberia may be divided, ethnologically, into three great classes. The first of these, which may be called the North American Indian class, comprises the wandering and settled Chookchees and Koraks. They live in that part of Siberia lying between the 160th meridian of east longitude and Behring's Strait. A part of them are settled along the seashore, but the most are nomadic, wandering from place to place to provide food for their large herds of reindeer, the only species of property which they own. Wherever they stop for a time they pitch their deerskin tents, and remain there until the reindeer have eaten all the moss within the radius of a mile from their encampment, and then move to fresh ground. For convenience they usually associate themselves in bands, but they acknowledge no governing head, and are wholly independent of civilization. They much resemble the North American Indians in appearance and in disposition. They are bold and self-reliant, as well as vigorous and athletic, and constitute the only Siberian tribes that have successfully withstood Russian aggression. The second class includes the tribes that are of Chinese origin, known as the Tongoos, the Lamootkees, the Monzhurs, and the Gilyaks of the Amoor River. These tribes are found as far west as the Yenesei and as far east as longitude 169 degrees. They are generally nomadic, raising many reindeer, which they train for riding and carrying packs, while the Koraks only use them for drawing sledges. These Mongol tribes are of mild and amiable disposition, and easily influenced. They have almost universally professed the Greek faith, and acknowledge subjection to the Czar, to whom they pay an annual tribute of furs. The third great class of natives is said to be of Tartar origin, and uses a language closely allied to the Turkish. This class comprises the Yakoots, the most thrifty tribe of Siberia, all more or less civilized by contact with the Russians, and all claiming allegiance to the Greek faith. They are settled chiefly along the Lena river, and live by cultivating grain and raising horses and cattle. Besides these aboriginal tribes there are three others showing striking peculiarities, which live in the Kamtchatkan country. These are the Kamptchadals, the Choonances, and the Yookaghas, but of these the merest fragments of tribes are left, of whom only a few individuals retain any knowledge of their original languages, so completely have the majority of them been absorbed into the Russian colonies. For purposes of general government, Siberia has been divided by Russia into two great divisions, each of which has a military governor general, appointed by the Czar, who is also commander-in-chief of the troops, and has control of all affairs, civil and military. Each division is also further divided into minor governments and provinces, each of which has also a civil governor, and other officials, all directly appointed by the Russian government. 2. In Russia serfdom was not known until the sixteenth century, though slavery had long existed under certain conditions. The princes of the different provinces of the country in its early history were very despotic and cruel and therefore were often in fear of their lives from insurrections among the people. They therefore kept large guards of soldiers, drawn from families of nobles, and rewarded the services of these with titles and large grants of land. These estates were tilled by the peasants, who for several centuries were free to choose their own masters, and go from the service of one estate to that of another as they pleased. In the sixteenth century, by an edict of the Czar Boris Godunoff, the peasants were fastened to the soil, that is, they and their descendants were forbidden to leave the service of the land holders for whom they were working when the decree was made. The object of this decree was to increase the revenues of the crown, as, while the peasants were allowed to move about, they actually formed a large body of wanderers, constantly avoiding all payment of taxes. But the effect of the law was to greatly enrich the landowners, and to degrade the free peasants into the condition of serf. All the rural population were subject to this degree, except those persons living upon the lands still owned by the crown. Peter the Great made laws transforming all the serfs on private estates into chattels to be bought and sold with the land. The peasants on the crown domains were still legally free, but whenever the Czars rewarded their favorites with estates from the government lands, the peasants on them were converted into serfs. The peasantry on the crown lands remained free, but these, before the emancipation of the serfs was decreed in 1861, had been reduced to only a small comparative number.

Martin Luther.

J. M. L., Scottdale, Pa.:

Will you please give me as lengthy an article as your space will permit on the life of Dr. Martin Luther?

Martin Luther was the greatest of Protestant reformers of the sixteenth century; he was born at Eisleben, 1483. In the year 1507 Luther was ordained a priest, and in the following year he removed to Wittenburg. He became a teacher in the new university founded there by Elictor Frederick, of Saxony. In 1509 he became a Bachelor of Theology, and commenced lecturing on the Holy Scriptures. His lectures made a great impression, and the novelty of his views already began to excite attention. Besides lecturing he began to preach, and his sermons reached a wider audience, and produced a more powerful influence. In 1510 or 1511 he was sent on a mission to Rome, and he has described very vividly what he saw and heard there. On Luther's return from Rome he was made a Doctor of the Holy Scriptures, and his career as a reformer may have said to have commenced. The system of indulgences had reached a scandalous height The sale of pardons had become an organized part of the papal system. Money was largely needed in Rome to feed the extravagance of the papal court; and its numerous emissaries sought every where to raise funds by the sale of "indulgences" as they were called, for the sins of humanity; the principal of these was John Tetzel, a Dominican friar, who had established himself at Juterbock, on the borders of Saxony. Luther's indignation at the shameless traffic which this man carried on finally became irrepressible. He drew out 95 theses on the doctrine of indulgences, which he nailed upon the gate of the church at Wittenberg, and which he offered to maintain in the university against all impugners. The general purport of these theses was to deny to the pope all right to forgive sins. This sudden and bold step of Luther was all that was necessary to awaken widespread excitement. Tetzel was forced to retreat from the boarders of Saxony to Frankfort-on-the-Oder, where he drew out and published a set of counter-theses, and publicly committed those of Luther's to flames. At first the pope, Leo X, took little heed of the disturbances, but it gradually assumed a seriousness evident even to him; and Luther received a summons to appear at Rome and answer for his theses. His university and the elector interfered, and a legate was sent to Germany to hear and determine the case. The papal bull was issued against him; the dread document was burned before an assembled multitude of doctors, students, and citizens at the Elster Gate of Wittenberg. Germany was convulsed with excitement. The Diet of Worms met in the beginning of 1521; an order was issued for the destruction of Luther's book, and he himself was summoned to appear before the diet. This was above all what he desired—to confess the truth before the assembled powers of Germany. His appearance and demeanor before the diet, and the firmness with which he held his ground and refused to retract, all making a striking picture. In the course of the year 1525, Luther married Katherine von Bora, one of the nine nuns who, under the influence of his teaching, had emancipated themselves from their religious vows. Luther died in 1546.

Smallpox.

Learner, ——

Can the BLADE tell where the dread disease smallpox originated?

The smallpox is believed to have prevailed more or less in Eastern countries from the earliest ages, but its early history is shrouded in obscurity. Some have thought that "the plague of boils and blains" recorded in the Bible had reference to this disease. Certain mention of epidemics in the Greek writings may, it is thought, refer to the smallpox; and the deadly plague in France in the sixth century, described by Gregory de Tours, is believed by some writers to have been this disease. But though the smallpox was known long before in the Orient, there is no unmistakable record of its appearance in Europe until it was brought thither by the Saracens about the year 710. And it is the more probable that this was the first appearance of the disease because it has never been wholly absent from European countries since. From Spain it went all over Europe, sparing for a time certain isolated countries, such as Denmark, where it first appeared in 1527. It was carried to the West Indies in 1517 by the adventurers seeking to profit by the discovery of the New World. It reached Mexico in 1520, and Brazil in 1563. Further north it first appeared in Maryland, having been brought there by an English ship in the early part of the seventeenth century. Thence it made its way through the other colonies. From the time of its first appearance until its ravages began to be checked, first by inoculation and then by the milder and safer process of vaccination, it continued its course as a deadly pestilence, nearly always and everywhere present, though not continuously active and sparing neither age, sex, condition, nor nationality, no one being safe from it except by having previously passed through its perils. From very early times the Chinese followed the practice of procuring this exemption by inoculating with the disease, that is conveying it intentionally by introduction of the contagious material into the system of persons in health. The inoculated disease was found to have a milder and shorter course than the natural contagious small-pox, and showing a mortality of less than 1 per cent. while the other ranged from 10 per cent. in its mildest to 60 per cent. and higher in its malignant form. The inoculation process found its way from the Orient into Europe by way of Constantinople, where it was openly introduced in the year 1701. The first inoculation in England was performed in 1722, on the daughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, wife of the British embassador to Constantinople. It was violently opposed at first, but gradually came into extensive practice, and was also adopted in Continental countries. In America it was first practiced in 1721 by Dr. Boylston, of Boston. Inoculation, however, though it served as a protection against the more fatal form of the disease, yet was an objectionable process, as the contagion of the disease was in no way lessened, and it thus became more widely spread. But in the year 1798 the process of vaccination or inoculating with the cow-pox, was shown by Dr. Jenner to be a thorough protection against small-pox, and this method has since been used. It has proved an incalculable benefit to the human race. Small-pox, unchecked by vaccination, was the most fatal of the zymotic diseases. With the aid of this practice, however, not only has its mortality been greatly lessened, but the disease can now be to a great extent controlled and even prevented. It is difficult to describe the symptoms of this disease so that an inexperienced person can recognize them. One who has seen one case, however, cannot fail to know another instantly. Whenever there is the least suspicion that there has been exposure to infection, a physician should be consulted. The initial stage of the disease is usually ushered in by a violent chill, followed by a high fever, attended with vomiting and severe pains in the head and back. With a chill, convulsions usually attend this stage. The eruptive stage is marked by the appearance of little red elevations of the skin, which come first upon the head and face, and after a few hours begin to appear on the body and limbs. These feel at first like little hard seeds under the skin, and by this characteristic may be known from eruptions of any other kind.

The Star Routes.

A. H. B., Prairie Home, Ill.:

Please explain and give dates of the Star Route investigation?

In the year 1881 proceedings were begun against the leading conspirators in what was known as the Star Route frauds. It was alleged that favors had been shown to a "ring" of contractors, who had obtained control of a large number of routes in the West and Southwest, where railroad connections did not exist. After the service had been let on contracts, the compensation was largely increased by expediting the time required for trips over the various routes and increasing the number of trips beyond the necessities of the service. It was charged that a conspiracy to defraud the government existed, in which some of the leading contractors, the second assistant postmaster general, Thomas J. Brady, and certain other persons, including S. W. Dorsey, senator from Arkansas, were concerned. Brady resigned. An investigation was carried on by the postmaster general and the matter was turned over to the attorney general. After a long and exciting trial, the men indicted escaped punishment through a technicality, Judge Cox dismissing the case November 10 on the ground that proceedings by information could not be sustained.

Miscellaneous.

C. P. W., Mt. Olive, Ind.: Addresses are not given by the Bureau.

George Walter, Clinton, Pa.: We cannot make out the name about whom you inquire.

W. L. Manning, Cameron, W. Va.: Space will not permit an answer to your question.

J. W. Marshall, Kansas: See answer to A. B., Bloomington, Ill., in BLADE of June 2, 1887.

G. R. Hall, Plainview, Minn.: You have not complied with the rules at the head of this department.

L. J. Parker, Fredonia, Kan.: See answer to A. B. Jones, Atchison, Kan., in BLADE of July 7, 1887.

Anxious Inquirer, Zion, Mich.:
Questions regarding the reliability of firms cannot be answered in the Bureau.

N. W. Cram, Grand Rapids, Neb.: See answer to H. R., Cypress Hills, N. Y., in BLADE of January 19, 1888, also George H. B., in BLADE of May 19, 1887.

J. F. Clark, Nassau, Ia.: The BUREAU has no opinion on any subject; it deals only with facts; opinions belong to the editorial page.

E. B., Parker, Col.:
Will you please to tell me if you know who is the author of the following line?: "Consistency, Thou Art a Jewel."
It is unknown who first used this phrase.

E. A. S., Bloomer, Ark.: Why did you not send your question to the editor of the BLADE FARM? We have frequently stated that all such questions must go there.

Jas. H. R. Burt, Wood, Kas.:
What is the cause of the mirage in Western Kansas so often seen?
See answer to Olny Gall, Lakeside, Ind., in BLADE of February 2.

J. J., Eloika, Washington Territory:
What is the origin, nature and history of "Madstones?"
See answer to Joseph Bradley in BLADE of July 7, 1877; also Alice B., Pay., in BLADE of March 31, 1887.

C. A. Johnson, Van Buren, O.:
What were the "dark ages?" Please describe as fully as you have space for.
See answer to F. M. Briggs, in BLADE of April 7, 1887.

A Reader, Reed, Neb.:
Will you please tell me who to write to in order to obtain seeds from the government or agricultural department, and greatly oblige.
Write to the "Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.," or to the member from your district.

A. M.: Neither your name nor your address accompanied your question; see instructions at the head of the BUREAU.

Mrs. D., ——, Ind.: You will have to send your full name and address before the BUREAU can answer your question.

J. May, Burlington, Kan.:
Is there a United States marshal at the present time, if so, who is he, and where does he reside?
There is a United States marshal for each district.

E. B., Fisher, Unadil'a, N. Y.:
Is D. R. Locke, the editor of the BLADE, a son of C. F. T. Locke, who kept a grocery store in Delhi, Delaware county, N. Y., some 40 or 50 years since?
No sir.

George Davis, Rising City, Neb.:
What is the average number of yards in the cocoon of a silk-worm?
One thousand feet.

Student, Eureka, Kan.:
I would like to know what is the capital of Arizona and Louisiana.
Arizona, Prescott; Louisiana, Baton Rouge.

A Subscriber, Sheldon, Ill.:
Will you please inform me through your next issue of the BLADE where I can buy the patent necktie frames, and what is the address of the firm?
The Bureau cannot answer such questions; see instructions at the head of this department. Please do not bother us with such question.

R. H. Y., New Hampton, Mo.:
Please give the state officers of the state of Missouri and their salaries.
Write to the secretary of state at Jefferson City.

S. P. H., Smithville, O.:
Give the "Blue Laws" of Connecticut. I am a reader of your paper, and like it very much.
They are too long to publish.

S. P. F., Browning, Ill.:
Please tell what you can of Jean Ingelow.
He was an English poet, born 1830.

A. B., Buella, Kan.:
Please tell me whether or not President Arthur is dead; if so, when did he die?
He died in 1886.

John Atwood, Lawrence, Neb.:
Please answer the following questions: 1. What is the wages of a person learning to be a locomotive engineer? 2. Is there any difference about age?
1. According to how you learn; some people serve their time in machine shops, and others go to the throttle from the position of firemen. Wages of firemen are from $35 to $50 per month; in machine shops apprentices get from $15 to $50, according as they become proficient. 2. No.

J. J. P., Rochester Mills, Pa.:
Is there an instrument for locating metals under ground?
No. See also BLADE of March 17, 1887.

Jennie Babcock, Isle, Col.:
Has there been any births at the White House during the last twenty years?
No.

S. A. Warren, Gravity, Ia.:
1. Was Brigham Young ever governor of Utah? 2. Please give a sketch of the Mountain Meadow massacre. 3. Is the number of wives limited with the Mormons?
1. Yes. Was appointed governor of the territory in 1850 by President Fillmore for four years. 2. See BLADE of August 25, 1887. 3. No.

A. R. Garrett, Trenton, Mo.:
1. Did Gen. Grant rank higher than Gen. Scott? 2. Was there at any time a military rank higher than lieutenant general?
1. Yes. 2. General Grant was made general of the army. After him was Gen. Sherman. When Sherman retired the office of general became extinct and Gen. Sheridan became lieutenant general.

Mrs. M. F., Doylestown, O.:
Will some reader of the BLADE be kind enough to tell me where I can get impression paper, to be used in stamping?
At any large book store or fancy goods store, or where they do stamping.

E. F. J., Independence, Pa.:
Will the BLADE tell me where I can get the necessary information in regard to forming a Republican league club?
Write to the chairman of the state central committee, at Harrisburg.

G. W. Waugh, Vupo, N. Y.:
What is the reason a man can see with his naked eye in Colorado 100 miles or more, and in the state of New York cannot see over 20 miles?
The atmosphere of the Western states is much rarer, which makes one's vision more penetrating.

C. A. Mann, Wilder, Kan.:
Please tell me what is good to put on a fish net to keep it from rotting. Have tried tar, boiled, but don't like it.
Tar is used by all fishermen, and they claim there is nothing equal to it.

Robert Woods, Minneapolis:
1. Will you please inform me whether an English lord can divide his estate between all his children or not, if he so desired? 2. Can the oldest brother divide the estate with his younger brothers, if he so desires?
1. If it is entailed, no. 2. No.

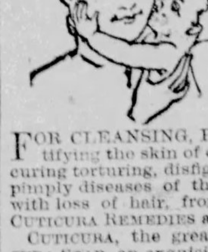
Subscriber, Mt. Carmel, Ill.:
Was Samuel J. Tilden ever sworn in as President of the United States; if so, was it in New York or Washington?
At the time of the Tilden-Hayes excitement it was reported that Mr. Tilden took the President's oath before a justice in New York city. The question has never been verified, however, to public satisfaction.

C. O. B., Needy, Oregon:
What is the meaning of the word "manicure?" We have five dictionaries including Webster's unabridged, and none of them define the word.
The word "manicure" is a newly-coined one, made from the Latin words *manus*, the hand, and *cura*, care; hence, "care of the hand." It is applied to treatment of beautifying the hand and nails, and is also applied to a person who does this. "Manicure sets" are sets of instruments—scissors, knives, brushes, powders, etc., to be used in the caring for the hands and nails.

J. H. St. Clair, Folsomville, Ind.:
1. Tell as much as possible of the International Date Line. 2. Of how many wires is the Atlantic Cable composed and what is its diameter? 3. Name the President's Cabinet officers and position held by each.
1. See answer to J. H. Mack, Kansas, in BLADE of November 3, 1887. 2. See answer to J. M. J. in BLADE of December 1, 1887. 3. Secretary of State, Bayard; secretary of Treasury, Fairchild; secretary of War, Endicott; secretary of the Navy, Whitney; secretary of the Interior, Vilas; Postmaster General, Dickinson; Attorney General, Garland.

Stephen Feather, Bennett, Neb.:
Who was Vallandingham who ran for governor of Ohio during the war?
Clement L. Vallandingham was editor of the Dayton *Empire* from 1847 to 1849. He became a leading politician, and was opposed to the government during the civil war. He was arrested and tried by court-martial, and sentenced to imprisonment, which President Lincoln commuted to banishment. He was born in Ohio in 1822, and died in 1871, from the effects of a pistol wound inflicted by himself while arguing a case, and trying to show the jury how another man had shot himself.

M. S. S., Hamlin, Kan.:
1. Do you think that Friday is an unlucky day? 2. Who was Fulgentius? 3. Why are nails called 10 penny, 8 penny, etc.?
1. Columbus left Palos, Spain, Friday, August 3, 1492; he discovered America, Friday, October 12, 1492; he arrived at Palos on his return from his voyage of discovery Friday, March 15, 1493; he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America, Friday, November 22, 1494; he discovered the continent of America Friday, June 13, 1494. George Washington was born Friday, February 22, 1732; he accepted the appointment of General and Commander-in-Chief Friday, June 16, 1775; he captured Yorktown, with Lord Cornwallis, Friday, October 19, 1771, which virtually closed the War of Independence. Daniel Webster, Gen. Zachary Taylor, Edward Everett, John Brown (Ossawattomie), George Bancroft, the historian, Henry W. Longfellow, Stephen A. Douglas, Chief Justice M. R. Waite, ex-President Hayes, Gladstone and Charles Dickens were born Friday. A black mark against Friday is that it was the birthday of Jeff Davis. 2. Nails were originally nominally sold by the thousand. But to count them would require too much time; so each size had a given designation by weight, supposed to be equivalent to a thousand if counted. Thus there are 8-oz., 12-oz., 16-oz., 2-lb., 4-lb., 10-lb., and so on, each representing a different size. The phrase "ten-pound nails" got corrupted into the shorter "ten-p'un' nails," from which it easily reached the transition, "tenpenny." 3. Fabies Fulgentus was a Latin Gramarian, supposed to have lived in Africa in the sixth century.



FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

Best of All

Cough medicines, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is in greater demand than ever. No preparation for Throat and Lung Troubles is so prompt in its effects, so agreeable to the taste, and so widely known, as this. It is the family medicine in thousands of households.

"I have suffered for years from a bronchial trouble that, whenever I take cold or am exposed to inclement weather, shows itself by a very annoying tickling sensation in the throat and by difficulty in breathing. I have tried a great many remedies, but none does so well as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral which always gives prompt relief in returns of my old complaint." — Ernest A. Hepler, Inspector of Public Roads, Parish Terre Bonne, La.

"I consider Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a most important remedy

For Home Use.

I have tested its curative power, in my family, many times during the past thirty years, and have never known it to fail. It will relieve the most serious affections of the throat and lungs, whether in children or adults." — Mrs. E. G. Edgerly, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

"Twenty years ago I was troubled with a disease of the lungs. Doctors afforded me no relief and considered my case hopeless. I then began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, before I had finished one bottle, found relief. I continued to take this medicine until a cure was effected. I believe that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life." — Samuel Griggs, Waukegan, Ill.

"Six years ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and soon developed all the alarming symptoms of Consumption. I had a cough, night sweats, bleeding of the lungs, pains in chest and sides, and was so prostrated as to be confined to my bed most of the time. After trying various prescriptions, without benefit, my physician finally determined to give me Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took it, and the effect was magical. I seemed to rally from the first dose of this medicine, and, after using only three bottles, am as well and sound as ever." — Rodney Johnson, Springfield, Ill.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Prudence! Prudence!

In medication, as in aught else, prudence should be our guide. Yet thousands cast it to the winds. Every new nostrum finds its patrons, the medical empirics of every false school have their gulls. Every change in the gamut of humbug is rung successfully—for a time at least—the notes being furnished by the credulous. In happy contrast to the many advertised impostures of the day stands Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, now in its third decade of popularity, approved and recommended by physicians, indorsed by the press of many lands, sought and prized by invalids everywhere. It is an ascertained specific for and preventive of malarial diseases, chronic indigestion, liver complaint and constipation, checks the growth of rheumatism and neuralgia, is a peerless invigorant and useful diuretic. Nervous people benefit by it.

THE SKY IN MARCH.

What the Amateur Star-Gazer May Find to Interest Him.

In the month of March the sun completes half of its apparent northerly journey across the firmament. This journey began on December 21, and will end on June 21. For the past three months the great central luminary of the system has been sweeping northerly through the constellations. During this time the duration of the daylight period has been steadily lengthening, and that of the period of darkness steadily shortening throughout the region of the earth north of the equator, while the opposite conditions have prevailed throughout the whole of the earth south of the equator, excepting the locality near the poles, where the daylight, broadly speaking, lasts six months, and the darkness an equal period. The daylight period at the north pole begins on March 21, and the period of darkness at the south pole commences at the same moment. On March 21 the sun dashes across the equinox, or celestial equator, and at that time the day and the night will be equal in duration all over the world except in the region immediately surrounding the poles. Between March 21 and June 21 the length of the days will be increasing and that of the nights decreasing in the north temperate zone, while in the south temperate zone the duration of the days will decrease, and that of the nights increase.

Throughout the greater part of February the sun was in the zodiacal constellation Aquarius. About March 14 it will cross the boundary line of that star cluster and enter Pisces, in which constellation it will remain during the remainder of the month.

The moon will be near its last quarter when March opens, reaching that point on the 4th day of the month. New moon will take place on the 12th, first quarter on the 20th, and on the 27th it will complete its phases and enter its full stage.

The movements of the moon during the month will bring it in close proximity to the various planetary members of the system. On the 1st it will be in conjunction with Mars, on the 3d with Jupiter, on the 9th with Venus, on the 10th with Mercury, on the 17th with Neptune, and on the 22d with Saturn. On the 28th the moon will, with respect to the planets generally, arrive near the point where it was on the 1st, and will make a close approach to Mars. Three days later it will be in conjunction with Jupiter.

The only planets which will be above the horizon throughout March when the sun sets are Neptune and Saturn.

Saturn will be in a favorable position for observation throughout March. It is still in the constellation Cancer, in the easterly side of the firmament, where it may be found during the whole month. It shines with a dull yellow light, and, unlike its neighboring luminaries of the first magnitude, it does not twinkle. About eighteen degrees south of Saturn, and near the same distance above the easterly horizon as Saturn is, is the brilliant star Procyon, in the constellation of the Lesser Dog, and about twenty-two degrees south of Procyon is Sirius, the brightest of all the "fixed" stars. The two bright stars higher above the horizon than Saturn, and further north than that planet, are Castor and Pollux, the principal luminaries in the constellation of the Twins.

Technically, Mercury is an evening star until March 3. Actually, however, it will be too near the sun for several days before that time to be visible. On that day it is in conjunction with the sun.

The other planets are all morning stars, and make their appearance above the easterly horizon in this order: Uranus, Mars, Jupiter, Venus. Both Uranus and Mars are in Virgo. The former will be five degrees northeast of the bright star Spica, the leading brilliant in Virgo, throughout the month.

Jupiter holds the place of honor among the morning stars during March. It rises, at the beginning of the month, about four hours before Venus, and it gains three hours more upon its fair rival between that time and the month's end. It is in the constellation Scorpio. Shortly after midnight, on the 1st, it will make its appearance above the easterly horizon, and from that time until sunrise it will be the most brilliant object in the firmament, the moon excepted. The bright red star which will be seen eight degrees south of it is Antares, the most conspicuous luminary in Scorpio.

Venus will rise about an hour and a third before the sun when March begins, and a little less than an hour before it when the months ends. The planet's remoteness from us and its nearness to the solar orb dims its rays, and robs it of much of the splendor by which it irradiated the easterly firmament in the early morning hours two or three months ago.

Turning to the northerly side of the firmament, the Dipper is seen high above the northeasterly horizon, the "pointers" directing the eye westerly toward the Pole Star. About as far west of that star as the Dipper is east of it is Cassiopeia, the upper portion of the W, which its five conspicuous stars resemble, facing the east. This is the position of these constellations about 8 o'clock in the evening at the opening days of the month. If looked at about midnight the Dipper will be high above the Pole Star, with Cassiopeia upon the horizon beneath it.

A few degrees to the northwest of the zenith point in the early evening about the beginning of the month, a bright star which shines with a yellowish light may be seen. This is Capella, the leading luminary in the constellation of the Charioteer. Capella is one of the first magnitude stars which remains in easy view all night during the fall and winter months.

About 10 o'clock in the evening at the beginning of the month the brilliant first magnitude star Arcturus comes into view. It may be seen at that hour low down near the northeasterly horizon. Arcturus is the principal star in the constellation Bootes, the Cowherd. At the end of the month it will be visible just after sunset, and will be among the most conspicuous objects of the firmament every night until its disappearance in the northwest soon after the sun goes down in October next.

White Swelling.

Mr. M. S. Hamlin, one of the best known insurance men in North Carolina, writes from Winston, as follows: "Ever since I was seven years of age I have had what the doctors call hip disease, and which I call white swelling. My hip was drawn out of place. There was a swelling at the knee-joint, where there is a profuse running, which has been there for years. Of course this has greatly depleted my system, together with surgical operation on the leg bone. I tried every known blood purifier to build up my system, but none did me good until I took S. S. S. I use it every spring. It always builds me up, giving me appetite and digestion, and enables me to stand the long, trying, enervating, hot summer days. To me there is no such medicine for purifying the blood and building up the wasted system as S. S. S. On using it I soon became strong of body and easy of mind. My color changed from a pale, worn look to a healthy, robust complexion."

Mr. G. N. Frizzel, of Farmersville, Texas, writes: "About August 1st, 1865, an eruption appeared on my arms and legs, which pained me much and seemed to affect my physical condition generally. On the advice of a physician at this place, I finally commenced using Swift's Specific. I am glad to say that after using three large bottles the sores have all healed."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFC CO, Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

Solomon Distanced.

A Fifth avenue tailor says that the coming season at the most fashionable country resorts will bring about a radical change in the manner of men's evening dress. The waistcoat is to give way to a broad sash of knitted silk, the shirt bosom is to be an affair of ruffles and puffs, the starchy, characterless dress bow is to be replaced by a jaunty, self-tied cravat, something after the style of the Byronic neckgear. Even now some of the more daring dandies have undertaken to break away from the stubborn conventionality of the evening suit by wearing waistcoats in thoroughly dashing shades of pink, blue, pale green, orange and even cardinal. A full assortment of them is shown by the Madison-square haberdashers, who are confident that "they have come to stay," though whether in the fashion or on their shelves deponent sayeth not.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Some Were Missing.

Rufkins was very pious, was fond of the ladies, and very bald on the back of his head. The other evening he was calling on a Connecticut avenue girl and was giving her a great deal of church talk.

"Ah, Miss Charlotte," he said, "we are watched over very carefully. Even the hairs of our head are numbered."

"Yes, Mr. Rufkins," she replied, with deep enthusiasm, "but some of the back numbers of yours appear to be missing."—*Washington Critic.*

The Result of Merit.

When anything stands a test of fifty years among a discriminating people, it is pretty good evidence that there is merit somewhere. Few, if any, medicines have met with such continued success and popularity as has marked the progress of **Brandreth's Pills**, which, after a trial of over fifty years, are conceded to be the safest and most effectual blood purifier, tonic and alterative ever introduced to the public.

That this is the result of merit, and that **Brandreth's Pills** perform all that is claimed for them, is conclusively proved by the fact that those who regard them with the greatest favor are those who have used them the longest.

Brandreth's Pills are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

SCIENCE IN SMALL DOSES.

The greatest elevation which has been attained by man is 37,000 feet—about seven miles—this height having been reached during a balloon ascent made by Glaisher. At this tremendous distance above the earth's surface physical exertion is found to be almost impossible, owing to the great rarefaction of the atmosphere.

Variations in the size of rain drops are dependent upon the differences in the height from which they have fallen and to the amount of atmospheric disturbance present at the time. If fallen from a great height, the drops suffer gradual division into smaller and smaller parts, until they are converted into a mist. In calm weather, with the clouds near the earth's surface, the drops are large and heavy.

Observations on the part of a large number of scientists prove that earthquakes are more frequent at the time of the full moon and change of the moon than at other times, and also more frequent when the moon is nearest the earth or when she is on the meridian. The cause to which this fact has been assigned is the action of those forces which produce the tides of the ocean; their similar influence upon the solid land strata leads to their disturbance in the shape of earthquakes.

Botanists assign various dates to the birth of the giant trees of California, or sequoias, as they are called. It has been claimed that the yew lives a thousand years, and even this age was thought to be incredibly great; but to the colossal patriarchs of the California forests must be assigned an age far exceeding a thousand years. Among the various estimates of their age the least is 1,800 years, and the probability is that even this figure is much too small, some placing it at 3,000 years.

During the sinking of large pits and wells in Nevada, strata of rock salt were cut through in which were found perfectly preserved fish, which are doubtless thousands of years old, as the salt field occupies what was once the bottom of a large lake, and no such fish are now to be found in any of the modern Nevada lakes. The specimens are not petrified, but flesh, and all are preserved in perfect form, and after being soaked in fresh water two or three days can be cooked and eaten, but are not very palatable. After being exposed to the air and sun for a day or two they become as hard as wood.

Are you sad, despondent, gloomy?
Are you sore distressed?
Listen to the welcome bidding—
"Be at rest."
Have you aches and pains unnumbered,
Poisoning life's Golden Cup?
Think not there's no balm in Gilead, and
"Give it up."
A Golden Remedy awaits you—
Golden not alone in name—
Reach, oh, suffering one, and grasp it,
Health regained.

There is but one "Golden" Remedy—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It stands alone as the great "blood purifier," "strength-renewer" and "health-restorer" of the age! The Liver, it regulates, removing all impurities. The Lungs it strengthens, cleansing and nourishing them. The whole system is built up, supplying that above all other things most needed—pure, rich Blood.

SHERMAN AND HIS VISITORS.

Callers at the Statesman's Home Not Subjected to Red Tape.

John Sherman is one of the most methodical men in the Senate. It must be that mathematical precision which has given him the reputation of being cold.

He is a very agreeable man to meet. Any time, from an hour as early as you would be at all likely to call until he starts for the Senate, he may be found busy with books and papers in his study, which is the back part of the house just at the head of the first flight of stairs. Everything is in perfect order in the room. The papers on the desk are such as he is occupied with at the time, and they are arranged carefully. If a book is lying on the desk it was not left from its place on the shelves by accident or through neglect. There are no piles of papers lying about or scraps upon the floor. The rugs are straight and comfortable chairs of a variety of styles are placed conveniently about the room.

When any one calls on business he is generally shown up to the study at once without being announced. This is sure to be the case if the visitor is fortunate enough to meet Mrs. Sherman in the hall. She frequently will open the door herself without waiting for the servant, if near at hand, and with a pleasant smile and no ceremony will point the way to the Senator's room. He will look up sharply from his work on hearing one enter, and then extend his hand and greet the visitor with a smile. He is always approachable and ready to answer civil questions, though he does not impress his visitor with the idea that he is trying to be especially polite to him. Blaine has a way of making every one think that he is receiving some special mark of attention, which is quite gratifying to personal vanity. Sherman never does this. He rises to meet his visitor, puts aside all work and talks pleasantly, and rises when the guest departs. Edmunds would follow the visitor to the front door and bow him out. Sherman is content simply to rise and extend his hand.—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

Effects of Coffee.

The beautiful, blushing, rosy-cheeked, red-lipped, fair skinned young lady who loves to be admired even as an actress loves to be applauded, should beware of too much coffee. An eminent medical authority says:

Chronic coffee-drinkers are invariably thin, sometimes of almost rail-like slenderness. This distinguishes them from the victims of alcoholic intoxication, who are often fat and ruddy. The features are pinched, the face is pale and wrinkled, the complexion is yellowish-gray and earthy.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A valuable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Honest Goods.

Customer (to rubber overshoe dealer)—I want a pair of rubbers.

Dealer—Yes sir; same as you bought yesterday, I s'pose.

Customer—Oh, yes; those gave excellent satisfaction. It was nearly 12 o'clock last night before they gave out.—*New York Sun.*

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York.

MUSIC.
MUSIC IN THE SPRING

There are yet some months of cool weather in which to prepare and practice music for the concluding concerts and festivals of the season.

It is quite time to send for our complete and rich lists of EASTER MUSIC!

Now let girls and boys begin to practice the sweet CANTATAS—VOICES OF NATURE, or FOREST JUBILEE BAND or MERRY COMPANY or NEW FLORA'S FESTIVAL, each 40 cents, or $3.60 per dozen.

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Fine Cantatas of moderate difficulty for adults are: HEROES OF '76 ($1.00), HERBERT AND ELSA (75 cents), JOSEPH'S BONDAGE (1.00), REBECCA (65 cents), RUTH AND BOAZ (65 cents), WRECK OF HESPERUS (35 cents), FAIR MELUSINA (75 cents), BATTLE OF HUNS (80 cents). Send for lists.

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SANGERFEST ($1.38), MALE VOICE GLEE BOOK ($1.00), EMERSON'S QUARTETS AND CHORUSES (60 cents), EMERSON'S MALE VOICE GEM'S ($1.00.)

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OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.
C. H. Ditson & Co., 867 Broadway, New York.

GEOGRAPHIC NAMES.

Giving European Instead of Native Names to Places.

The New York *Sun* is protesting vigorously against the tendency of recent Pacific explorers to disregard the native names for the regions they have discovered or surveyed. The British admiralty, acting on the suggestions of local geographical societies, has instructed its surveying department to restore on charts the native names of many islands and places in the Western Pacific. Continues the *Sun*:

The Germans have been the greatest recent offenders in this respect. They have signalized their appearance as a colonial power in the Western Pacific by attaching German names to many of the bays, rivers, islands and coasts they have appropriated. The native names they have discarded are almost invariably euphonious, and in the case of many of them there are valid reasons, based upon considerations of history and sentiment, why they should be retained.

The Sandwich and Friendly Islands, named by Capt. Cook, are now better known under their native and euphonious appellation of Hawaii and Tonga. It is gratifying to the people of this country that in the names selected for places and localities in the West native words are more regarded now than formerly. The New Yorks, New Englands, New Londons, New This and New That, East This and West That, are not as common west of the Alleghenies as east of them. The Sciotos, Dakotas, Minnehahas, Cuyahogas, etc., are more euphonious, besides they mean something.

An Imparative Necessity.

What pure air is to an unhealthy locality, what spring cleaning is to the neat housekeeper, so is Hood's Sarsaparilla to everybody, at this season. The body needs to be thoroughly renovated, the blood purified and vitalized, the germs of disease destroyed. Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other blood disorders are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the most popular and successful spring medicine.

Three Leap Year Leaps.

A Missouri girl is credited with contributing the following to leap year literature: "How loose round my waist were the clothes of my childhood, as my doubled up corsets remind me with pain; the slips that I wore when I used to chop stove-wood had more real enjoyment than bustle and train; the bustle, I know, is a thing highly treasured by all ladies built in the mocking-bird style, but give me the garment with looseness unmeasured, the old Mother Hubbard, which weak men revile; the dear Mother Hubbard, the loose Mother Hubbard, the honored old Hubbard, which beats any style."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

There is said to be a cunningly devised autograph album for use during the year 1888, in which unsuspecting maidens are induced to write their names, and which afterward turns out to be a book of blank proposals of marriage to the depraved young man who owns it. Young women will see the necessity of refraining from writing their names in suspicious looking albums this year, unless, of course, they are looking for some albums of that kind.—*Chicago Tribune.*

It is probable that the rule allowing ladies to propose marriage to gentlemen during the leap year was instituted by bachelors who were too bashful to pop the question. It is a good rule, and ought to be more generally observed.—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

Things She Never Will Acknowledge.

There are a round dozen things that you can never get a lady to plead guilty of, be she old or young:

That she laces tight.
That her shoes are too small.
That she is tired at a ball.
That she uses anything but powder.
That it takes her long to dress.
That she has kept you waiting.
That she blushes when you mentioned a particular gentleman's name.
That she says what she doesn't mean.
That she is fond of scandal.
That she never flirted.
That she cannot keep a secret.
That she is—in love.—*Philadelphia Times.*

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

With But a Single Thought.

"I have to thank you for a pleasant evening, Miss Bilderback," said young Peckinbaugh, at 11:30 o'clock, as he arose to go. "I have scarcely felt as if I were an acquaintance until this evening, but now it almost seems as if I had known you for years."

"I was about to make the same remark," murmured the young lady, with her eyes on the clock. "It does, indeed, seem a long time."

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GRAPE VINES, FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
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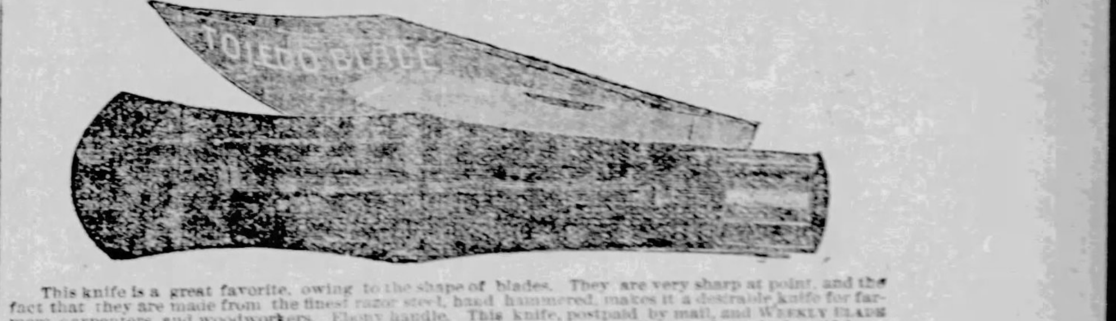

This knife is a great favorite, owing to the shape of blades. They are very sharp at point, and the fact that they are made from the finest razor steel, hand hammered, makes it a desirable knife for farmers, carpenters and woodworkers. Ebony handle. This knife, postpaid by mail, and WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.50. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SMELL, HEARING AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.
ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery.
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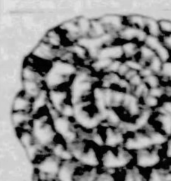

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THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the Postoffice at Toledo as Second Class Mail Matter.

Circulation Last Week, 108,000.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

The political battle of this year will be the most important that has been fought in the United States for years. The struggle will not only be for supremacy in the White House and in Congress, but it will also decide our future economic system—whether the Republican principle of protection, which has caused such an unparalleled development of our country in every possible line since its adoption, shall be continued, or whether we shall plunge the nation into financial depression, great labor troubles, bankruptcy and poverty, to carry out the theories of a stubborn and unstatesmanlike President.

The BLADE will be found where it has ever stood—on the side of the best interests of the whole people; on the side of American workingmen as against those of Europe; for the prosperity of American manufactures instead of those of foreign lands; in favor of American goods, made by American workmen, as against the conspiracy of the free trade theorists and the selfish ring of importers in the Atlantic cities, who see enormous fortunes in prospect as the result of the adoption of the suicidal policy of President CLEVELAND; on the side of the American farmer, whose prosperity depends far more on a home market than on a foreign one; on the side of prosperity for all, rather than poverty to the many and prosperity to the merchant princes of New York.

The BLADE will be made brighter and better than ever the coming year. Mr. LOCKE had elaborated certain plans for its improvement during 1888, which will be fully and faithfully carried out. All the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

THE BUSINESS ASPECT OF THE RUM POWER.

The majority of mankind respond more promptly to anything which touches the pocket-nerve than to anything else. The financial aspect of a question is of more general interest than any other, and generally rules when such a topic comes up for discussion. Yet the liquor question is looked at more more from a moral and religious aspect than any other, and the business side, its financial aspect, has not yet obtained that attention from the public which its importance deserves. This state of things arises from the fact that temperance was first pressed upon the public as a personal reform. All effort was directed to saving the individual who had fallen a victim to the Rum curse, or to inducing those who had not done so to pledge themselves never to drink. Individuals were labored with to get them to keep beyond the temptations of Rum, while the saloons were allowed to go on their way unhindered. It was not till later that the central idea of Prohibition was made prominent, viz.: To put men beyond the reach of temptation by rendering it impossible for them to obtain Rum.

Strange to say, the old idea, that the temperance reform aims at the individual instead of at the traffic, still dominates the minds of the masses, and renders them indifferent to the business aspect of the Rum traffic—for a man is indifferent, as a rule, whether his neighbor saves his money or wastes it over the bar of the saloon. It is our purpose to call the attention of our readers to the real magnitude of the money loss to the public at large, and especially to all engaged in legitimate lines of trade, through the Rum traffic.

The Rum Power frantically endeavors to impose itself upon the country as a legitimate business, supplying the demand of the consumer for an article in daily and common use. It attempts to force its infernal trade upon the same plane of necessity and respectability as the trade in dry-goods, in groceries, in boots and shoes, and other similar commodities. But this effort is a failure, and from the very nature of things must be. Dealers in food, and clothing, and furniture, and the thousand and one articles of daily consumption and use, are engaged in supplying legitimate wants; the Rumseller is not. The dealer in necessaries gives to his customer an equivalent for his money; the Rumseller does not. His commodity is one which is neither food, nor clothing, nor does it supply any need of the human body in any way. It is a poison to it, not a benefit. The men who deal in it are on the same plane as other ministers to humanity's vices. They are as bad as the panderers who traffic in the souls and bodies of women to satisfy man's lust.

A brief calculation will show the loss to all lines of legitimate business through this damnable traffic in liquid ruin. It is entirely probable that there is not a saloon in any city whose average sales are less than $5 per day. Even the enormous percentage of profit which is made by the saloonist would leave but a narrow margin out of this average, when the first cost of Rum, rent, fire, gas, taxes, and other expenses, are taken out. Then the higher class of saloons, those in the more frequent business streets, sell anywhere from $100 to $500 worth a day. Let us put the average for all classes of saloons low enough, and assume that it is $10 per day all around.

In the city of Toledo, we are informed at the Internal Revenue office, there are over 600 saloons. The amount paid over their counters, at the above average, is over $6,000 daily. This is over $1,898,000 yearly, not counting illegal Sunday sales, which are very large. The estimate is clearly low enough if we make it $2,000,000 yearly.

Think of what that $2,000,000 a year oses to the city and to all legitimate lines of business, and you will begin to have a faint idea of what the Rum traffic costs Toledo, in a business way, every year. It does not do a penny's worth of good to the buyers, or to their wives, their families, and their dependent ones. It is that much cut off from their necessities and comforts. If there were not a Rum-hole in this city, that two millions would be nearly all spent with the business men in legitimate lines. The men who now pay it out for Rum would then spend it for more and better food, for better clothing for themselves and their families, for furniture, home comforts and luxuries. They would dwell in better houses, would exist on a higher plane. Let the merchants of the city think of the value to themselves of the added expenditure of over $6,000 per day by retail consumers! They can then begin to realize what a loss to themselves is the Rum traffic so long as it exists. And what is true of Toledo is true of any other city or village in the country, in proportion to population and number of saloons.

Let us look at it in another light. Assume the average wages of workmen in a factory to be $700 a year—a little over $2 a day. That two millions will then represent the wages of 2,857 workingmen. The extermination of the Rum traffic in this city would be equivalent to adding to her buying population 2,857 men, with their families. What earnest, united effort would be put forth to aid in bringing to Toledo a great manufacturing establishment with 2,857 hands, by the business men of the city, simply in order to add that number of consumers to the population! Why not put forth the same energetic effort to crush out Rum, when the result will clearly be the same?

Nor would the enormous sum added to the legitimate business transactions of the city be the only benefit. There would be less crime, and the police and court and prison expenses of the city would be less, while the burden of indigence would be much lightened. There would be more men, if the curse of Rum were lifted, who would buy lots and build cottages. Men who are not tax payers now would accumulate savings, and become such. The effect of Prohibition would not be for one year alone, but would go on through every succeeding year. The basis of taxation would be broadened, and the burden of taxes be lightened. Add these to the veritable "boom" that would be given to the vast number of lines of retail business by the daily increase of some $6,000 in sales, and the vast benefits of Prohibition in a business way will be clearly seen.

Per contra, the amount of injury that would be done would be trifling when compared with the vast benefits accruing. There would be some damage to the men now engaged in selling Rum, but the benefit would accrue, directly or indirectly, to every other resident of the city. There is but very little capital required in Rum-selling, and there is not a saloon in the city but has paid for its furniture and fittings, and returned its original capital to its owner. Nor would these men be without opportunity for entering legitimate business. The increase in the amount of money poured daily into trade channels would make plenty of openings for embarking in some line of supplying the people's wants, which should return honest value for every dollar spent, instead of the disease and suffering, poverty and want, vice and crime, which flow from the traffic in Rum. The Rum traffic is the enemy of every kind of legitimate business; and a consideration of the facts above enumerated should lead every business man to join, heart and soul, in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

On the fifth page of this issue we announce ten portraits of eminent people, which we have ourselves published in order to supply our readers with excellent work of art at a moderate price. Every one of these portraits are worthy of a place on the walls of any home, whether that home be a cottage or a mansion. We have thus far sold nearly 100,000 of these portraits, and the demand is unabated. Among our latest publications, are Rev. Dr. TALMAGE and ROBERT LINCOLN. We soon hope to announce ABRAHAM LINCOLN and others. "Christ Before Pilate," although not of our own publication, is a very excellent engraving. Never before was so good an engraving sold for 25 cents. It is having a remarkable sale.

IT may be interesting to know that Mr. RANDALL has a bill for revenue reduction, which conserves the protective principle, and which he will offer in the House in opposition to MILLS's wonderful hodge-podge. It is said to provide for a gross reduction of $80,000,000, $60,000,000 in the internal revenue taxes and $20,000,000 in custom duties. It proposes to take the tax off tobacco, reduce the tax on whisky from 90 to 50 cents a gallon, and remove it entirely from spirits used in the arts. His bill is said to contain no free wool, coal or ores, but does put lumber and salt on the free list. It adopts a metal schedule that is satisfactory to the iron and steel associations of Pittsburg, making small reductions in the duties on pig iron and steel rails, and places a large additional number of articles on the free list.

THE most salient feature of the debate on the dependent pension bill in the United States Senate was the development of the sneering dislike held by certain Southern Senators for the Grand Army of the Republic. Those gentlemen should put the hates and animosities of the war behind them, and recognize the fact that the men who saved the Union have a claim upon it, that honor, if nothing else, should compel them to meet without objection.

THE Sunday theater question is now in a fair way for solution. Ex-Senator TABOR, of Colorado, has been arrested by the mayor of Denver for giving a 'so-called "sacred concert" in his opera-house at Denver, on a Sunday night. He has put on his war-paint, and proposes to fight the case clean up to the United States Supreme court.

THE illness of the Crown Prince of Germany reminds one painfully of that of the martyred GARFIELD. There are the same misleading bulletins, the same quarrels among the physicians, and the mournful end must inevitably be the same.

WE presume all thinking newspaper readers have noted the fact that the free trade organs only "pitch into" those trusts on protected articles, and are conveniently silent as to the vastly greater number of trusts on articles not protected.

AND now it is said that CLEVELAND prefers Gov. GRAY, of Indiana, for his running mate. That would be a Cleveland Gray team, and might be considered a well-matched one if it were a race of roadsters instead of a Presidential contest.

IF CLEVELAND signs the dependent pensions bill, which is sure to pass both houses of Congress, it will be as bad a back-down as that concerning the rebel flags. It will mean, "I dare not antagonize the soldier vote."

WE fail to find anything in the Mills tariff bill about the "mule" industry, in which Mr. BARNUM is such a distinguished leader.

SOME TARIFF FACTS.

The Tin Plate Duty.

A lady of Cammack, Ind., evidently interested in the tariff question, sends these queries:

1. Are there tin mines in the United States if so, where?
2. If a duty were placed on tin plate sufficient to keep out the British trade, could it be manufactured in the United States in sufficient quantities to supply the demand?
3. Will you explain what Mr. Elkins, in his speech, published in the BLADE of February 2, means by saying, "I would make the duty on tin plate 2½ cents per pound as was intended, or take it off entirely?"
4. Mr. Elkins says: "It is said a duty of 2½ cents a pound on tin plate would give employment to 50,000 persons." In the BLADE of February 16, the Canned Goods association prepared a memorial to Congress asking that body to remove the duty on tin plate, saying, "This would injure no interest in the country." Which is right?

1. Tin is found in the United States, but so far is not mined, we think—no large vein having yet been discovered. 2. Yes, most certainly. 3. The duty on tin plate (not block tin, but the ordinary thin sheets of iron covered with tin, of which fruit cans and all kinds of tin-ware is made) is not high enough to protect its manufacture here. Mr. ELKINS referred to the fact that a duty of 2½ cents a pound was originally intended, but that in the amending and revising of the bill it was cut down, through ill-advised action. As the duty at present is no benefit to anybody, but a mere tax, he very properly thinks that eiter the duty should be made protective, and build up another American industry, or be taken off altogether. 4. It is estimated that it would require at least 50,000 persons to manufacture the tin plate consumed in this country alone; hence, if the duty were made protective, Mr ELKINS's statement would come true. The Canned Goods association's remark that to remove the duty entirely "would injure no interest in this country" is perfectly true, for tin plate is not made here to any extent, the duty not being protective.

A Brief Tariff History.

A correspondent at Millersburg, Ohio, asks us to "give time and causes of the changes in the tariff of the United States—that is, the different times that the tariff was increased or decreased." To do this at length would require more space than we can well give; but we condense from an excellent article in an esteemed contemporary the following salient points of tariff history:

The first protective tariff bill was passed by Congress, and signed by President WASHINGTON on July 4, 1789. It was the work of HAMILTON and other Federalists. It was not opposed by the Democratic party in Congress (then called Republican) because of the urgent demand for it from all parts of the country. It was felt to be the commercial complement of the declaration of political independence, and popular sentiment, as well as public necessity, pressed for its adoption. The demands upon the treasury and intense hatred of the oppressive commercial and industrial policy of Great Britain from which the nation had just escaped, conspired to secure a practically unanimous consent to the protective policy. But it was, nevertheless, not in harmony with Democratic state rights doctrines and was opposed by some of the leading theorists of that party. It was federal in policy, and therefore anti-Democratic in principle. It is well to say here that the law had the desired effect of relieving the embarrassment of the treasury, and rapidly developing home industries.

The war of 1812 created still larger demands for revenue, and the tariff was horizontally increased by exactly 100 per cent. This, also, was advocated by the Federalists, and, in view of the national exigency, the Democrats made no organized opposition. The increase created a regular "boom" in American industry.

The tariff reduction bill of 1816 was largely due to a conflict of sectional influences, and was not supported on strictly party lines; but it was a Democratic measure, that encountered the resistance of Mr. CLAY, and other leading Whigs. Its adoption was followed by severe depression in all departments of trade. Importations increased, and home industries languished.

Party lines now began to form distinctly with relation to tariff legislation. The Whigs had always been protectionists in principle. The Democrats definitely adopted the opposite policy and became as an organization what they are now, free traders. In 1824, Mr. CLAY's influence predominated, and the national distress was relieved by a tariff that was avowedly protective. Sectional interests determined some votes for and against it, but it was antagonized by the bulk of the Democratic organization. Industry and commerce again revived and the succeeding four years was a period of great national development.

In 1832, the Democrats, with JACKSON as President, controlled the government, and passed the tariff reduction bill which paralyzed the industry of the country, and which was followed by the panic of 1837. Although this measure was reluctantly consented to by some of the leading Whigs as a compromise of threatening difficulties with the slaveholding states, it was essentially Democratic in origin and support.

The Whigs came into power in 1840, under President HARRISON, and in 1842 adopted a strongly protective tariff, in spite of an almost solid Democratic opposition. The adoption of this bill was the signal for a revival of activity in every branch of business. But the Democratic free trader, POLK, was elected in 1848, and two years later his party passed a free trade bill, and the usual economic results followed—stagnation of business, a collapse of our industries, and a steady drain of money to Europe.

The Whigs succeeded the Democrats in power in 1848, but their majority was too slender to enable them to change the tariff. In 1848 the Democrats came back to power, and held it until the election of 1860. The discovery of gold in California, and the great war between England and France and Russia stimulated business and production in this country greatly, so that there were no apparent ill effects from the low tariff of 1846 up to 1857. Then the Democrats made another big cut in the tariff schedule and precipitated the disastrous panic of that year. Importations enormously increased. The newly discovered gold was swept into European coffers, and every home interest was involved in financial ruin. The Democrats did not have another chance to meddle with the tariff for a good many years thereafter.

The Republican party came into power in 1861, and the Morrill tariff bill was enacted. Since that time the country has been under a protective regime, and the tremendous development that has followed, and the enormous increase in national wealth, are largely due thereto.

M is a bad initial letter for a tariff reformer's name. MORRISON's "horizontal reduction" bill was knocked out, and he was defeated when he came up for re-election. MILLS is trying it on, with the chances that the unlucky "M" will get in its work.

THE Standard Oil trust officials display much dexterity in dodging the questions of the Senate committee in New York. They should remember that "Pride goeth before a fall, and a haughty spirit before destruction."

THE Democratic party, so far as the tariff is concerned, is really like ARTEMUS WARD, who remarked that "he had no prinsiples—he wuz in the show bisniss."

UNPUBLISHED WORKS.

The readers of the BLADE, we are certain, will learn with great pleasure that a large number of

STORIES, SKETCHES and POEMS

WRITTEN BY THE LATE

D. R. LOCKE,

And never before published, will appear in the

WEEKLY BLADE

During the ensuing year.

These literary productions of the great author were written before and after his cessation from active newspaper work, and are of the highest order of merit.

Due announcement will be made of the commencement of the series.

INVESTIGATING THE TRUSTS.

Mr. ROCKEFELLER, the head of the great Standard Oil trust, has been before the New York Senate committee, which is investigating these capitalistic combinations, and, though an unwilling witness, his examination brought out some matters of interest to the public. Probably the most important of these was the trust agreement, which has hitherto been guarded with the utmost secrecy.

This agreement is a contract which is unauthorized by the government, and yet which enables its participants to wield practically unlimited power over one of the great interests of the country, and to evade all responsibility to the state and all restraints of law. A "trust" is not a corporation, nor a joint stock company, nor a partnership, but it possesses more power than either of them, and yet evades responsibility. A corporation is granted certain powers by the state, to which it is directly accountable for their use or misuse. A joint stock company is a creation of the law and is accountable thereto. But a trust is a combination without legal authority, assuming powers far beyond any that a wise and just public policy would ever dream of granting. In a little volume on "Trusts," just issued, by WM. W. COOK, a well-known lawyer of New York, a modern trust is thus described:

It is neither a corporation nor a well defined common law trust; it avoids the checks and safeguards which a wise public policy has thrown around corporate acts; its articles of agreement are secret and jealously guarded even from the investor himself; no charter or statements need be filed for public inspection; no reports need be made or published; it may carry on any business it desires; the principles of ultra vires acts do not check it; no limit is placed by statute on its capital stock; no law prevents an increase or decrease of its trust certificates; no qualifications are prescribed for its trustees; no tax is laid on its charter or franchises or capital stock; no limit is placed by the public on the powers and discretion of its trustees; no publicity is given to its acts. It may move from state to state; it may evade taxation and defy the powers of courts; it wields vast sums of money secretly, instantaneously and effectively to accomplish its nefarious ends; and it does all this not for the advancement of the community and the nation, but for the purposes of extortion and for the annihilation of independent firms.

Mr. ROCKEFELLER is the head of the first of these nondescript organizations, which is a fair type of all of them. Under the private agreement which constituted this trust, a giant monopoly has been set up, with $90,000,000 capital, which sets out to control the entire petroleum product of the country, to limit production, and to control prices and labor.

It is worthy of remark that the price of oil made to the consumer is comparatively low. The trust is shrewd, and puts the screws on the few instead of the many. The public are taxed to what might be termed a reasonable degree, but the money is made out of the producer of crude oil. He may have under his farm a veritable Pactolus of petroleum, but he gets a price for it that pays him nothing. The oil regions are borne down under the crushing weight of this line of policy. Were this octopus removed, and were the business of refining oil free to all, Northwestern Ohio would have a boom so marvelous that it would read like a chapter from the Arabian Nights.

The investigation now going on in New York is revealing the iniquity of the trust system. The next step is to crush them by new legal enactments and their strict enforcement. They border perilously upon conspiracies, and were they so decided, they would be criminal, and all their dealings void in law. The people can but wait with what patience they may until the machinery of the law can be set into motion to crush these odious combinations.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

A JUDGE out in Colorado has decided that a man is bound to tell his wife where he spends his evenings when absent from home. If that decision becomes a precedent all over the country, there will be a big boom in applications for membership in secret organizations. No man will feel safe unless he belongs to seven different ones—one for each night of the week.

WILL some of the free trade organs which have been howling over the tariff of 50 cents a ton on imported bituminous coal (anthracite is on the free list), have the kindness to pitch into Mr. MILLS for not taking it off in his tariff bill? SCOTT and the rest of the coal barons seem to have gotten in their work with Mr. MILLS.

THE New York *Press* has published the views of 230 manufacturers in New York state, who represent 35,145 persons employed by them. Of this number only 25 announce themselves as free traders, and they represent but 1,281 of the 35,145 hands employed.

THOSE Democratic stumpers who assured the voters of Virginia that the President was a protectionist, during last fall's campaign, are put in a bad box by the free trade message. With an honest election the Old Dominion will go Republican next November.

THE spoils Democrats are clamorous for the few places yet filled with Republicans, and every one of the latter will feel the edge of the official axe before the campaign is fairly open.

OLD soldiers have no rights that Democratic officials, with "G. C." branded on the broadest part of their anatomy, are bound to respect.

SECRETARY WHITNEY is said to want to be governor of New York. Well, the Standard Oil trust can get him the place, if he really wants it.

THERE will be no mugwumps this year, for a true mugwump is a man who is afraid to vote for BLAINE for President.

CRUSH the trusts. Never did monopoly attempt so impudent and threatening a role as under this form.

THE "cowboy" tariff bill is the latest name for MILLS's bungling blunder.

LOCAL OPTION IN OHIO.

The state House of Representatives has agreed to the amendments made to the local option bill by the Senate, and the measure is now a law. The bill provides for local option by townships, and its provisions may be briefly summarized as follows:

Whenever one-fourth of the qualified electors of any township, residing outside of any municipal corporation, shall petition the trustees of the township for the privilege of voting on the question as to whether the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage shall be prohibited within the limits of the township and outside the limits of the municipal corporation, the township trustees shall order a special election to be held at the regular election place for the purpose of deciding the question.

In this election, the existing election rules shall govern. A record of the result of the election must be kept by the township clerk and in all trials for violation of the act the original entry of this record or a copy certified by the township clerk showing that a majority of votes were against the sale shall be prima facie evidence that the selling, furnishing or giving away of liquor or the keeping of a place for such a purpose is illegal.

Persons voting at any election held under the provisions of this act, who are opposed to the sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, shall have written or printed on their ballots, "against the sale," and those who favor the sale of such liquors shall have written or printed on their ballots, "for the sale," and if a majority of the votes cast at the election shall be "against the sale," then after thirty days from the day of the holding of the election it shall be unlawful for any person within the limits of the township and outside the limits of the municipal corporation to sell, furnish or give away any intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage, or to keep a place where such liquors are kept for sale, given away or furnished; and whoever sells, furnishes or gives away any intoxicating liquors as a beverage, or keeps a place for that purpose, shall be fined not more than $500, nor less than $50, and be imprisoned in the county jail not exceeding six months.

Nothing in this section shall be construed so as to prevent the manufacture and sale of cider, or sale of wine manufactured from the pure juice of the grape, cultivated in this state, nor to prevent legally registered druggists from selling or furnishing pure wines or liquors for exclusively medicinal, art, mechanical or sacramental purposes; but this provision shall not be construed to authorize the keeping of a place where wine, cider, or other intoxicating liquors are sold, kept for sale, furnished or given away as a beverage.

In indictments for violations of this act it shall not be necessary to set forth the facts showing that the township has availed itself of the provisions of this act, but it shall be sufficient to plead simply that the act complained of was prohibited and unlawful; and in any township where the majority of the votes cast at the election shall be "against the sale," and a dealer in intoxicating liquors who has paid the special tax shall, by reason of this vote, discontinue his business, a ratable proportion of the tax paid by him for the unexpired portion of the year shall be returned.

At any time after two years from the date of any election held under the provisions of this act another election may be ordered. The form of the entry and record of the result of the election is then given, being very plain and simple.

The General Assembly has done a good work in the passage of this measure. It has given, in obedience to the demand of the best sentiment of the rural districts of the state, a plain and efficient law, preserving to the people the right of local self-government, and rendering them independent of the cities and their overshadowing domination by the Rum Power. It enables these communities wherein public sentiment is sufficiently advanced to enforce the law, an opportunity to banish the curse of Rum.

FREE SPECIMENS.

Will our readers kindly send us a list of names of people who do not now take the BLADE? We desire to send a free specimen copy to all who ought to take it, and that means every intelligent family not now on our list. Every reader of the BLADE might suggest a dozen or twenty such addresses.

THE Bulgarians won't let Prince FERDINAND go, and Russia won't let him stay. FERDY's fix reminds us of the story of the negro preacher who declared there were but two roads—"de narrer paff what goes to destruction, and de broad road what leads to h—l and damnation," whereupon an interested auditor remarked audibly, "Den dis nigger takes to de woods!"

IN no case, for the past 52 years of American political history, has the most conspicuous pre-convention candidate for nomination reached the Presidential office, with only one exception—JAMES BUCHANAN. VAN BUREN was the last one previously. There is a lesson of experience here which it is well to consider.

HENRI WATTERSON avers that every citizen of the United States has the reserved right of making a fool of himself. This may be considered as a delicate little reference to Mr. CLEVELAND's one-term declaration four years ago, taken in connection with his frantic efforts at present to secure a renomination.

WE think that the majority of the old soldiers themselves do not care particularly for a service pension law, but desire most earnestly a law which will take the broken-down and penniless ones among their brethren out of poor-houses and insure them modest but decent support.

THE worry in the Democratic mind about the surplus is rapidly taking the form of a dread that they will have to step out of power next March and leave some of it behind them. Hence the extravagance that is becoming so marked a characteristic of pending legislation.

SENATOR HOAR possesses a level head. His remark that the Republicans of the nation "ought not, by any step taken in April, put it out of our power to aid in doing what, on consultation with representatives of the whole country, shall seem wisest in June."

THE cost of running the federal government was $25,000,000 more in 1887 than in 1886, and there will be thrice that difference between this year and the last if the Democrats in Congress can pass the necessary bills to get the money out of the treasury.

THE "trust" business is a game to possess the earth and the fulness thereof by first breaking down all competition and then running prices up to the highest point the long suffering public will bear. Let the strong hand of the law crush them out.

FREE wool kills the sheep-raising industry in the United States, to put money in the pockets of the Australian flockmasters, through giving them our market. In what possible way, too, can it increase the amount of American goods used in Australia? We wait for an answer.

THE much-vaunted fisheries treaty does not give the United States fishermen a single right they did not possess under the treaty of 1818, made 70 years ago.

SUGGESTION to the Republican party as to Presidential candidates—Let the office seek the man.

"COME UNTO ME."

By D. R. LOCKE,

AND SUNG AT HIS FUNERAL, AT TOLEDO, FEBRUARY 17, 1888.

"Come unto me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Come unto me!" Oh! invitation blest,
Rainbow of promise in each mortal's sky;
Oh! blessed pledge to wearied souls of rest—
Rest that ends only with eternity.

"Come unto me!" Though dreary be the path,
And thorns and briars bar it all its length,
And storms spend on us all their bitter wrath,
That bow of promise gives us steady strength.

"Come unto me!" Oh! brightest, steadiest star,
The Pitying One set in Faith's firmament;
The weary soul, though it may seem afar,
Bathes in its beams and finds its sweet content.

WORKING THE POSTOFFICES.

The present Democratic administration is doing all those things in the way of using federal office-holders as electioneering workers that the Democratic party charged upon Republican administrations through all the long years of the ascendancy of the party of progress, and which were then denounced in most unmeasured terms. The absurd pretense of "reform" has been cast aside, and the President's familiars, with his undoubted sanction, are hard at work trying to perpetuate themselves in power.

The latest illustration of this is the fact that a circular has been prepared to be sent to every postmaster in New York, and presumably to other states, requesting the names of all voters, with their politics designated, "for the purpose of distributing documents and papers discussing political questions and issues." This circular is signed by T. E. BENEDICT, Public Printer, and I. H. MAYNARD, assistant secretary of the Treasury.

The postoffices are to be used as part of the political machine; and this step is but one of a series, of which may be mentioned the personal meddling of President CLEVELAND in the New York election last fall; the energetic work done by federal office-holders in Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, Pennsylvania, Maryland and other states, especially those considered as doubtful; the transfer of VILAS to the Interior department; the appointment of DON M. DICKINSON as postmaster general; and the elevation of LAMAR to the Supreme bench to buy the support of the powerful Pacific railway corporations for CLEVELAND and his party.

While VILAS is a machine politician himself, he does not possess a tithe of the boldness, the originality, of his successor, DICKINSON. The latter is a spoilsman of the most pronounced type. To him an office is but a means of purchasing influence and controlling votes. He was appointed to the head of the Postoffice department because the vast number of the postoffices afforded a splendid field for his peculiar political talents, and because it was hoped that he might be able to deliver the electoral vote of Michigan for CLEVELAND, the sham reformer and hypocritical friend of civil service reform.

That DICKINSON is at the bottom of this scheme to "work the postoffices" is undoubted. Every postmaster who does not neglect the public business and his private affairs to rush in a complete list of all voters who receive mail at his office, labeled with the politics of each, will find himself cast into darkness, and some more zealous Bourbon installed in his stead. It will not matter that the civil service law imposes a heavy penalty for such work. DICKINSON will hold them scathless. By the way what do those preachers of civil service reform, the mugwumps, think of these things?

THE current number of *Judge*, now the leading illustrated comic paper of America, is an especially fine one. Two political cartoons are especially noteworthy. The first, by GILLAM, represents Mr. BLAINE, as a sailor, nailing the American flag to the mast head, it being inscribed, "Protection, Prosperity, Good Wages, Flourishing Industries," while BLAINE exclaims, "The Republican ship shall sink or swim under this flag!" The second, by HAMILTON, is entitled, "The National Leap Year Party—Whom Shall She Choose for the Next Dance?" Columbia, as a ballroom belle *en grande tenue*, with pencil and programme in hand, is critically surveying a group of would-be partners, in which is represented all the prominent Presidential aspirants of all parties, and making up her mind as to whose name she shall jot down for the administration dance of 1888-92. The conception is a happy one, and is most admirably carried out in every detail. The self-satisfied expression on CLEVELAND's oleaginous countenance is particularly good. *Judge* is rapidly attaining the proud place, through its political cartoons, once occupied by *Harper's Weekly*, when the latter was a Republican journal, and TOM NAST was in his prime.

GOVERNOR FORAKER has been interviewed by a New York *Tribune* reporter on Mr. BLAINE's letter of withdrawal, and the mention of his own name as a possible candidate. The governor, of whom the *Tribune* correspondent justly says, "no man stands closer to Mr. BLAINE in Ohio," expresses himself as follows:

Mr. Blaine has but repeated what he said in his letter. I think it is entirely sincere. No one can think otherwise without injustice to him. There is not, as has been suggested, any probability of a spontaneous demand for him. His action, however, makes him more popular than ever with the American people.

"Do you think it is in favor of any particular candidate?"

"No; all such talk is nonsense, having its origin in a wish that it might be so regarded."

"So much has been said about your possible nomination, governor, that your opinion is valuable."

"I have nothing to say, save that I am not now, and for that matter, never will be a candidate."

Very good, Governor—but the Republicans of Ohio will have something to say about that "never" in the future—say about 1892, for instance.

THE official report of the chief of the bureau of Statistics of the Treasury department shows the Chinese immigration into the United States since the law restricting such immigration became operative, as follows:

1883	381	1885	57
1884	84	1886	8

In 1882, the last year of unrestricted immigration, 35,674 Chinese landed in this country. Keep up the bars, that the influx of millions of the heathen shall be perpetually prevented. The Flowery Kingdom could Orientalize this country without seriously depopulating herself.

THE House committee on Banking and Currency has agreed to a bill providing for the issue of not more than $30,000,000 of fractional currency in denominations of 5, 10, 15 and 25 cents, to meet the demands of those who desire to send small sums through the mails. If the bill shall pass, it will prove a great convenience to the public, and this currency will take the place of postal notes, which are not well liked by the people, and not largely used.

THE HILL men in New York and other Eastern states are hard at work. Their plan of action is to prevent CLEVELAND's nomination for several ballots, in the hope that a break will come and their man go in on the crest of a wave of spoils enthusiasm.

"NASBY'S" WORKS.

We have been literally deluged with letters asking where the published works of the late D. R. LOCKE may be obtained, and have been compelled to make arrangements to supply them. We are now ready to receive orders for any work of Mr. LOCKE's that has been published in book form. On the fifth page the reader will find a full announcement, with titles and prices of all these works. We will receive orders at once, file them, and fill them in rotation as soon as the books are ready. Some of them, however, we are prepared to fill at once. Send in your orders! Read the announcement carefully, and see the splendid clubbing terms we offer for these books and the Weekly BLADE.

A LONG LINCOLN STRAW.

In a select meeting consisting of fifteen prominent and leading Republicans in one of the strongest Republican counties in Northwestern Pennsylvania, on the evening of February 29, a straw vote was taken to discover the preference for Presidential candidate. The voting was by ballot, and resulted as follows: BLAINE 1, EVARTS 1, ALLISON 1, GRESHAM 1, SHERMAN 3, LINCOLN 8. It is a notable fact that this was in a county which, in 1884, was almost unanimous for BLAINE, and sent the most pronounced Blaine delegate to the National convention. This year there was a strong Blaine man and an equally pronounced Lincoln man presented as candidates for delegate to the national convention, and the latter was chosen, by the vote of the people, by over four to one. It is claimed by leading politicians who have the best of opportunity for knowing the sentiments of the people, that at least seven-tenths of the Republicans throughout a large portion of the Keystone state are emphatically for LINCOLN. It is but just to states, however, that the Lincoln sentiment has greatly increased since the publication of Mr. BLAINE's letter, which removed him from the list of possible candidate.

THE quarrel among the Louisiana Democrats still goes on, its center now being the United States Senatorships, both of which are to be filled by the legislature to be elected in April. As the NICHOLLS faction has proved the stronger, Senator GIBSON feels reasonably certain of a re-election; but Senator EUSTIS, who sided with the MCENERY faction, is not so sure. There are several candidates in the field already for his seat. A ludicrous aspect is lent to the contest by the situation of ex-Senator JONES, who would like to return to the Senate, and who attached himself to the fortunes of Governor MCENERY, believing that he would surely be renominated. He now sees his mistake and is trying to remedy it, but thus far he only excites the ridicule and contempt of both factions.

JUDGE PRENDERGAST, of Chicago, has taken a step that will be applauded by every American citizen who objects to having this country made a dumping-ground for the waste and worthless human material from Europe. He sent a number of lunatic paupers to the consuls of their native countries, viz: British, German and Austrian. These officials waxed wroth, and talked of appealing to the federal courts. We hope the Judge will adhere firmly to his course, and force the matter into the courts, or to the attention of Congress. The practice of shipping paupers, criminals and insane persons to America should be stopped, and that at once. We have enough of our own, without caring for those of other nations.

MANY of our readers send us copies of papers containing articles or items they desire us to see, and which we are as desirous of seeing. We would suggest that in all cases they take the slight pains to mark the matter to which they wish to call attention; this will enable us to discover it at a glance upon opening the paper, and save us much time. It is not always that we have the time to spare to carefully scan every column of a newspaper, and at best have only to conjecture what it is sent for, and we know many things are thus lost to us which we should be glad to read.

GEN. BRAGG, the man who loved CLEVELAND in 1884 for the enemies he had made, and who was recently sent as minister to Mexico, has excited much comment by making his first appearance before the Mexican President in the full costume of a brigadier general of the United States army. We always suspected BRAGG of being a glittering and iridescent ass.

THE Prohibitionists all over the country, encouraged by the decision of the supreme court in the Kansas case, will attack the constitutionality of all license laws. Preparations have been completed in New York, New Jersey and other states, to bring the matter to a test, and it is expected that a like movement will be made at an early day in Chicago.

THE Virginia legislature disapproves of the Mills free trade bill, and on Monday passed a joint resolution to send a committee to Washington to urge the repeal of the internal revenue rather than the striking of a blow at American industries. The Old Dominion stands by the doctrines of WASHINGTON and JEFFERSON, both of whom favored protection.

GEN. CLINTON B. FISK, according to the Chicago *Tribune*, has disqualified himself for being a Presidential candidate on the third-party Prohibition ticket by indorsing the local option bill passed by the Republicans in the New Jersey legislature. But it is the best thing Mr. FISK ever did for the interests of temperance.

THE movement for naturalization among British-Americans in this country is proceeding with considerable activity. The three cities of Chicago, Boston and Cleveland are the centers of the movement.

IF the Democrats should succeed in the national elections this fall, it seems probable that to have been an Union soldier will be made a political crime against the Democratic party.

REPRESENTATIVE BURNES, of Missouri, remarks that a large portion of the Democratic party has "the utmost contempt" for CLEVELAND. So have the Republicans.

WE have no doubt that the people of the United States next November will compel Mr. CLEVELAND to adhere to the one-term principle he favored in 1884.

CURRENT EVENTS.

There are 307,949 acres of artificial forest in Kansas.

The Princess of Wales is compelled to use an ear trumpet.

Mrs. Cleveland was presented with a fawn when she reached St. Augustine.

The Israel Putnam monument at Brooklyn, Conn., is to be dedicated June 14.

During the last sixteen years 25,000 sailors on British ships to are said have been lost at sea.

The *California San Diegan* thinks the government ought to purchase Lower California from Mexico.

The middle name of George W. Childs, the philanthropist, is William, not Washington, as it is often given.

The Emperor of Brazil wears a big buckeye to keep off spirits, and, as he is a teetotaler, the chestnut is a great success.

Fifty thousand glasses of beer are said to have been drunk during the recent municipal festivities at the Paris Hotel de Ville.

Justice Gray is said to have drawn 1,000 French novels from the Congressional library since his accession to the Supreme bench.

Railroad men say that this winter has seen the biggest exodus of Northern people for the South ever known. They forget 1861.

There are in the Sunday schools of the Christian world 16,447,990 scholars and 1,552,167 teachers, making a grand total of 18,400,000.

The emperor of Germany will celebrate his 91st birthday in March and every soldier in the empire will be presented with the Kaiser's biography.

Miss Carrie J. Bartlett is the popular pastor of the Unitarian church at Sioux Falls, Dak., and through her labors an elegant stone church has just been built.

When the Emperor William celebrates his 91st birthday in March, every soldier in the great German army will be presented with the Kaiser's biography.

Congress has four members who part their hair in the middle. Two, Belmont and Rayner, are Democrats, and two, Phelps and Long, are Republicans.

The *World* is the name of a new paper started at Charleston, S. C., for the purpose of booming Governor David Hill for President in opposition to Cleveland.

Mrs. Eliza J. Nicholson, editor of the New Orleans *Picayune*, says that the happiest moment of her life was when she saw her first poem in print and received $10 for it.

Senator Sherman is said to be creating the impression among Virginia people in Washington that he wants Gen. Mahone to occupy the second place on the ticket with him.

John Travers, eldest son of the late William B. Travers, the celebrated wit of New York, died last Sunday. He was 37 years old, and had many resemblances to his father.

James S. Mason, the originator of Mason's shoe blacking, and the senior member of the firm engaged in the manufacture of that article, has just died at Philadelphia, aged 77 years.

Dr. William A. Hammond, of New York, holds that there is no physiological necessity for death. But for ignorance or disregard of natural laws and conditions men would never die.

During the absence in Europe of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, the executive authority of the empire has been confided to his daughter, Princess Isabel, Countess d'Eu, as regent.

Horizontal Bill Morrison is well pleased with the selection of St. Louis as a convention city. He says that St. Louis is only twenty miles from Waterloo. Cleveland will meet his Waterloo near the same place that Morrison found his.

Ex-Governor Merrill, of Iowa, who went to California less than two years ago, is said to be several times a millionaire already, his land and mining speculations having all been successful.

Princess Marie Doulgorouki, a sister of the widow of Czar Alexander II, has been made a Lady of Honor to the Czarina. Like all the Dolgoroukis, she is noted for her beauty and charming manner.

Hannibal Hamlin is said to favor as second choice after Blaine Fairchild for President and Hawley for Vice President. This ticket, he says, "is a double-ender—as good at the tail as at the head."

An old log-cabin that was built by George Washington and occupied by him while surveying a part of the Shenandoah valley, is still standing, in a fair state of preservation, a few miles from Winchester, Va.

Lord Rothschild lost $150,000 worth of pictures the other day by a fire in a furniture van. One of the paintings was worth $50,000. The Baron was moving works of art from his suburban villa to his town house.

A number of New York ladies have subscribed a fund of $6,000, whose interest shall be used to pay the college expenses of the New York woman who each year shall pass the best examination for entrance to Harvard.

Rosa Bonheur dresses in male attire only when at work, because it gives her more freedom in her studies at the menageries and stock yards. On the street she dresses as do other women and attracts no more attention.

Miss Gabrielle Greeley is almost as striking a figure as her renowned father. She must be hard upon 35, but there is an electric force about her, a splendid vitality, which perpetually renews and multiplies its charm.

The Columbus *Dispatch* says that the son of one of the physicians now attending the Crown Prince of Germany is in jail at Columbus, and that he will probably be transferred either to the poor house or the Insane Asylum.

A monument which will cost $2,000,000 will soon be erected in Panama to the memory of Gen. Bolivar, the liberator of Bolivia, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Venezuela. Each of the five republics will contribute $400,000 for the purpose.

The refusal of the officials of Calvary cemetery, New York, to permit the burial of John Maguire within its sacred precincts, is to be tested in the courts. The refusal is said to have been because Maguire died at one of Dr. McGlynn's meetings.

James Russell Lowell was 69 years of age on the 22d, Washington's birthday. In a recent letter he says: "I had the misfortune to be born on the 22d, and thus to be brought into competition once a year with the most august figure in our history."

Mrs. Manderson, wife of the Senator from Nebraska, is one of the most popular women in Washington society. She is rather tall, plump, straight and fine-looking, has a clear and rosy complexion, and is noted for her vivacity. Mrs. Manderson is an Ohio girl.

Charles Stewart Parnell stands six feet high in his stockings, and is as straight as his maternal grandfather, the famous Admiral Charles Stewart—"Old Ironsides." He is in his 42d year, and, according to the latest interviewer, is in the full enjoyment of good health.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, recently sent an emissary to Asia to purchase Arabian horses. The emissary has just written home from Jerusalem that his mission is a failure, as the Sultan has recently issued a firman prohibiting further exportations of Arabian horses.

Ben Butler advocates the building of a memorial to Wendell Phillips by the voluntary mites of the workingmen of America, who, he says, could do it by contributing a penny apiece and not miss it. He is opposed to any subscription of more than $5 from any one person.

It is reported that the Prince of Wales, on the occasion of his silver wedding banquet, will announce the betrothal of Prince Albert Victor to his cousin, Princess Alexandra, of Greece, and the betrothal of the Princess Victoria to the Duke of Sparta, the Crown Prince of Greece.

Mrs. Dahlgren, widow of the famous admiral, writes to the Washington *Star* correcting the report that she receives a pension of $50 a month. She says Congress has never recognized the services of her husband to the Union since he died except by paying a debt proven before the courts.

Thomas Nast, who is in San Francisco, is uncertain whether he is still connected with Harper's *Weekly*. The paper is becoming too conservative for him, and his cartoons are rarely found in its pages now. He says that the illustrated dailies will in a few years drive the weeklies out of the field.

Prince Barclay, of Russia, who was dismissed from the army of his country by the Czar for allowing his child to be christened in the Lutheran faith, has now been notified that the infant will be taken from him by the government unless he consents to have his child re-christened in the Greek rite.

The most high-toned dynasty in the world is that of Japan, according to a Japanese lecturer in the Berlin Academy of Oriental Languages. The Mikado is descended from the gods, and is the 121st of his race. The national religion, Shintoism, possesses 8,000,000 gods and saints, and there are 136,000 temples.

Senator Edmunds, who is hale and hearty at 60, has served 22 years in the Senate, and should he live will have the best chance of any man in the Senate to complete a term of thirty years, and thus equal the record of Mr. Benton, of Missouri, the only statesman who ever held his place in the Senate that length of time.

Benjamin Franklin, of the Second Minnesota Volunteers, is the only man on the government pension rolls who sacrificed both hands and feet in the late civil war, and as there is no provision of law applicable to such special cases, a bill will be presented to Congress increasing the pension he now receives to $150 a month.

Reuben Dailey, editor of the Jeffersonville (Ind.) *News*, heretofore a noted infidel of that region, has united with the Presbyterian church. Mr. Dailey was so radical in his views that he would not permit the name of God to be capitalized in his paper. There is some hope now that the converted editor may become a good Republican.

Jacob Hallenberger, a molder, working in a stove foundry in Philadelphia, was burned in an explosion seventeen weeks ago, and last week he died, starved to death. It was found that in the explosion he had swallowed some of the molten iron and it had formed a stricture of the œsophagus, which had closed the passage to the stomach.

The city officials of Atlanta, Ga., made the following announcement: "The traffic in intoxicating liquors must be made obedient to law, and bar-room dictation must be forever unhorsed and unhelmeted and trampled in the dust. It is sincerely hoped that we have reached, or may very soon arrive at, a permanent adjustment of this vexed momentous question."

THE MILLS TARIFF BILL.

The free trade moiety of the Ways and Means committee has finally reported a tariff bill to the House. The manner in which this measure has been elaborated, has been unprecedented in our legislative annals. This bill was not openly and fairly considered by the entire Ways and Means committee. On the contrary, Mr. KELLEY, and the other protectionist members of that body were kept entirely in the dark concerning this, the most important bill, by far, that will come before the House at its present session. They were not allowed to know a single provision of it, and the bill comes before the House as the self-imposed task of a portion of a standing committee, without its even being considered before the entire membership.

The first thing that strikes the reader in perusing the synopsis of the bill which has been telegraphed from Washington, is that the main reductions contemplated by the bill, are aimed at those which are pursued principally in Republican states. The Southern Democratic interests are carefully cared for. This feature alone stamps the bill as a partisan measure, prepared not in the supposed interests of the whole people, but to protect industries in Democratic communities and injure those in those giving Republican majorities. It is intended to make a reduction of about $55,000,000 in the annual customs revenues. When it is remembered that from $85,000,000 to $100,000,000 of annual reduction is necessary to equalize receipts and expenditures, it is plain that this partisan committee marked out the limits which would avoid, in its judgment, any industries in solidly Democratic states so carefully that it was impossible to make the reduction compass the entire amount. The internal revenue taxes are left untouched, in deference, of course, to CLEVELAND's expressed desire in his message.

Wool is put on the free list, and by this act alone, should the bill become law, the sheep-raising industry of the entire country will be rendered unprofitable, and will die out. The lower grades of woolen goods are also put on this list, and the entire wool manufacturing industry of the country jeopardized. Salt and lumber, and a vast number of minor articles are added to the free list, each item being a blow at some American industry; while the sugar duty, the only one on the present schedule which is a purely revenue duty, and a direct burden to the consumer, is retained, practically unchanged.

One thing, however, is absolutely certain: that this bill will not even pass the House of Representatives. The Democratic majority will not work together for the measure. There are enough of Mr. RANDALL's type of protectionist Democrats in that body, who will vote with the Republicans against the measure, to defeat it. It will never reach the Senate, where it would undoubtedly be killed at any rate.

Even the leading Democratic papers of the country admit that a bill on these lines is an impossibility, and that the present Congress will never pass it. The tariff issue is to go to the people, and they will express their views emphatically upon the subject at the Congressional and Presidential elections next November.

THE Republican party of Ohio, through its representatives in the General Assembly, has been faithful to the following plank of the platform adopted at the state convention in Toledo last year:

> We point with just pride to the enactment of the Dow law in fulfillment of the promises of the Republican party, and we pledge ourselves to such further legislation as may be necessary to keep abreast with enlightened public sentiment on this question, to the end that evils resulting from the traffic in intoxicating liquors be restrained to the utmost possible extent in all parts of the state.

That platform won with the people, and it was a necessity that it pledges should be kept. Republican promises mean something—and in this respect they diametrically differ from Democratic promises.

SENATOR VEST should not endeavor, on the floor of the Senate, to falsify history. In his bitter attack on the G. A. R., during the debate on the dependent pension bill, he declared that LEE's surrendered army consisted of only 8,000 men. On February 20, 1865, the official return of LEE's army gave a total of 57,094 present for duty. There were paroled at Appomattox 27,516 officers and men, and for days before the surrender the Confederates were stampeding whenever opportunity offered, knowing that the end was near. "What is written is written," and the Missouri ex-Confederate Senator can not erase and rewrite, as he would like to do.

THE BLADE has just received an official pamphlet containing the decision of the Inter-state commerce commission in the noted case of GEORGE RICE, the petroleum refiner of Marietta, against nine railroad companies that had been shamefully favoring the Standard oil monopoly in the matter of freights, and thus aiding it in its effort to destroy RICE's business. The opinion covers 94 pages, and is a masterly grouping and analysis of facts and principles, and a clear, strong setting forth of the equities applicable to the case, which were all in favor of Mr. RICE, who has been waging a battle single-handed against immense odds. It is understood the decision was written by Judge COOLEY.

THE bill, incorporating the "Maritime Canal company of Nicaragua," which has passed the United States Senate, practically commits the government to the policy of supporting the project for a ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific across the isthmus of Nicaragua. It is perfectly feasible to build such a canal, and the difficulties are not nearly so great as by the Panama route, where DE LESSEPS's scheme is slowly dying. A water connection between the two oceans would be of the greatest utility to commerce, and is bound to be made, sooner or later. And when it is made, it should be under the protection of the United States.

WILL some of the profound free-trade theorists who are frantically howling at the tariff because there are "trusts" in every civilized country, tell us how the tariff aids the copper trust? Its headquarters are in France, and it operates in England, Germany, the United States, and in all countries which use copper, being represented by agents. Yet it controls the product of all the leading copper mines of Europe and America. How will a reduction of the duty on copper relieve us from this trust and its exactions?

FOR the first time since Kansas City came into existence, not a saloon was open Sunday afternoon or evening, says the Associated Press news report. Now let the officials keep up this gratifying condition of things, and they will have done a work that will add much to the solid prosperity of that driving city. The wholesale squandering of money in dissipation is a direct detriment to any municipality's rapid growth in the wealth of its residents.

FOURTEEN theaters have been burned in New York in less than 22 years, and the papers there are agitating again the old matter of enforcing the building of fire-proof structures.

SENATOR BLACKBURN declares that the Grand Army of the Republic is a political organization. Not one whit more than the ex-Confederate Democratic party of the South.

ORGANIZE Republican clubs everywhere. Get the young men into line against the enemy.

CRUSH the trusts.

D. R. LOCKE--FEBRUARY, 1888.

Albany Evening Journal, February 27.

Farewell, quaint Nasby, merry Crossroads sage
And grim expounder of a vanished age.
When politics and drink were Bourbon still,
And massy ignorance and savage will
Stood forth as teachers in a warlike school,
Where precedent was truth and hope a fool.
When holding up the glass to folly's face
In that transition time, thou hadst thy place.
When bullets ceased to fly then came thy laugh
To smother folly 'neath a heap of chaff.
Here at the Crossroad parting of the ways
We pause to speak a word of loving praise
And, tearful, close the well-known grocery store,
Where we shall sit to hear thy quips no more.

PROF. GOUGE, D. D. LL. D.

WHAT IS A "HOTEL BILL?"

The Colorado Supreme Court Says It Does Not Include a Bar Account.

The supreme court of Colorado has rendered a decision of great interest and importance to hotel keepers who have guests that are impecunious but have responsible friends. It appears that David Gage was in 1882 proprietor of the St. James Hotel in Denver. It also appears that J. W. Hamm was a boarder at the hotel, or a "guest," as the case may be. A Mr. T. M. Patterson became responsible for Hamm's "hotel bill" in a written guarantee given by him to Mr. Gage to that effect. His agreement said: "I will be responsible for the hotel bill of J. W. Hamm, esq., and will see it paid within twenty days." It was properly signed, and constituted the contract between the guarantor and the proprietor of the hotel. Hamm left without paying his bill, which was as follows:

Mr. J. W. Hamm, to St. James Hotel, Dr. September 20, to board to October 4, 1882	$42 00
Extra meals, $5; extra lodgings, $2	7 00
To bar—$2.70, $2.50, $2.30, 50c, 75c, 75c, $1.55, 65c, $1.45, $4.50, 60c, $3.10	23 25
Total	$72 25

It will be noticed that there is not the enormous disproportion between the "bar" account and that for board which existed between Falstaff's bill for sack and for bread. A couple of months after Hamm left, Patterson was "dunned" for the amount of this bill, and offered to pay the board bill, but refused to pay that at the bar. He was sued for the amount, and in the litigation that followed the case got into the Colorado Supreme court, where it was to be decided whether a "hotel bill" includes an unlimited bill at the bar for intoxicants.

The Colorado judiciary is evidently learned in the law relating to taverns and inns, or "hotels," according to recent improvement in our dialect. They held that an innkeeper is bound to furnish board and lodging to his guests—what is necessary to their health and comfort. All items of cost, relating to these necessaries of hotel existence are included in the words "hotel bill." But when it comes to furnishing articles not necessary the phrase does not include their cost. As this learned court says, "a hotel keeper is not bound to furnish his guests with liquors, cigars or billiards, and therefore the including of such articles in a hotel bill would not be expected or anticipated by one contracting to pay the hotel bill of another."

No doubt this is good law. It may not frequently apply, for it is seldom that a responsible party agrees to pay the proper account of an irresponsible party boarding at a hotel. But it is instructive to lawyers in drawing pleadings, in cases where a hotel keeper sues a defaulting boarder who may also owe a bar bill. If the "bilk" is sued only for his hotel bill, his bar bill is not included. All the additional items of his indebtedness must be included to make the complaint cover the case.

Did This Beat Blaine?

W. E. Curtis in Chicago News.

I asked a gentleman in Washington who ought to know if he would give me the details of the alleged trade made between the National Republican committee and St. John, the Prohibitionist, during the last Presidential campaign. He said that he knew all about it, but did not approve of it; that the matter was put through by the sub-committee in charge of the campaign, consisting of Elkins, Chaffee and Clarkson. The latter, he said, knew all about it, and had some documents in his possession which would prove that St John did agree to withdraw from the canvass in favor of Blaine, provided he was paid a certain sum of money—either $10,000 or $25,000, my informant was in doubt which. The negotiations were conducted by Clarkson and a man named Stuart. The plan was submitted to Senator Frye, William E. Chandler and several others before Clarkson undertook his commission, and they all advised against it. Finally William Walter Phelps corried the suggestion to Blaine, who approved of it, and Clarkson put it through. But after the agreement was made the Republican committee violated it, supposing that it had no need for the Prohibition vote. This was after the election in Ohio, and everybody was confident that Blaine was going to be successful.

But, continued my informant, the Republican managers are guilty of bad faith in refusing to carry out a corrupt proposition they had made. The failure to carry out this agreement did more to defeat Blaine than the speech of Burchard at the Jay Gould banquet, and the Republican committee were not only fools for making such a bargain, but they were —— fools for not sticking to it, and —— —— fools for telling of it afterward.

Operations of the Sugar Trust.

New York World.

The pool was capitalized at $45,000,000. Since then several refineries which stood out have been taken in and others bought up, and Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer testified that he did not know what the capitalization was to-day. But 85 per cent of the refinery business is in the hands of the pool. What has been the result thus far? The price of sugar during 1887 ranged from 4¼ to 5¾ cents. The average price last month was 7 1-6 cents. The price of cut-loaf and crushed sugar, which was 6¼ cents in the early part of last October, rose to 8 cents last month, and is now 7¾ cents. The price of granulated sugar rose from 6 to 7⅛ cents, and is now 6¾ cents. The consumption of sugar in this country is about 225,000,000 pounds a month. An average rise of 1½ cents a pound for three months would give the pool on 85 per cent. of the trade an extra profit of over $8,670,000. The trust has been in existence three months.

"New South" Sentiment.

New York Press.

I will not vote for Mr. Cleveland for President if he is nominated on a platform which embodies the views of the tariff which he expressed in his late message.—*Judge Tompkins, of Alabama.*

There are lots of Democrats just like Judge Tompkins, who love their party well, but their country better.

A Pertinent Query.

Philadelphia Press.

Here is a conundrum for the Inter-State commission: If it costs only $4 to ship a ton of grain from Chicago to Liverpool, why should it cost $5 to ship a ton of grain from Chicago to New York? That is what several millions of bread-eaters would like to know.

An Organized Appetite for Profits.

Philadelphia Press.

Corporations have no conscience, but "trusts" have neither corporation nor conscience. The last invention of capital is simply an organized appetite for profit which pay no taxes, shares, no public burdens, and increases the return of wealth.

No One Leads in the Race, Yet.

Worcester, Mass., Gazette.

Public opinion does not crystallize on any candidate, nor does it show any signs of crystallizing, as yet. There is no particular reason why it should, nor has there been time.

Only Eight Months till Election, Too!

Albany Times, Dem.

Some people claim that Cleveland has been made stronger before the people by the fact of his marriage. But really there is no new issue growing out of it at all.

An Answer Solicited.

Tariff League Bulletin.

If free trade is the greatest boon a nation can bestow upon its people, why this "assisted" immigration of perishing, penniless subjects of the British crown?

Snatched Him Bald-Headed.

Chicago Journal.

A Washington correspondent says that the President is only slightly bald. Well, he hasn't been married any great length of time yet.

Abolish the Trusts.

New York Herald.

Look at it how you will, trusts mean war against the best interests of the community. If we don't abolish them they will abolish us.

An Awful Possibility.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

If any of those Mexican greasers should mistake either of Gen. Bragg's new epaulets for a chip and attempt to knock it off!!!

BRIGHT'S DISEASE---GRAVEL.

There is nothing which I now enjoy that I do not owe to the happy chance of having used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at a time I was suffering all that a human being could endure. My troubles began in my Kidneys over nine years ago and from which

I Never Expected to Recover.

Later my physician said I had Bright's Disease, which was alarming information. To add to my affliction, after I had been ill about two years, I had a bad attack of Gravel. I saw Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., advertised. After using three bottles I was well. I have never had a return of either complaint, and though I am over sixty years of age

I am Now Vigorous and Strong

as I was in my prime. What physicians and all of the many remedies I had taken could not do, Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy did. It stayed the disease and made me a strong, vigorous woman.

MRS. EMELINE P. MIZNER, Burg Hill, O.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Price, $1; 6 for $5.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

J. D. P., Shelburne, Mass.—We do not pay for contributions, and desire no poetry.

M. A. L., Retreat, Wis.—We do not pay for contributions. Yours is good but we cannot use sketches at present.

G. D. H., Ravenna, Mich.—We do not want any serials, and do not pay for contributions.

M. C. H., Stamford, Conn.—We have no prize story offer. You are misinformed.

M. B. H., Springfield, O.—Story returned as stamps were enclosed. We do not pay for contributions.

E. C. M., Holyoke, Mass.—We are absolutely flooded with poems, and get nearly a dozen every day in the year. The chances are not one in fifty that we can use it.

E. S. H., Erwin, Tenn.—See above answers. Parodies are generally a waste of time and paper. Yours is too long for us.

C. J. D., Grand Rapids, Mich.—See answer to E. C. M.—We do not pay for contributions.

P. M. S., Galena, Mo.—We are sorry to say it is an inflexible rule with us never to send the BLADE as pay for contributions. We could send 5,000 a year if we should accede to all the requests we receive.

J. L. H., Worthington, O.—We have arranged for all the sketches we can use for some time. We do not pay for volunteer contributions.

H. S. K., Utica, N. Y.—Read answer to E. C. M.

"Minnie M. May," Petersburg, Ind.—We wish to make no arrangement for regular articles. Our staff is as large as is needed. We cannot pay for volunteer work in any form.—Always inclose the proper amount in stamps if you desire MS. returned.

W. H. C.—"Jennie McRea" won't do for the BLADE. Not up to the standard.

G. G. H., Union City, Pa.—Respectfully declined. We have no use for such contributions.

M., Talladega, Ala.—We invariably decline all dialect articles.

I. W. W., North Urbana, N. Y.—We have no use for strained humor and forced fun.

R. D. H., Osage, Iowa.—Respectfully declined.

S. L. M., Galva, Iowa.—Don't send us poetry. See answer to E. C. M. Always write on only one side of the paper.

THE MODEL BRAKEMAN.

A Wild, Wierd Tale From Far Dakota of a Kind of Man No One Else Ever Saw.

There is one railroad brakeman working somewhere in Dakota, who, in certain branches of railroading is a bigger man than Jay Gould. I don't know what his name is, but he is a large, raw-boned, square-cornered, ugly-looking man, somewhere between six and seven feet tall, with a wrong-font lower jaw—one which was intended for a man between seven and eight feet tall.

He always works on the front end of a freight train and enjoys nothing more than a collision with a cattle train occasionally. There can't any tramps ride on his train. He's done more to solve the tramp problem than perhaps any other man in the United States. Hits 'em with a coupling pin and leaves them for the local authorities to bury. He can't remember when he was small enough to take back talk.

I was on his train one day in 1877, going on the Northwestern road from Tracy, Minn., to Watertown, Dak. He was feeling a little cross about something, and one of the first things he did was to twist off two brake-rods and throw them off on the prairie. At Gray, just across the territorial line, some 40 or 50 Sioux Indians boarded the train. They were from the Sisseton reservation, and had been down on the Lac Qui Parle river hunting; they were rather uncivilized, but they had made progress enough to see the advantage of riding on the pale-face freight train over walking. They scorned the caboose, however, and scattered themselves along the top of the box cars near the center of the train. They were, of course, sufficiently civilized to know enough not to buy tickets.

When the train pulled out of Gary the angular brakeman came into the caboose and took off his coat. His face wore a bad scowl.

"I guess we'll have to let them Indians ride," said the conductor. "Of course we can't pull them off till we get to the next station, and even then it will be the easiest and safest way to let them alone." The brakeman gave him one withering glance and went out the front door. He climbed up into the pilot-house of the caboose, looked ahead, and awaited the war of extermination.

The train was going full speed. "Git off'n this! Git off'n this! You dirty sneaking thieves!" yelled the brakeman, as he advanced along the roof of the cars, taking long steps and swinging his arms and working his lower jaw sideways. "Jump off or I'll throw you off!" The Indians only grunted and lay down and clung to the ridge-boards of the cars the harder. The first Indian he came to was a chief with feathers in his hair. The brakeman seized him by the shoulders and pulled. The haughty leader of a down-trodden people had a pretty good hold on the board and didn't come. Then the brakeman leaned over, took a better grip, and straightened up and threw himself back like a man who has leaned over to feel of a buzz saw when it's buzzing, and that proud old chief of the unconquered Sioux came up board and and all, and the raw-boned twister of brakes shot him off through the air, where he lodged against a telegraph pole and wilted up like an autumn leaf.

Then that brakeman went for the noble savage. He had got a taste of blood, and he made it a bright-red day for Indians.

He began to walk right through those Indians and throw them both ways at once. They saw their only hope was to get up and fight him. This was what he wanted. For the next half hour he stood uy there on top of those swaying freight cars, and fought, and tore, and ripped, and gouged, and wrestled, and pounded, and leaned over, and straightened up, and chewed, and masticated, and otherwise communed after his manner with those simple sons of the forest. Lo, the poor Indian, the untutored cuss, thought there'd a Methodist meeting-house fallen on him that day.

Some of them he shot off into the tall prairie-grass; others he rolled off into the ditch; and still others he tossed up and left hanging on the telegraph wire, and looked back at them sadly as if regretting that he hadn't time to stop and adjust a clothes-pin on them.

Sometimes when he struck a car where Indians were particularly plenty and he was fortunate in getting good holds on them he shot them up so fast that to us back in the caboose it looked as if a volcano had broken out ahead which discharged nothing but North American aborigines in a mangled condition.

Again he would shove one over the side and then seem to regret the action for some reason, seize the foot of the red man just before it was too late, and stand on the edge and pound the side of the car with this original possessor of the continent.

They never got him down or once caused him to swerve from the great object he had in view. Once they completely surrounded him, but he made a twinkling kick and six noble braves got off the train and bit the right of way. There were Indians to the right for him, Indians to the left of him, Indians in front of him, but he only swung that lower jaw of his sideways a little, like the gang-plank of a steamboat, and scattered them on the prairie. The rolling coteaux of Eastern Dakota were planted to Lo for over ten miles. Finally he got hold of the last one. He seemed to throw him off reluctantly, as if he wished he was rather beginning the pleasant task instead of ending it. But he faltered only a moment, and the last Indian struck ten feet further from the train than the first—that was the only difference. Then he came back to the caboose and put on his coat, and the half-angry expression on his face was gone, and in its place rested a calm, contented air, which told of duty faithfully and conscientiously performed. —*Chicago Tribune.*

When to Pare the Finger-Nails.

The old formula, from early Saxon times, reads as follows:

Cut them on Monday, cut them for health,
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut for a letter,
Cut them on Thursday, for something better,
Cut them on Friday, you cut for a wife;
Cut them on Saturday, cut for long life;
Cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil,
For all that week you'll be ruled by the devil.

Another version changes the last two lines to the beginning:

A man had better ne'er been born,
Than have his nails on Sunday shorn.

Not By Fair Means.

Atlanta Constitution.

Can the Democratic party carry either New York or Connecticut with the President's message as a platform?

FOLK LORE.

Interesting Stories of Famous Superstitions.

If any one ever doubted that "there is a deal of human nature in man," or the other proposition of Mr. Squeers's that "she's a rum one, is nature," he may cease to doubt on reading the new volume of "The Folk Lore Journal." It is to be feared that most people do not, and thereby lose an innocent pleasure. Miss Burne, who is the representative of Shropshire in the Folk Lore councils, even speaks of "the extraordinary ignorance of otherwise well-educated people, first of the nature of Folk Lore, and, secondly," which is deplorable, "of the existence of the Folk Lore society." Miss Burne knew only one person who had ever heard of the society. Thus it is not like Gustavus, the Lion of the North, concerning whom Dugald Dalgetty said to the Highlander: "You have heard of him even if you never heard of anybody else." The society encourages a kind of peeping and botanizing, not on graves (though even they yield quaint epitaphs), but on manners and customs. Folk Lore might be the cheap delight of nations; as it is, in the country where the flowers blossom most, the *Folk loriste* is a very rare animal. A glance at the society's volume will show, however, that Folk Lore is really an inexpensive way of traveling and seeing the world. In his biography, Mr. Darwin dilates on the pleasure with which he beheld his first savage—paint, tattoo, stone-axe, and all.

The *Folk loriste* finds savages everywhere, or people doing in England the foolish things committed by savages all over the world. Magic, witchcraft, ordeals, omens, we have them all among us, an inch under the social surface. Take the "Witch's Ladder" found in Somerset, a new rope threaded with birds' feathers. Mr. J. G. Frazer seems to have found out the uses of this valuable weapon, uses to which the local old women would not confess. In Scotland, something of the kind is used by Highlanders for magically milking their neighbors' kine. By milking the rope, the fluid is extracted from the cows of other people. Sometimes the rope is made from the tail hairs of the cows; it is not stuck full of feathers. In Bohemia the rope must be a bell-rope, and it affects all the cattle within hearing of the bell. How could people ever begin to believe such nonsense, in Bohemia or Skye? Edmund Robinson, we may charitably believe, was drunk when he saw the trick performed in 1633.

He averred, in a regular deposition, that he beheld "divers of the company go to a barn; he followed after, and saw six of them kneeling and pulling at six several ropes, which were fastened or tied to the top of the house, at or with which pulling," observe the delicate accuracy, "come then, in this informer's sight, flesh smoking, butter in lumps, and milk as it were skimming from the said ropes, all of which fell into basins which were placed under the said ropes." The Witch's Ladder, in fact, was a loop for fastening, we presume, to the roof of the house. Now can the Australian black fellows be more childishly absurd than our modern friends of the magic rope? The Australian doctors suck disease out of the patients through a string. The Indian witch sucks her enemy's blood, he being at a distance, like the cows, in the same way. The Australian puts feathers on his magic stick, apparently that it may fly to his foeman. The feathers on the Witch's Ladder may have been meant, as Mr. Frazer says, for a similar purpose. Again, savages of many countries think that the souls of the dead migrate into snakes, butterflies and other creatures. Is everybody in Cornwall much wiser? A vicar of St. Cleer had a housemaid who, though she was not a Bruce, would not kill a spider. The reason was that Parson Jupp, the clergyman, lately deceased, "was somewhere in the vicarage in some spider, no one knew which of the vicarage spiders." In Cornwall the souls of old sea captains become gulls and albatrosses. As the author of a stirring Cornish ballad says:

Black are the rocks where the ships go down,
But souls flit back on the wild wind's track,
And grey gulls gather in Pentyre town.

The said grey gulls being the friendless spirits of unburied men. In Cornwall maids who die "for a cast of bitter love, or for a false leman," become white hares, and haunt the faithless wooers. Ordeals, too, are known, or were known 60 years ago, in this upland, remote country.

A schoolboy's knife was stolen. The master brought a large measure, placed it on the table, with a bantam cock under it and bade each boy touch the measure in turn with his finger. The cock would crow at the touch of the thief. One boy was missing when all had touched, and he was found hiding under a desk. He confessed, cried, and restored the knife to its owner. Thus, conscience, aided by a bantam, makes cowards of us all.

In Donegal "there is no doubt the crickets know what you speak. At Moyne Hill, at our house," said a woman, "we are getting a new grate, and all the crickets left. A few days after I saw a big cricket outside the door, and I said, 'You are welcome back,' and the big cricket and five others immediately came in. Some time after, my sister Kate killed one of the crickets, and that night, when our stockings were drying at the fire, the crickets ate hers, but they did not touch mine." Between talking to a cricket and talking to a bear in Australia, there is not much essential difference. Now, Kur-bo-roo, the native bear, is the adviser of the Australian blacks in all their difficulties. The men will seek help from this clumsy creature, but in what way his opinions are made known is nowhere recorded. In some wild island coasts of Ireland the seal is so sacred that nobody will skin him. In the same way the Australian blacks will not skin a dead native bear. Mr. William Thomas induced a black to skin a bear, but the man lost heart, said a drought would follow, finally buried bear and skin with all the ceremonial of a Maori funeral. This would propitiate the bear.

"Telling the bees," in many parts of Europe about a death in the family is a mode of propitiating these intelligent insects. In Cornwall all locks in a house are opened in a lying-in, to "favor easy birth." Knots magically tied, as in the ballad of "Willie's Lady," delays the birth. Suicides in Skye must not be buried within sight of the sea, or famine and bad fishing will follow. Not a year ago, the Crofters defied the police, as usual, and carried a suicide's body to a remote spot where it might be buried without affecting the harvest or the fisheries. Such are only a few of the strange fancies our countrymen shared with the uncivilized. If superstition, as in Herr Gruppe's view, began in intoxication, all the world has drunk deep of the same cup of sorceries. This is the lesson of Folk Lore.—*London News*

WORTH READING.

The World's Temperance News, in Brief Paragraphs.

Out of 373 students in the Congregational colleges of England and Wales, no less than 315 are abstainers.

The National Reform association offers a prize of $100 for the best essay on the subject of "God in Government."

The municipal woman suffrage bill that is now before the Iowa legislature has been favorably reported by the committee.

In one district of London containing 200 public houses, 7,019 children were seen to enter their doors during the space of three hours.

By Queen Victoria's orders no intoxicating liquors are to be in future allowed upon the premises of the People's Palace in London.

The board of Education of Rangoon, Burmah, has approved the temperance text-books recommended by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

The boys' night school sustained by the Green Bay (Wis.) W. C. T. U., has an average attendance of from 150 to 175 boys of different nationalities. These boys are from the poorer classes and all are eager for books and instruction.

Miss J. A. Ackerman, of Sacramento, Cala., grand lecturer of the Independent Order of Good Templars, is a young and eloquent woman whose abilities and work are highly spoken of by leading W. C. T. U. workers of that state and will probably be heard of in connection with their work.

Eleven thousand nine hundred and forty-seven soldiers, nearly one-sixth of the British army in India, are members of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence association. Temperance rooms, with various amusements, have been established in most of the cantonments, and these act as a counter attraction to the canteen.

A partial explanation of the late riot in London, where hungry thousands clamored for food, may be found in the fact that in the manufacture of beer 53,000,000 bushels of grain were wasted last year in Great Britain alone. This was sufficient to have made 1,100,000,000 four-pound loaves of bread, which would have made a road two yards wide and 2,000 miles long. In face of this waste, 2,000 children, in London alone, were absolutely starved to death.

Respectable Outlaws.

Sometimes, when I think what a lawless life mine has been, I wonder that the respectable outlaws with whom I am most intimately associated in social, religious, and political circles have not elected me chief of the band. I think nothing of defying those in authority; I "sass" the president, scoff at congress, bully the legislature, and transgress the laws of the land daily. I drive across the bridge "faster than a walk," and openly sneer at the five-dollar fine with which the sign-board threatens me. I have "walked on the grass" in Fairmount park; in Central park I have "plucked a leaf, flower, or shrub." I have "stood on the front platform" for many miles. I have "talked to the man at the wheel;" I have "got on and off the cars while in motion;" I have "smoked abaft the shaft;" I have refused to "keep moving" on the Brooklyn bridge; I have neglected to clear the snow from my sidewalk; I have dumped ashes into the alley at early dawn; I do not muzzle my kog, and last year he was not registered; I do not always "turn to the right" when I am driving; I do not always "procure tickets before entering the cars"—why, can't begin to tell one-half my lawless acts. But one virtue, even though it may be considered a negative one, I insert here as a saving clause: I have never overstated the value of my property to the assessors.—*Burdette in Hawkeye.*

Lieut. Richard Rhode, of the Prussian army, a guest of Guido J. Hansen, of Milwaukee, to whose daughter he was engaged, hanged himself in his room at the Hansen residence.

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A matter of more than special interest to the readers of DORCAS is the Guessing Bean Prize List which is offered to its subscribers during February, March and April. The publishers have provided a large glass bottle, of which a cut is herewith shown; without giving exact measurement, we can say the bottle will approximate about one quart in size; it is filled about seven-eighths full of different sized beans and sealed. This bottle stands on the publishers' desk, where any one can see it, and fifty prizes are offered to that number of persons guessing nearest the number of beans there are in the bottle. Every subscriber (whether old or new) is entitled to a guess.

THE PRIZES ARE TO BE AS FOLLOWS;

FIRST PRIZE:—An elegant Lady's Cloak, to be furnished by Mess. James McCreery & Co., of 805 Broadway, New York; to cost not less than $100.00.
SECOND PRIZE:—An Elegant "New Home Sewing Machine," with all attachments complete. Valued at $60.00.
THIRD PRIZE:—A Lady's Handsome (full jeweled) Gold Watch, valued at $50.00.
FOURTH PRIZE:—A Lady's (full Jeweled) Silver Watch, valued at $20.00.
FIFTH PRIZE:—A Lady's Musical Work Box, valued at $15.00.
FIVE PRIZES:—Consisting of Ten Dollars Each in Gold, $50.00.
FIVE PRIZES:—Consisting of Five Dollars Each in Gold, $25.00.
TEN PRIZES:—Consisting of Ten "Kensington Painting Outfits, valued at $2.00 each, $20.00.
TEN PRIZES:—Consisting of Ten Stamped Mantel Lambrequins, worth $1.00 each, $10.00.
TEN PRIZES:—Consisting of Ten Fine Felt Embroidered Table Scarfs, valued at $1.00 each, $10.
FIVE PRIZES:—Consisting of "*The Best*" Embroidery Stamping Outfits, valued at $1.00 each, $5.00.

The lady's cloak goes to the first one guessing the exact number of beans in the bottle. If others guess the same they will each (provided the number does not exceed fifty persons) receive a prize in the order in which their guess is recorded. Any prizes left remaining will be sent to those coming the nearest to guessing the right number, in their respective order, until the entire fifty prizes are exhausted. Remember every subscriber has a guess—with equal showing to win one of the prizes. If you are not already a subscriber, send in your subscription at once (**only fifty cents a year**), and take your chance with the rest. You get a handsome, as well as useful, magazine for a year, with a chance for a prize besides. If you are already a subscriber you can send your name and the number of your guess on a postal card. If a new subscriber, enclose a postal note or postage stamps to the amount of fifty cents in the letter which contains your guess. Every guess will be registered in the order in which it reaches us.

Address THE DORCAS MAGAZINE, 239 BROADWAY, New York.

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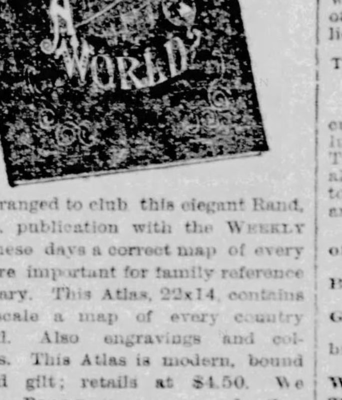
Spicy Reminiscences of **60 years'** life among the Brilliant Men and Proud Ladies of the nation's capital. Eminent critics say of it: "*Full of interest.*"—Hon. John Sherman. "*Charming in every line.*"—Hon. H. L. Dawes. "*A running river of lively anecdote.*"—N. Y. Tribune. "*Extremely amusing*"—Toledo Blade. "*He wields a pen sharp as a bayonet.*" Christian Advocate. "*Brim full of humor.*"—Herald. "*Full of racy gossip.*"—Chicago Times.

Apply for **BIG TERMS** to **HUBBARD BROS.,** Philadelphia, Chicago, or Kansas City.

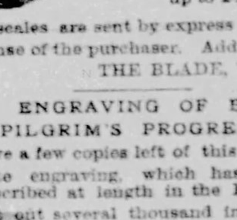
Publishers' Column.

STANDARD ATLAS OF THE WORLD.



We have arranged to club this elegant Rand, McNally & Co. publication with the WEEKLY BLADE. In these days a correct map of every country is more important for family reference than a dictionary. This Atlas, 22x14, contains on a large scale a map of every country in the world. Also engravings and colored diagrams. This Atlas is modern, bound in cloth and gilt; retails at $4.50. We will send the BLADE one year, and atlas, by mail, on receipt of $3.50. For $4.50 we will send atlas and two copies of BLADE one year. For $5.00 we will send atlas and three copies of BLADE one year. To those now taking the BLADE we will mail a copy of the atlas on receipt of $2.50. For a club of ten yearly subscribers and $10 we will mail a copy of the atlas free.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.



The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

STEEL ENGRAVING OF BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

We have a few copies left of this elegant $10 steel-plate engraving, which has heretofore been described at length in the BLADE. We have sent out several thousand in connection with the BLADE, and they have all given excellent satisfaction. Until our stock is exhausted or until further notice, we will send to any address one of these engravings and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $2.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published ten different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther, John Calvin and Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.

EMINENT MEN—Robert Lincoln.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

Any one portrait	$ 25
The five divines	80
The four generals	65
The entire set of ten	1 40

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

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TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated every where in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

10,000 lots	$30 00
1,000 lots	5 00
500 lots	4 00
100 lots	1 00

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?
No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?
No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?
No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?
No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either	6 cents.
Six copies	10 cents.
Twenty-five copies	30 cents.
One Hundred copies	One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

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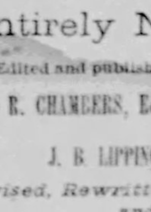
Fully explains the only successful method of enlarging undeveloped or shrunken organs; also, the quickest, surest cure for "lost manhood," general and sexual debility and decay. The effects of early errors and later excesses, weakness of mind and body, vital losses, nervousness, partial or total impotence, etc., cured "to stay cured." Every condition of robust and noble manhood completely restored, unless beyond human aid. Remember, the only mode of developing shrunken and dwarfed external organs. To readers of the TOLEDO BLADE the above little book will be mailed (sealed) free if applied for at once. Address THE ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY, corner Main and Swan streets, Buffalo, N. Y.



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Nasby's Books.

We have been deluged with letters inquiring for Mr. D. R. Locke's books, and have been compelled, in consequence, to make arrangements as rapidly as possible to supply the demand. Below is given a list of all the published books written by Mr. Locke. We own the plates of a portion of these, and new editions are being printed as rapidly as possible. We have made arrangements with the publishers of the others, by which special editions are being prepared for us. The list comprises the following:

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The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Profusely illustrated; 700 pages. Original price, $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25, or with BLADE one year, $2.10.

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This is a very fine volume of about 700 pages, with full-page illustrations by the famed artist, Thomas Nast. It contains the very best of the "Nasby" letters which were written during the war, and is prefaced by an autobiography of "Petroleum V. Nasby," written specially for the book. Its former retail price was $3, but we will send it by mail, postpaid, for $1.50. Or, we will send one copy, postpaid, and a copy of the Weekly BLADE for one year on receipt of $2.00.

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This tender and true poem, one of the very finest in the English language, is here produced in an *edition de luxe*, square 8vo., on fine, heavy, tinted paper, profusely illustrated with full-page wood-cuts of the highest grade, bound in extra cloth and gilt. We will send one copy by mail, postpaid, for $1.50; or, we will send a postpaid copy and the Weekly BLADE one year on receipt of $1.75.

The following books we are having issued with paper covers, so that they can be afforded at a cheap price and have a wide circulation:

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"INFLATION AT THE CROSS ROADS."

This is a 32-page pamphlet of "Nasby" letters which a few years ago reached a circulation of nearly a million copies. We will send a copy, postpaid by mail, on receipt of 10 cents. We do not club this pamphlet with the BLADE.

These books are now being printed and bound, and will be ready for mailing in about two weeks. In the meantime we are ready to receive orders, which we will file consecutively and fill in turn as soon as the books are ready. About half the above titles are in hand and ready to mail immediately.

Our readers will notice that we have made a very low price on these books in connection with the Weekly BLADE, for the reason that we desire each sale to bring us a new subscriber. If you are already a subscriber and want one of these books, obtain a new subscriber, and thus obtain the book for almost nothing.

The following are other books of our publication, which we are prepared to furnish, postpaid by mail, at prices announced:

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This book by John McElroy, who was eighteen months in Andersonville and other Southern prisons, has had a sale enjoyed by but very few. It is a record of the author's terrible experience in those hells upon earth, and is written in a style that is absolutely fascinating. It is the only true record of the sufferings endured by our soldiers in the military prisons. Regular price, $3. We now send it by mail for $1.25; with Weekly BLADE one year, $2.10. A new edition just out. Every soldier and every soldier's son should read this wonderful book.

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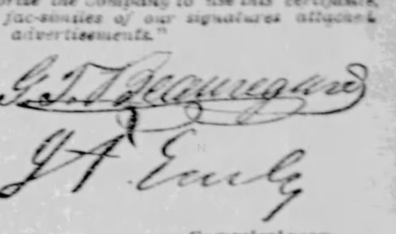

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We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

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100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF	300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are	100,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 Prizes of $500 approximating to $300,000 Prize are	50,000
100 Prizes of $300 approximating to $100,000 Prize are	30,000
100 Prizes of $200 approximating to $50,000 Prize are	20,000

TERMINAL PRIZES.

1,000 Prizes of $100 decided by $300,000 Prize are	100,000
1,000 Prizes of $100 decided by $100,000 Prize are	100,000
3,136 Prizes amounting to	$1,055,000

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REMEMBER that the payment of all Prizes is **GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS** of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of any imitations or anonymous schemes.

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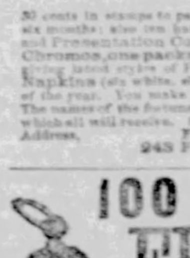
Gold and Silver Watches Free!



To the first person who tells us correctly where the word "River" is first found in the Bible, we will send a magnificent SOLID GOLD WATCH; to the second, a DIAMOND RING; to the third, a gold-finished Watch; to the fourth, a silver Watch; to the fifth, a splendid Locket and Chain; to the next ten, if there are so many, will receive a SOLID GOLD RING; and the next fifty, a splendid Gold Plated Hunting-Case Watch. Each person must send 30 cents in stamps to pay for our mammoth story paper for six months; also ten handsome colored, etc., Birthday and Presentation Cards, ten artistic imported raised Chromos, one package Embroidery Silk, one book giving latest styles of Fancy Work and twelve Dessert Napkins (all, etc. sold by us). This is the greatest offer of the year. You make no mistake when you answer this. The names of the fortunate ones will be given in the paper which will reach you. Send at once, and name this paper. Address, FIRESIDE AND FARM, 243 Franklin St., Boston, Mass.

100 WATCHES FREE TO OUR AGENTS

We have 100 Watches, besides other valuable premiums which we will give away to our agents. Send 20 cts. for an 18 K Rolled Gold Ring as a sample and commence now. Name this paper. CONN. JEWELRY CO., Lock Box 200, WESTBROOK, CONN.

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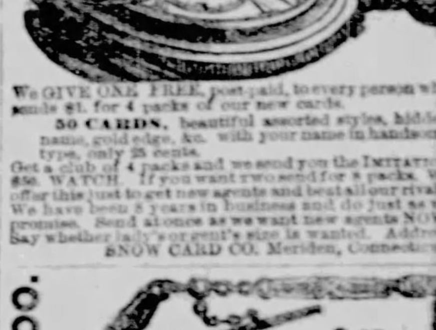

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To introduce our Solid Gold and Silver Watch and Jewelry warehouse as Leader our new Solid 3 oz. German-Silver Hercules Watch. This watch is entirely new goods, not worthless bankrupt stock dear at any price; they are open-face style, duplex winder; have a genuine Solid German-Silver Case, giving them the same appearance as solid coin silver. They have fine French enamel dials protected by a heavy French flat crystal, finished and finely jeweled. The winding-part, which is protected by patent, is noted for its simplicity and durability, and is not found in any other watch; no complicated parts to get out of order. This is a regular $6 Watch and will not be sent for $10 unless the person ordering will honestly endeavor to make sales from our large illustrated catalogue that we send with it. Will send C. O. D. subject to full examination, if 50 cents is sent with order as a guarantee of good faith. This is the best selling watch in the market. Complete and fully warranted, $2.50 only. Plated Chain and Charm free with every order. Address

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A SOCIAL ACCOMPLISHMENT.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

A story is told of two young girls just blossoming into womanhood, to each of whom a fairy godmother gave a gift, which should be used for their advancement in life. One she invested with a beauty of form and feature that seemed almost beyond the power of imagination to perfect. It was as if the most exquisite coloring of nature had been caught and used to touch cheeks and lips, eyes and hair, into one harmonious blending. No more graceful curves could be conceived than those of her lithe young body, and when she passed it seemed indeed "Like the ceasing of exquisite music."

No doubt those who read are wondering, as did her friends, what she could have bestowed upon her other godchild, who was held to be her favorite, the value of which could begin to compare with this gift. It proved to be a sweet voice united to the power of easy expression of thought in language. Great was the disappointment of the relatives and friends of the family. Murmurings were deep and protracted that so wide a difference should be made between the two children.

Time passed on and the two girls, grown to be women, went out into the world. She with the gift of beauty won the admiration of the gay throng everywhere, but with only this one possession, she could hold none, for satiety was sure, sooner or later, to come. Her sister, unnoticed at first among strangers who worshipped at Beauty's shrine, by and by would attract by the charm of her voice, the brightness of her thought, and the music of her words, until she held her court like a very queen, while her courtiers never swerved from their loyalty. To the end of her life was this true—true until long after the beauty of her sister had faded away and with it her power, and then the real meaning and value of the godmother's gift to her parents was understood. So runs the story.

Fairy god-mothers are not to-day hovering around to bestow gifts like these upon the children of the world; but they are left to find and appropriate many of them for themselves. Beauty is, of course, largely an inheritance of physical perfections, and so also may it be said of a sweet, musical voice, that most lovely thing in a woman, and one that man for himself need not despise. Beauty may be increased or decreased by externals, but it does not depend so absolutely upon effort and training as does the art of conversing well.

Do my readers realize how few there are who possess this accomplishment? Gather a company of really intelligent people together, and see how long they can be left to their own resources for entertainment. Even if the ball be kept moving, it simply unrolls a thread of small talk that can be dissected into absolute nothingness. Not but that small talk, little trivialities, are a necessity in order to fill in pauses, and to pave the way for something beyond, but social intercourse should not depend upon that alone. The most brilliant society the world has ever seen has been made up of those who, without being possessed of transcendent genius, or perhaps no more than ordinary intelligence, were yet so gifted with the power of expression that the hours fled like moments when listening to the continuous flow of wit or fancy.

Many are disposed to question whether good talkers are not born, and not made by training. No doubt there are certain advantages Nature sometimes gives in that direction, and yet there is absolutely no one who may not acquire a considerable degree of facility in the art—for art it is—and when it is once a possession, the power it gives is so unmistakeable, that it would not readily be parted with.

The necessary training should begin in childhood. A naturally good voice may be irretrievably injured by constant straining, and the efforts of both parents and teachers ought to be directed against it. On the other hand a harsh, discordant tone can be softened into something approaching real melody, if proper care and attention be given. This is by no means a trifling matter, for just this one thing may make or mar a fortune. A somewhat crochety gentleman of fortune was looking for a young man to take the place of confidential clerk. Two came to him equally well recommended as to qualifications. The one had a clear, well modulated voice and distinct articulation; the other a nasal twang, which made itself very apparent whenever he spoke. The first was chosen, and when afterwards questioned as to what led to his decision, the gentleman replied:

"I heard them both speak, and that was enough. One soothed my nerves; the other rasped them; and as I should to have to hear whichever came to me speak perhaps a hundred times a day, and as I also believe in getting the most pleasure I can out of life as I go along, I concluded to try the young man with the musical tones."

This case is not exceptional or exaggerated. A pleasant voice will win favors by its influence alone. It is always a power everywhere, but especially so in the social world.

Starting with a good voice, the next thing is to acquire a facility of expression, to be able to use good language in which to clothe ideas, and that without stumbling or undue hesitation. People are very apt, from lack of this readiness to get into the habit of putting in meaningless phrases, such as "you know," "well," or the ever ready and much-abused conjunction "and," with an addenda that turns it into "and-a." Many of you will recognize these tricks of speech, that are anything but elegant, though very common. In fact, if one sets at work to watch the matter, it will be found that very few, however cultivated and intelligent they may be, but will sometimes fall into what may be termed an erratic way of speaking. I am putting it very gently, however, if this term "erratic" is made to cover the slang which enters so largely into American speech. Some of these expressions are at times very apt, but as the habit grows upon one rapidly, it is better to avoid them entirely.

No one can converse really well at all times and in all places, without possessing an intelligent knowledge of the leading questions of the day, those which are occupying the public mind and challenging public interest. This is not a hard thing to do with ordinary application in these days of cheap books, papers and magazines. There is little that is worth knowing, which is not discussed in a way to give any one who will take the trouble to read, an intelligent apprehension of what is going on in the world. Then if facts are stored away in the memory, ready to be used when called for, another thing requisite for conversing well is provided for.

Training in this direction should also begin in childhood. Instruction in current events has already a place in many public schools, and ought to have in all. At home, too, parents should call children's attention to happenings that have great public significance, and one of the best places to talk these things over is at the table. The old rule that children should be seen and not heard may well be waived for this purpose. Interest them—and it is easier to do this than one imagines who has never tried it—in these things, and lead them to express their own thoughts, always insisting that it shall be done in a proper way. As they grow older, they will have acquired a fund of knowledge that will surprise you by its extent, and also an easy way of expressing themselves, that is a part of the art of conversation.

Some other things in connection with this subject will be touched upon next week.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

TRIANGLE SACHET.—Get number 12 satin ribbon, two shades—Shrimp pink and Olive green are pretty together, Nile green and dark Myrtle. Cut five strips, each fifteen inches long, or so that a perfect square is formed when they are sewed together. Fringe both ends of each strip for a depth of two inches. Sew them together and fold diagonally through the center so as to form a triangle, with fringe around the two sides. Put the cotten with sachet powder sprinkled over it, inside, sew the fringed sides together with blind stitches, fasten narrow ribbons of either shade at the ends of the long side to hang it to the chair back, or wherever it is desired to be, and a very pretty ornament is the result.

Send fifteen cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work" before the edition is exhaussed.—ED.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

PERFECTION LEAF LACE.—For Western Rambler. Cast on 28 stitches—knit across plain. 1st row—k 3—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 4—n—k 2—o—k 1—o—n—o—k 1; 2d row—seam back; 3rd row—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—k 1; 4th row—same as second; 5th row—k 1—n—k 2—o—k 5—n—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—k 3—o—n—o—k 1; 6th row—same as second; 7th row—k 6—n—k 2—o—n—o—k 1—o—k 1—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 1—n—k 2—o—n—o—n; 8th row—same as second; 9th row—k 5—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 3—o—k 2—n—k 2—n—k 2—o—n—o—n; 10th row—same as second; 11 row—k 4—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—k 5—o—k 1—n twice—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 1; 12th row—seam back.

HONEY-COMB INSERTION.—Cast on 18 stitches—knit across plain. 1st row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1; 2d row—s 1—k 2—o—n—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 3—o—n—k 1; 3d row—s 1—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—o—n—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 1; 4th row—s 1—k 2—o—n—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 1—p 1—k 4—o—n—k 1. Repeat from first row. This is to be knit very loose. Will some one please send directions for knitting shell edging?—MRS. FANNIE CAMPBELL, Boyleston, Ind.

SHOULDER CAPE.—Seeing an inquiry for shoulder cape that has not been answered, I will send my way if I can write it so as to be understood. Ch. 235—turn—3 d c in 4th—1 d c in each of 5th, 6th and 7th stitches—1 d c in each of 13th, 14th and 15th stitches—3 d c in 16th—3 d c in 17th—1 d c in each of 18th, 19th and 20th—skip five of the chain, and go on as before. Make about 18 scallops for a lady and 13 for a child. Second row—Commence with the middle of the scallop as before—3 d c in 1st stitch—1 d c in each of the next 3 stitches—1 d c between 2d and 3d d c of next scallop, and so on across—widen in 8th row by putting 4 d c in one stitch in place of 3 in every scallop, making 7 d c in each side of the scallop in place of 6—after that widen every 5th row. Full in the cape around the neck mostly on the shoulders, and make a little collar to match. The cape is greatly improved by running very narrow ribbons in and out through the holes, from the neck down to each point, finished with a small loop and end. Saxony wool is best. Do day lilies die down in winter? When is picot stitch used in anything, and will it make wide edging, and how?—MRS. E. S. KNEELAND, Hillsboro, Dak.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FATHERHOOD.—Who has not heard of the responsibility and duties of "Motherhood?" How much we read about it in the papers! We hear it preached from the pulpit and rehearsed in the home. But how few of our masculine readers ever regard the injunction, "Train up a child in the way it should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it," as being addressed to them! How many men throw the whole responsibility and care of children upon the mothers. The mothers carry, bear, nurse and train them. She must bear all the pain and suffering, while her selfishly thoughtless husband casts upon her (broad?) shoulders the additional duties of caring for their bodily needs and training their minds. She is supposed to stand responsible to her Creator for the body and soul of one, two or a dozen children entrusted to her care. They bear their father's name. What does that signify? Simply that he is blessed with the joys of faherhood, while his wife—poor neglected slave that she often is—cooks, washes, irons, sews, knits, bakes, and does a thousand other things for them. She nurses them when they are sick or too little to take care of themselves, and in addition to this she is expected to teach them all that they ought to know, and never receive any thanks for it; she must never scold, find fault or punish, yet she must teach them to be models of modesty, truth and goodness; she must not tell them a thing too often, yet she must repeat their lessons just often enough; she must teach them to be respectful and obedient, but she must not correct them for disobedience. If she be a stepmother then her cares are double, for the children are usually taught to disobey, disrespect, and sneer at her. They are prejudiced against her, and often their father upholds them in disobedience, tattling, and falsehood. Then woe is she, if she ever does lose her temper. If she reproves a child for wrong-doing, she is, in the estimation of many, the crossest woman in the world.

But let's see the other side of the picture. The father earns the bread they eat, the clothes they wear, and the books they read. Yes, we know it, and give them great credit for it, but how many women could support their families with their own hands just as well as they are supported, and never have to ask a stingy man for a cent of money to buy dresses, shoes, or an occasional ribbon, or a dime for the church? How many noble, wise men, the best of statesmen and the kindest of husbands and fathers, have been the sons of widows? George Washington and James A. Garfield, besides many other great men were brought up by their widowed mothers. While Abe Lincoln and hundreds of other good men who have risen to prominence, have been blessed with that awful (?) misfortune—a stepmother.

Do mothers scold, fret and find fault? Are women the weaker sex? Is it not because you fathers have placed upon them more than their share of responsibility? Because their nerves are constantly overstrained by the numerous cares that their husbands ought to share and will not? Is it not because their minds are constantly strained to the utmost capacity while they are often starving for the love and consideration that is due them because household cares must occupy all the time, and God's sunshine seldom smiles on them? Is it fair to leave all the care of your children to your wives while you by example teach them to be selfish, disobedient and perhaps dishonest? If you violate the laws of God daily in their presence will not they be much harder to teach obedience than if you, their beloved father, scrupulously observe the laws of God and nature? If you do not respect your wife will they respect their mother? If you refuse to comply with her wishes will not your children do likewise? If you love to tell long yarns, to smoke and chew, to taste a little dissipation, if you swear and curse, if you refuse to go to church, Sunday school or any place else where good morals are taught, if you laugh at and ridicule all that is good, if you never observe the Lord's day, never read the Bible, and never have family worship, how can you expect your offspring to become great and good men.

Some say when seeking an excuse, "Just what the child naturally is, that it will be." If it has good blood in its veins it will be good, if bad blood, it will be bad. That is true as far as it goes, which is just as far as some short-sighted people can see. True if we plant a peach pit there will in its place spring up a peach tree which will probably bear peaches, but how much better peaches they will be if cared for than if left alone. If a fence is placed around them to keep out cattle, horses and other injurious companions, if the soil is cultivated around them, if weeds and other vegetation is kept away from them, if they are trimmed occasionally, and if the trunks are kept straight and the heavy limbs propped up and finally if they are grafted how much better fruit they bear. So it is with children if they are left to their own devices—not shielded, protected, cultivated and trimmed occasionally they will be like the peach tree in the wilderness, which bears very few peaches and which are little hard, wormy, green, unpalatable fruit, their deeds of kindness love and bravery will be very few, and very small, while their selfishness will be like the leaves of fruitless trees—bountiful. Parents must fence them in away from temptation, must cultivate their fertile minds, and keep out the weeds of sin. They must sometimes reprove their faults, must prop up their tired thoughts that are overburdened with fruits of knowledge, with loving council; must sometimes trim off their superfluous notions and if they then be grafted—if their loving parents have grafted in them a new life of Christianity, they are indeed fruit to be proud of. But, men! why do you lay all this responsibility on the shoulders of your partner in life, and then even find fault with her because she sometimes falls short. Shame on the father who does not help care for his children and teach them. How many women are yearly going mad to be sent to insane asylums or confined at home because their responsibility is more than they can bear, and they will not shirk their duty to those whom they love better than they do their own lives! What great condemnation falls upon the few unfaithful ones who do "try to run away from their cares and sorrows."

This letter is not intended for the eyes of those good men who try to do their duty—may God ever bless them—but for the male readers of this paper who shirk their duty under the pretense that it is woman's work, or that it don't make any difference.

Indifferent fathers! Stop and think. Open your eyes that you may see; your ears that you may hear and your hearts that you may understand, for verily, a day cometh when you will be held responsible, and it will be too late to repent.—A THOUGHTFUL OBSERVER.

SHE IS RIGHT.—Why not doff my hat, make a polite bow, enter the HOUSEHOLD," and write a few lines for the "Dear Old BLADE, or perhaps, for the "W. B." One word to the young ladies. I'm ashamed of you. Why publicly ask if it is proper to kiss a young gentleman? Why not trust to the way your conscience dictates? You will come out all right if you but follow the way they lead you. But peradventure if you do want to ask advice, go to some kind faced, and kinder-hearted lady who knows you. She will give you true, genuine, loving advice. Then you will not have a host of remarks made like this, "What a foolish question for a sensible young lady to ask."

Get Talmage's sermons on "The Wedding Ring," read them earnestly, prayerfully, then by some hook or crook, get hold of the series of sermons he is now delivering, "To women." They are grand; read, study and think over them, and you will find your path of duty made plain to follow.

It is true man has lots of faults; it is equally true woman has just as many. If the woman will only always marry for love, and be sure it is love, this world will get rid of much of its sorrow, and then be always cheerful. You can be that, with the Lord's help, just as well as to be grum so much of your time.—DELL, Bronson, Kan.

The editor is grateful for kind invitation.

ANSWER TO "POOR YOUNG MAN."—I am a busy woman, but must call a halt to congratulate Miss Bouton on the self-contained manner of her reply to this comfort-seeker from Missouri. More I will say, had this p. y. m. been an observing person, he would have discovered that instances are rare indeed where the wives of men who frequent saloons are other than women of sterling worth, excellent housekeepers, good cooks; that this should be is deplorable, but too true nevertheless. I will instance a case right here in my own neighborhood: A mild-tempered girl, possessing many beautiful traits of heart and character, mated with one of those p. y. m., promising yes, while the sky was clear, the way smooth; but when children and the inevitable cares and worries they bring destroyed her health and ruined her beauty, he sought solace in the wine-room of the demi-mondaine, led there by his own selfish desire, and his instinctive dislike of shouldering the burden which would naturally fall to him in his own home. Driven there by bad cookery? Not so, for though broken in health and spirit she made every effort to give him the creature comforts she knew he prized; his home is as comfortable as loving hands can make it; while deep in her heart, poor soul, she buries her bitter sorrow, afraid only that the world may know.

In the days agone, I thumped the piano and organ myself—even did a step of dance—but when I married I soon discovered that a practical knowledge of cooking was essential, so I learned to cook, as all sensible minded women have done before; in the meantime I am happy to state, my husband ran neither to dyspepsia nor to the saloon. I fancy I see a man recuperating his disordered digestion at the lunch counter of some near bar, putting a poultice of pickled pork and cold cabbage on the dyspetic stomach. Where is the wife, be she a good cook or no cook, who would set before her husband such a variety of villainous food? Inasmuch as the girl who learns to thump a piano or organ, and has average intelligence, it is safe to assume she will learn to cook, providing always the p. y. m. is worth learning to cook for—whether he be, is a question. Go to, young man—go to the nearest drug store, purchase a dose of spring medicine; and when your head is clear and your heart is in the right place, come back and tell us that vile beer abroad and not bad cooking at home has soured your stomach and your temper.—S'MANTHY, St. Joseph, Mo.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—There was a communication in the HOUSEHOLD not long ago which deserves more than a passing notice. It was doubtless the work of some mischief maker who thought to stir up a little strife. "Ugly Old Woman" is perhaps judging everybody by herself. If a man does not respect his aged partner it is nearly always her own fault. There is no time in life when a woman is so lovable as when she has found out all there is to know, and has put all things earthly under her feet. Of course the animal nature clings to man longer. Young women knowing this, often take advantage of old men, and make them believe they are greatly in love with them. Old men, be not deceived; it is not you they are in love with, but your pocket-book. It is just as unnatural for a young woman to love an old man as it is for water to run up hill.—MRS. B. BURGESS.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one please tell me the process of fireing Chinaware? Can our common white ware be painted so it looks nice?—JEP SMITH.

I see on referring to the inquiry column that a lady wishes for some old school books. I will help her all I can, as I think she is engaged in a noble work. I have some books and think I can get more. If she will pay postage I will send them as soon as I hear from her.—MRS. C. R. CUNNINGHAM, Enosdale, Kan.

Will some one give directions for staining a floor; how to polish when stained, and the durability of such a process? I dislike carpets for sleeping rooms. Will be glad to hear how M. R. S. furnished her room.—B. F. T.

Please ask in HOUSEHOLD if some one will give plain directions for piecing the snow-ball and peony quilts, and any other beautiful ones.—EMMA FENNO, Alta, N. Y.

Will some of the many readers of the HOUSEHOLD living in a mountainous country, or near the sea coast, send me specimens of any stones, ores, nuts, shells, or anything that will be a curiosity to a Hoosier boy? I will return stamps to pay postage.—A. B., Box 223, Syracuse, Ind.

I am a farmer's daughter and very anxious to improve myself in music, but find it almost impossible to get as much difficult music as I would like to have, as sheet music is so expensive. I have been thinking that among the numerous readers of the BLADE there may be some who have music by the old masters, Beethoven, Chopin, or others, that they do not now care for and would kindly send to me. I shall be very grateful, indeed, and will gladly pay the postage on all sent me.—IRA CLARK, Ashland, Hanover Co., Va.

Has some kind reader of the BLADE a copy to spare containing chapter 59 of the story "A File of Infantry Men," published in December, 1880? I will gladly reciprocate in some way.—J. R. ARMSTRONG.

The address of persons asking such questions as the above should always be sent so that any one having paper could send directly to the inquirer, without taking up needed space in these columns. Many are thrown out for this lack.—ED.

J. R. Hemstreet, Victor, Iowa, would like to gain tidings of his sister Anna, who, with himself, were left orphans when children, living in Lacon, Marshall Co., Ill.

Can any one give a good recipe for soda buscuit? (Not baking powder).—OLLA, Walnut Ridge.

Will some one give a good recipe for making soda and water crackers?—C. L. MORSE.

Where is it in the Bible it speaks about common things—such as spoons, pillows, etc.? It is in the Old Testament.—MRS. A. M. HILL.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

The HOUSEHOLD will have to cry for mercy in the matter of inquiries for songs. Enough have been received this week to take up every inch of space in the inquiry department to the exclusion of everthing else, so all were omitted.—ED.

"Subscriber's Daughter." Woman's Exchanges are places established in cities as markets for woman's work of all kinds. Any one can become a contributor by paying a small sum yearly, which, with a slight percentage upon sales goes towards defraying the rent and other necessary expenses. A contributor can send articles to the Exchange with price attached, and it will be put on exhibition for possible buyers, if it be judged good enough of its kind to command a market. Often contributors get a regular market for good bread, cake, canned fruits, etc., but of course these must be of the very best. Persons may become contributors from out of town, if they wish.—ED.

Mrs. C., LaCrosse, Wis., one of the best woman suffrage papers is the *Woman's Tribune*, published by Mrs. Clara C. Colby, at Beatrice, Nebraska.—ED.

"A. B.," a training school for nurses was established in Cincinnati in 1883 at the college of Medicine and Surgery, under the name of "Cincinnati Training School for Nurses," and we have never heard of its discontinuance. Your letter should have gone there without trouble. However, to make it more certain, "Madeline" could address her letter care of "College of Medicine and Surgery."

"Laura R.," one of the best, if not the best training schools for nurses in New York city is that at Bellevue hospital. There is also one connected with Charity hospital, and one of the oldest is the "New York Hospital Training School for Nurses." Any information derived from personal knowledge of these schools will be welcome to the HOUSEHOLD.

Simply address your letters asking for circulars, to the superintendent of Training School for Nurses.—ED.

"Dinah," the publishers of most leading newspapers take short stories if they please them, and are willing to pay for them at their usual rates. These vary from $1 to $10 a column.—ED.

A number of requests has been received by the editor of the HOUSEHOLD asking that the hymn "Come Unto Me" and others written by Mr. D. R. Locke, be published in its columns. All of them will appear in the BLADE, one each week, as was stated last week. We trust these will be carefully preserved, so that there need be no request for a repetition which cannot be complied with.—ED.

Please say to those who inquired about Lavatine work, that to give full directions would occupy too much space, but if they will address me enclosing a stamped envelope, I will give full directions so that any one with a little practice can do splendid work decorating vases, plaques, frames, bottles, etc. When writing if you will enclose one or two scenery cards suitable to paint from I will send a few nice patterns for Lavatine work.—P. W. FAIR, DeKalb, DeKalb county, Ind.

Please allow me space in the BLADE to thank the many friends who so promptly replied to my request asking for the song, "Two Little Hands." I received 21 letters all having the song enclosed, except three, those telling me where I could get it.—MRS. D. G. SMITH, Allen, Kas.

I will say to the lady at Woodruff, Kan., I received the seeds of the apple melon, she sent me, and will thank her through the HOUSEHOID. I am pleased very much to get them, as this is something new in Iowa. I will report my crop next fall.—MRS E. G. MCMAHAN, Minerva, Iowa.

RECIPES.

CRANBERRY PIE.—I would like to tell the HOUSEHOLD how I make cranberry pie. I expect some of them will say, "Oh, I know how to make cranberry pie and there is no use reading that." Well, no doubt you do; I won't dispute with you there, and, perhaps, they are as good as my pies. But it is not the pie I want to describe as much as it is the way I make the most of a quart of cranberries. I take one quart of berries, put enough water on to cover them, adding a pinch of soda, and put them on to stew. When done, I strain all the juice off, and make two pies of the berries, adding a little water to each pie. Then I add as much sugar as juice to the juice I strained off, and boil twenty minutes. This makes two cupfuls of jelly. Therefore I have two pies and two cupfuls of jelly out of one quart of berries.—NELLIE AMMELMAN, West Lebanon, Ind.

The editor is sorry not to be able to oblige our correspondent by inserting her request, but she cannot as it is in the nature of an exchange.—ED.

FRIED CAKES—1 cupful of sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cupful of thick sour cream (some use lard instead of cream, but cream is the best), 1¾ cupfuls of fresh buttermilk, 1 teaspoonful soda, a pinch of salt. Mix soft as can be handled, and fry in hot lard to a light brown. They will be lightest if you cut them in a medium long piece, about ½ inch wide, then twist once or twice, and then twist again together. Try and report success through BLADE.—BERTHA E. JOHNSON, Del Rey, Iroquois county, Ill.

WALNUT LINAMENT—Take the walnuts when green in June, slice very thin, seeds and all, saving all the water that is in them; fill a ½ gallon jar, pour on coal oil till covered; let stand 4 weeks; draw off and bottle the oil; add ⅛ oz. camphor gum; shake well.

Directions for Using—Bathe twice per day being very careful to keep the numb and cold parts warm when lying down, especially in cold weather with heated bricks or tile or something of the kind. If this proves a help to the many afflicted please write.—MRS. W. C. BALDWIN, Virden, Ills.

FOR THE HAIR.—Break a grape vine when the sap begins to run and catch the sap in a cup; wet the hair and scalp with it. Continue this as long as the sap runs, using it every day or two. It makes the hair thick and glossy, and promotes growth, and will make children's hair curly. I suppose it would have the same effect on adults.

FOR THE COMPLEXION.—Glycerine and rose water, equal parts, to get the skin in good condition, and ⅛ rose water to ⅞ glycerine to keep it soft. Apply at night.—MRS. S. E. NANCE, Reynolds, Neb.

GREEN MOUNTAIN SALVE FOR SCICATI RHEUMATISM.—Burgundy pitch, beeswax and mutton tallow of each 1-16 lb.; rosin 1¼ lb.; oil hemlock balsam, of fir, oil origanum, oil red cedar and venice turpentine of each ¼ oz.; oil wormwood ⅛ oz.; verdegris, very finely pulverized, ¼ oz. Melt the first articles together and add the oils, having first rubbed the verdegris up with a little of the oils, and put it in with the other articles, stirring well, then pour into cold water and work as wax until cool enough to roll in sticks. Now turn a pie tin on top of the stove, lay a piece of cloth on this, (we used cheese cloth a foot long and four or five inches wide,) lay salve on this, and when it begins to melt, spread with a hot knife blade evenly but not too thick. Peel off from the tin, hold in front of the fire a moment and apply over the seat of pain and down the limb as far as you wish and cover with another cloth to prevent sticking to the clothing. Do not expect a cure at once; it was weeks before we could perceive any change, only that he rested easier during the night. He wore them for two years, and at the end of that time, was straight and comparatively well, as he only feels it when he is very tired or on the approach of damp weather. I think a good blood purifying medicine used in connection with this, if you are not already taking medicine, would increase its efficacy. This is in answer to "A. J. Taylor's" request.—Charleston, O.

Winter Health Hints.

An old observer says: "The secret of good health in winter lies in two things—first, in breathing through the nose, and second, in keeping the feet warm. If these two rules are carefully observed by any one, he or she need not fear the rigors of winter. Above all, never go to bed with cold feet. If you are troubled with cold feet," said the same gentleman, "warm them berore you retire, and in the morning plunge them into cold water until they sting. Then rub them vigorously and put on your stockings and shoes, and your feet will keep warm probable all day. See that your stockings are thick enough and that you wear heavy shoes and good, serviceable overshoes. A great many young ladies are wearing heavy shoes this winter for the first time. They are learning wisdom. Ladies, too, are beginning to wear heavier underwear than ever before. They have been taught this by their experience on toboggan slides, and it is a good thing. The health of boys and girls should be better in winter than in summer, and they should grow stronger and heavier by outdoor exercises. The first essential is to be warmly clad, and above all to keep the feet warm."

—Dreams are children of the night, of indigestion bred. The dreams of night and all the more serious ils of indigestion bred you may be relieved from by Warner's Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy, which puts the stomach—the seat of health—in healthy action, and drives out the fiend, dyspepsia.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

DUDENVILLE, MO.	R L Rhodes	Edmund Nutt
Edward Johns	Chas Waddle	Thomas Elliott
L K Peebles	Wm Garber	Frederick Elliott
H G Peebles	S Cushman	Walter Day
Willie Harmon	Lina Garber	Ernest Newlin
Wilbur Peebles	G Parrish	Maggie Henley
Belle Wilkinson	Jennie Cushman	John Almond
Lulu Sargent	Rosa Kinsinger	Mary Almond
Clarie E Harmon	Roy Garber	Laura Henley
Lottie B Harmon	LOCKWOOD, MO.	AliceH'th'ringt'n
Josie Miller	Hattie Yoder	Leslie A Brown
Josie Miller	Flora Yoder	Harlie Brown
John G Clyman	Bertha Yoder	Dovie Brown
John M Yost	Ida M Yoder	Archie Wells
May Sargent	Wesley Yoder	Virley Harvey
Myrtle Sargent	Anna Yoder	Vernie Coy
McC Chambers	Thomas Yoder	Ernest Coy
E D Hill	Henry Yoder	John A Newby
H M Peebles	Ira Gray	Hattie Elliott
George Hill	IOWA CITY, IOWA.	Mary L Newlin
Josie Wilkinson	Wallace Allen	PearlM Manlove
Nora O Yost	Addie Allen	Carrie Jones
E J Cook	Cora Allen	Mary L Harvey
Richard Hill	Maggie Keim	Rushie Collins
Maud Fuller	Eddie Welton	CLARENCE, IOWA.
Fred Wilkinson	Annie Mentzer	Chas Flansburg
Mary John	Wennie Watkins	Freddie Easch
Willie Sargent	Anna Bailey	Fred Werder
Roy Bleeden	Effie Bailey	George Nicoll
Moses John	Otto Kahler	George Layton
Frank Clyman	Florence Brown	Willie Wilson
T W Shirrod	Bessie Letze	Charley Scott
E P Webb	Bertha Letze	Fred Lord
GOLDEN CITY, MO.	Etta Letze	Willie Hardwick
Jas R Hoyt	Mamie Paterson	Henry Layton
Lily E Garber	Eva Paterson	Beryl Ferguson
O P Yoder	Minnie Leo	Willie Flansbury
Lloyd C Hoyt	Liddie Leo	Otto Pruss
A L Yoder	ROMEO, MICH.	Frank Phelps
Albert Yoder	F B Richardson	Frank Layton
E A Bentel	Wm S DeWitt	Carl Baruth
D P Cunningham	Edith Demuth	Frank Owen
B H Rhodes	LilyChamberlain	Earnest Kentzel
Wm Inman	POPLAR RIDGE,	WILSON, MO.
Benj L Hoyt	IND.	D C Willis
Rosa B Yoder	Larkin Lee	Chas E Willis
Ralph E Yoder	Florence Day	Myrtle Willis
L B Yoder	Phebe Henley	Edwin Clotfelter
J J Yoder	Rhoda Collins	Myrtle Clotfelter
J M Bentel	Jennie Willey	Emma Carleton
E L Bentel	Nettie Brown	Bertha Barrows
W Carmichael	Ella Harvey	

Names this week, 146. Total 22,436.

The above embraces all names received up to March 1.

HIS MOTHER'S BOY.

A mother once owned just a common-place boy,
A shock-headed boy,
A freckle-faced boy,
But thought he was handsome and said so with joy;
For mother's are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their son's beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian, but pug,
And turned up quite snug,
Like the nose of a jug;
But she said it was "piquant" and gave him a hug;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small and he blinked in the sun;
But she said it was done
As a mere piece of fun
And gave an expression of wit to her son;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

The carroty love-locks that covered his head
She never called red,
But auburn instead.
"The color the old masters painted," she said;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About ther sons' beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so, let it pass;
Don't look in the glass,
Like a vain, silly lass,
But go tend the baby, pick chips, weed the grass;
Be as good as you're pretty, you know,
Quite so—
As good as you're pretty, you know.
—*St. Nicholas.*

For the Young Folks.

AUNTIE NELL.

L. E. L.

The children had been having a glorious romp as the end of their joyous Saturday's holiday drew near and Saturday meant everything that was delightful to this little family of half a dozen brothers, sisters and cousins. There were Fred, Harry and Jess Loring who lived in a great, old fashioned house in a small village not far from Boston, and their three cousins from the city, Sell, Carrie and Ted Graham who had come down into the country to spend the Christmas vacation.

Such a fine time as they had, running through the house from garret to cellar, exploring the hidden treasures of the roomy old attic and gazing with delight at the rows of apple and potato bins, cider barrels and the best of good things that are always to be found in a country cellar.

The week had been one of endless fun and merriment; pop-corn, molasses candy, nuts and apples had been as free as air, as sticky door-knobs, frequent apple cores and well scattered nut shells could plainly show.

But the little folks had been allowed to do just about as they pleased and the city children sighed as the days flew by and the time for them to return to their homes drew nearer and nearer. This last Saturday of their visit had been almost the happiest day of all. They had taken a long sleighride in the morning and came home to a steaming hot dinner, that tasted so good to the hungry children.

Riding in the cold does give one such an appetite and when the dessert of apple dumplings came on the table, how every one did laugh when little Ted said:

"Auntie Nell, I dess I'll take anuder lump of boiled dough if you peese."

After dinner they had gone up into the attic and putting on grandma's funny old dresses and bonnets, had played they were giving a concert and sung at the tops of their voices until the cook in the kitchen wondered, "What thim imps of youngsters was afther a-bein' up to now."

Tiring at last of all this singing and of pounding an old chest for a piano, Jess exclaimed:

"Let's take off these duds and play 'Follow the leader.'"

No sooner said than done. Off came the long skirts and big bonnets and away scampered Jess with the whole train at her heels. Up stairs, down stairs and in my ladies' chamber, pell mell they went, over chairs, under beds, head over heels, no one stopping for any thing and each one trying to cut the same capers that Jess—who was leader—was doing.

But it was hard work and it was not long before one by one they dropped down on the floor and held their sides, breathless with laughing and running, while Ted Graham rolled over on his fat little back and panted out, "Oh, my, I loosed my breeve right out of my mouf and I do fink some one will have to find it adain."

Just then in came Auntie Nell, who was staying with the children while Mr. and Mrs. Loring were making a visit in the city.

"Come scamper," said she. "Every one of you; get your hair brushed and your faces and hands washed, then after supper I guess we'll have a story," and tucking Ted under her arm, off she started and the children after her—to have a good wash and get ready for supper. Aunt Nell was such a jolly auntie.

"She didn't care if a fellow did muss her train or walk on her dress. She wasn't one of them awful particular sort," the boys said, and boys generally know.

So when Aunt Nell promised a story they were all in high glee and scrubbed and soaped till their faces were as shiny as gold.

How good the supper tasted and what a jolly time they had.

"It was so much fun to eat without the grown ups. Auntie Nell don't count, she's so nice," the children all agreed, and they did have a happy time over the nice, wholesome supper.

After they had all finished, back they went into the sitting room and gathered around the bright fire in the broad open fire place, prepared to listen to Aunt Nell's story. The boys were stretched out on the rag, close to Auntie Nell's feet, gazing straight up at the ceiling. The girls were seated by her side in their rocking chairs while Ted, being the baby, was given the place of honor on his auntie's lap. "Now we're cosy and comfy, auntie, let's begin the story."

"Oh, wait a minute till I get the apples and pop-corn, then we will be fixed," and off darted Fred after the big bowl of pop corn and the dish of bright red apples, and putting them down within reach of all, settled himself again.

"Well, dears, what shall it be? Let me think, did I ever tell you about my pie baking?"

A loud chorus of "Oh, no; please tell it," was the answer, and settling Ted a little more comfortably in his nest, while she stroked his soft, golden curls, Auntie Nell told her story.

"A good many years ago, when I was a little girl, your Uncle Ted and I used to be very fond of staying out of doors, and right here in our garden—you children know the place—one summer, we had a sort of a gypsy camp. We ate, drank and almost lived out of doors and brother Ted used to often sleep in a tent we had made, but my mother insisted upon keeping me in the house during sleeping time, much to my sorrow, as I always wanted to do whatever your Uncle Ted did. But he was a boy and I a little girl so there were some things my mother would not let me do, and to sleep out of doors nights was one of them. Well that summer Teddy had built a stove out in the corn patch and such fun as we had cooking up awful messes! We had to eat what we cooked ourselves, as no one else would touch the things and I think the chickens and pigs fared well, though after awhile the chickens grew suspicious as they would peck at what we threw them and then walk off with an angry cluck. One day Ted said he wanted a pie, an apple pie it must be, and as we both loved it dearly, I promised to make one. So into the house I went, and putting on a big apron—I had on my old play dress, but it felt more grown up to wear the apron—and rolling up my sleeves almost to my elbows, I soon covered myself with flour from head to foot, while I was getting the pie crust ready. We were going to have our dinner in Ted's tent that noon, and I could hear the boy clattering around outside setting the table with the odds and ends of dishes our mother had given us from the house. I worked away at the pie, and finally got it into a dish, with the apples cut up and laid on the under crust, well mixed with sugar and cinnamon; then I put on the upper crust, and sprinkling that thick with the sugar, carried my pie out proudly to be put on to bake. Ted look at the pie with a little distrust, and, sniffing suspiciously at the rather dark crust, asked me if I was sure I had washed my hands.

"Of course I did," I cried in disgust; but Ted only laughed, and said, "Well, come on, let's bake her." We had no oven to our stove, but made one by putting an old tin wash boiler over the top of it, and under that we baked our pie.

While the dessert was baking, Ted and I flew around and got the rest of our dinner ready. I remember we had pickles, fried-cakes, bread and butter and a pitcher of milk. We used to soak a little black licorice in water and call it coffee, as our mother would not allow us to have any coffee or tea, but that day we drank milk. Ted kept lifting up the boiler to see how the pie was baking; the sugar soon melted on top but the pie still looked a dirty yellow and did not get the nice brown cook's did. We kept poking up the fire and watching the pie for about half an hour and then Ted said, 'Say, Nell, I believe that pie is done on the bottom; let's look and see, anyway.' So we took a knife and lifted up the edge of the pie. Sure enough, it was burnt black, while the top crust had not cooked one bit. Then said I, 'Let's flop it over and let it black on top; then we can cut off the bottom crust and just eat the apple and the sugary side. All right Ted cried, and I took the skirt of my dress and picking up the hot pie plate with it flopped the pie right out on to my bare hand. I did it on purpose, thinking that was a good way to turn the pie over and forgetting how hot it would be, but how it did burn; the melted sugar stuck fast to my flat palm and I danced and screamed so loudly that it soon brought my mother from the house.

'Bless my soul child, what have you done? Why turn your hand over and let that thing drop off.' Sure enough I had never thought of that but had danced around crying with the pain and all the time holding my hand downside up so the pie could not slip off. My poor hand was badly burned and I could not use it for a long time. Mother made me come into the house and she bandaged it up for me, but the smart was pretty bad and I sat on the sofa and was petted and spoiled the rest of the day to my heart's content. That is how I baked my pie and I never have wanted to try it again. Well here is a little Ted fast asleep, and it is time you were all in bed long ago." But Ted opened his blue eyes drowsily and said "Auntie Nell, did the pigs and little chickies get dat pie?"

GOING TO JOHN.

"Going north, madam?"

"No, ma'am."

"Going south, then?"

"I don't know, ma'am."

"I never was on the cars. I'm waiting for the train to go to John."

"John?"

"Oh! John's my son. He's out in Kansas on a claim."

"I'm going to Kansas myself. You intend to visit?"

"No, ma'am."

She said it with a sigh so heart-burdened the stranger was touched.

"John sick?"

"No."

The evasive tone, the look of pain in the furrowed face, were noticed by the lady who asked these questions as the gray head bowed upon the toil-marked hand. She wanted to hear her story, and to help her.

"Excuse me—John in trouble?"

"No, no—I'm in trouble. Trouble my old heart never thought to see."

"The train does not come for some time. Here, rest your head upon my cloak."

"You are kind. If my own were so I shouldn't be in trouble."

"What is your trouble? May be I can help you."

"It's hard to tell it to strangers, but my heart is too full to keep it back. When I was left a widow with three children, I thought it was more than I could bear; but it wasn't bad as this—"

The stranger waited till she recovered her voice to go on.

"I had only the cottage and my hands. I toiled early and late all the years till John could help me. Then we kept the girls at school—John and me. They were married not long ago. Married rich, too, as the world goes. John sold the cottage, sent me to the city to live with them and he went west to begin for himself. He said he had provided for the girls, and they would provide for me now."

Her voice choked with emotion. The stranger waited in silence.

"I went to them in the city. I went to Mary's first. She lived in a great house with servants to wait on her; a house many times larger than the little cottage—but I soon found there wasn't room enough for me—"

The tears stood in the lines of her cheeks. The ticket agent came out softly, stirred the fire, and went back. After a pause she continued:

"I went to Martha's—went with a pain in my heart I never felt before. I was willing to do anything so as not to be a burden. But that wasn't it. I found they were ashamed of my bent old body and my withered face—ashamed of my rough, withered hands—made so toiling for them—"

The tears came thick and fast now. The stranger's hand rested carelessly on the gray head.

"At last they told me I must live at a boarding house, and they'd keep me there. I couldn't say anything. My heart was too full of pain. I wrote to John what they were going to do. He wrote right back, a long, kind letter for me to come right to him. I always had a home while he had a roof, he said. To come right there and stay as long as I lived. That his mother should never go out to strangers. So I'm going to John. He's got only his rough hands and his great warm heart—but there's room for his old mother—God bless—him—"

The stranger brushed a tear from her cheek and waited the conclusion.

"Some day when I am gone where I'll never trouble them again, Mary and Martha will think of it all. Some day when the hands that toiled for them are folded and still; when the eyes that watched over them through many a weary night are closed forever; when the little old body, bent with the burdens it bore for them, is put away where it never can shame them—"

The agent drew his hand quickly before his eyes, and went out as if to look for the train. The stranger's fingers stroked the gray locks, while the tears of sorrow and of sympathy fell together. The weary heart was unburdened. Soothed by a touch of sympathy the troubled soul yielded to the longing for rest, and she fell asleep. The agent went noiselessly about his duties that he might not wake her. As the fair stranger watched she saw a smile on the care-worn face. The lips moved. She bent down to hear.

"I'm doing it for Mary and Martha. They'll take care of me some time."

She was dreaming of the days in the little cottage—of the fond hopes which inspired her, long before she learned, with a broken heart, that some day she would homeless in the world, go to John.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

OUR LEGION CORNER.

I am a subscriber to the BLADE, and also a member of the B. T. Legion. I like to see the legion grow, and hope all the members will use all their influence in getting signors. This is a grand work for all of us, and it would greatly encourage the members, if they who get up signers, would write to the Legion Corner, telling how they succeeded, etc. If you can only get three or four signers send them along, for it all amounts up to a great deal. I find a great many people think that to take a dram is no harm. But here the devil comes in. Look at the drunkards: they thought so too. They all commenced by just taking a dram. I want to see more letters in the Legion Corner from the members. Let's hear from you.—JULIUS HYATT, Ducktown, Tenn.

—The marks of premature age may be effectually obliterated by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It colors uniformly, and always give satisfaction.

The Sunday School

LESSON XII., SUNDAY, MARCH 18, 1888.

GOLDEN TEXT—He came unto his own, and his own received Him not.—John 1:11.

LESSON TEXT.

Matt. 21: 33-46.

COMMON VERSION.

33. Hear another parable: There was a certain householder, which planted a vineyard, and hedged it round about, and digged a winepress in it, and built a tower, and let it out to husbandmen, and went into a far country:

34. And when the time of fruit drew near, he sent his servants to the husbandmen, that they might receive the fruits of it.

35. And the husbandmen took his servants, and beat one, and killed another, and stoned another.

36. Again, he sent other servants more than the first: and they did unto them likewise.

37. But last of all he sent unto them his son, saying, They will reverence my son.

38. But when the husbandmen saw the son, they said among themselves, This is the heir; come, let us kill him, and let us seize on his inheritance.

39. And they caught him, and cast him out of the vineyard, and slew him.

40. When the lord therefore of the vineyard cometh, what will he do unto those husbandmen?

41. They say unto him, He will miserably destroy those wicked men, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen, which shall render him the fruits in their seasons.

42. Jesus saith unto them, Did ye never read in the Scriptures, The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner: this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes?

43. Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken from you, and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof.

44. And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall, it will grind him to powder.

45. And when the chief priests and Pharisees had heard his parables, they perceived that he spake to them.

46. But when they sought to lay hands on him, they feared the multitude, because they took him for a prophet.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

A man * * * planted a vineyard * * * and let it out, * * * and went into another country (v. 33). That man's absence from the vineyard didn't lessen his ownership of the vineyard; although it did test the fidelity of his tenants. That which is entrusted to us by rent, or loan, or stewardship, or friendly confidence, is just as truly its real owner's when he is out of sight and hearing—even across an ocean or a continent—as when he stands over it to watch both it and us. And this is a truth for all of us to remember; for there is not one of us but holds something in trust for an absent one. It may be an employer's interest, or a partner's business, that we are to look after while he is away; it may be an estate which we are to improve and settle for its former owner's heirs; it may be some work that we thoughtlessly agreed to perform without realizing its extent or perplexities, when an acquaintance went on his journey; it may be a neighbor's good name and credit, or a friend's reputation and truest welfare, which by our very relations to that one are entrusted to us in confidence; be it more or less precious, whatever it is, a sacred obligation is on us to guard and use it, as those who must give account.

He sent his servants to receive the fruits (v. 34). Who the servants were, was of small account. The master and the mission were the important things; not the man who came, nor the manner of his coming. If a friend sent us a present, or an invitation to his home, we should think it pretty small business for us to find fault with the appearance and the mode of speech of the person by whom he sent it. Nor would it be any fairer for us to sneer at the servant, or to misuse him, if he came from a neighbor, to take back a book we had borrowed, or an easy-chair which had been loaned to us in a time of illness. The servant ought to be looked at as a representative of his master; and he would be so looked at where love and reverence for the master were prevailing. To depreciate another's servant, on that servant's representative mission, is to give proof of a lack of loving and reverent thought of the servant's master. He who is continually sneering at those in public station in his own country, is lacking in truest patriotism and in right deference to authority. He has not that love for his country, and that regard for human government as God's appointed agency, which would make him lose sight or thought of the servant, in his interest in that which is represented—however poorly—by that servant. And an over-readiness to criticise or to depreciate a minister of Christ, is proof of a lack of devotion to Christ. Christ is responsible for his servants, and he has a right to ask kindly treatment of them for His sake—even when they seem to have no claim to it on their own account.

They will reverence my son (v. 37). A father may be sure that his son will be counted as in a peculiar sense standing for himself; and that all there is of gratitude or affection or reverence toward himself will indicate itself in the reception and treatment of that son wherever the son goes as the father's representative. Any father or any mother may always be sure that a real friend will be true to the interests of a child of that parent, keenly alive to that child's welfare, and tenderly sensitive to its comfort and good name, because it is that parent's child. God recognized this truth when he send his only Son into this world as his representative. Whatever of real love for the Father there is among the sons of men, will be sure to show itself wherever the Son is recognized. God himself could do nothing more to show his love for the sons of men, or to win their love to himself, than he did in sending Jesus to be among them, and to manifest the Father—in manifesting himself. And to-day if men who know of Jesus as the Son of God do not reverence him, they have no reverence for the Father.

Let us kill him, and take his inheritance (v. 38). Well, how does that apply to us? It is very easy to show how the Jews conspired to kill Jesus; but how can those who call themselves Christians be said to desire the overthrow of Jesus, in order that they may have his inheritance? Why, whenever a nominal tenant of the Lord's vineyard, or steward of the Lord's possessions, decides to refuse an instant and an entire surrender of all that is the Lord's at the call of Jesus, the spirit of these "wicked husbandmen" is manifest in him. The tenants, or the stewards, have made up their mind to have the Son's inheritance for themselves, whatever the involved cost or crime may be. Whenever we refuse to give up time, cherished plans, prized friendships, or anything else at the call of Jesus, we practically take the ground that that which belongs to him we shall retain for our own advantage. And how does this differ from the word of these husbandmen: "Come, let us kill him, and take his inheritance?"

The stone which the builders rejected, the same was made the head of the corner (v. 42). It is not the Jews alone who have rejected Jesus. Every person who refuses to accept the Savior as his Savior rejects Jesus,—who proffers himself as the only Savior. Nor is it only in the rejection of Jesus that life-builders show their folly in the selection of material wherewith to build. Many a man refuses to count character more precious than some present seeming gain; and in the end he finds character given the chief place in the estimation of those whose confidence he would fain have won. It is while life-building is going on that the life-builder has the privilege of choosing his building material. Let, then, each life-builder have a care lest he reject from his own building that material which will give stability to the building which is constructed of it; while any building which lacks it is sure to crumble to decay.

When they sought to lay hold on him, they feared the multitudes, because they took him for a prophet (v. 46). There is a good side as well as a bad side to "popular sentiment." Popular sentiment often justifies evil-doing; and, again, popular sentiment often represses evil-doing. As a practical matter, laws largely depend on popular sentiment for their enforcement; and if popular sentiment was not up to as high a standard as it is to-day, crime and vice would have even greater force and sway in the community than now. He who would be true to God must be willing to breast popular sentiment at every cost for the right; but he who would bring the world to God must do all in his power to educate and uplift popular sentiment in the direction of the right.

March, April, May

are the months in which to purify the blood, as the system is now most susceptible to benefit from medicine. Hence now is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, a medicine peculiarly adapted for the purpose, possessing peculiar curative powers. It expels every impurity from the blood, and also gives it vitality and richness. It creates an appetite, tones the digestion, invigorates the liver, and gives new life and energy to every function of the body. The testimony of thousands, as to the great benefit derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla, should convince everybody that it is peculiarly the best blood purifier and spring medicine.

A Temperance League has been organized by Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin among the students in the Military Academy at Charleston, S. C. Their superintendent, Gen. Johnson, heads the list of cadets, and their influence will reach all parts of the state.

"Best cure for Consumption is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Desk blotters are confined in corners of oxidized silver of repousse work.

An attractive scarf pin recently seen was a lily of moonstone, in the centre of which was set a small sapphire.

A handsome scarf pin recently seen was a large peacock feather of varicolored enamel, the eye of which was set with a deep-colored sapphire.

Three slender reed pipes in oxidized silver, held together at top and bottom by heavy etched bands of the same material, is a recent idea in umbrella handles.

Two horseshoes, one of silver and the other of gold, held on a riding whip of gold by means of the long lash, which wraps around them in several folds, is a recent design in brooches.

A most appropriate pin for the present season is a large hunting whip of oxidized silver, the lash of which is curved and caught in the centre of the handle with a handsomely etched hunting horn.

Ladies who wish to follow fashion's fickle footsteps can find nothing more appropriate to wear as a brooch this season than the oxidized silver crab nets which have just been put on the market. The idea is an old one, but the novelty of a golden crab struggling in the meshes of the net has at once brought the brooch into favor.

A unique scarfpin is a miniature anvil, the top of which is of oxidized silver and the base of gold. A small hammer with a head of oxidized silver and a handle of gold, has the appearance of resting on the anvil.

FOOD TESTS IN NEW YORK.

Official Analysis of Baking Powders—Adulterations in Cream of Tartar.

Under the direction of the New York State Board of Health, eighty-four different kinds of baking powders, embracing all the brands that could be found for sale in the State, were submitted to examination and analysis by Prof. C. F. Chandler, a member of the State Board and president of the New York City Board of Health, assisted by Prof. Edward G. Love, the well-known United States Government chemist.

The official report shows that a large number of the powders examined were found to contain alum or lime; many of them to such an extent as to render them seriously objectionable for use in the preparation of human food.

Alum was found in twenty-nine samples. This drug is employed in baking powders to cheapen their cost. The presence of lime is attributed to the impure cream of tartar of commerce used in their manufacture. Such cream of tartar was also analyzed and found to contain lime and other impurities; in some samples to the extent of 93 per cent. of their entire weight.

All the baking powders of the market, with the single exception of "Royal" (not including the alum and phosphate powders, which have not the virtue of even an impure cream of tartar), are made from the adulterated cream of tartar of commerce, and consequently contain lime to a corresponding extent.

The only baking powder yet found by chemical analysis to be entirely free from lime and absolutely pure is the "Royal." This perfect purity results from the exclusive use of cream of tartar specially refined and prepared by patent processes which totally remove the tartrate of lime and other impurities. The cost of this chemically pure cream of tartar is much greater than any other, and on account of this greater cost is used in no baking powder but the "Royal."

Prof. Love, who made the analysis of baking powder for the New York State Board of Health, as well as for the government, says of the purity and wholesomeness of the "Royal":

"I find the Royal Baking Powder composed of pure and wholesome ingredients. It is a cream of tartar powder of a high degree of merit, and does not contain either alum or phosphates or other injurious substance. E. G. LOVE, Ph. D."

It is highly satisfactory to the housekeepers of this vicinity, where the Royal Baking Powder is in general use, that the investigations by the analysts in Massachusetts, New York and Ohio, the only states that have thus far taken action upon this important subject, agree in classing it as the purest and most efficient baking powder in the market.

Novelties for the Ladies.

Glove stretchers of oxidized silver, etched with flower designs, are quite popular with the fair sex.

Two heart-shaped pieces of oxidized silver in repousse decoration are utilized to good effect as clasps for fancy silk garters.

Pungents, both in gold and silver, are being produced in a great variety of shapes. A recent design represents an autumn leaf.

A pretty idea in brooches is a delicately moulded hand of black onyx, the wrist of which is encircled by a miniature diamond bracelet.

A novelty, useful as well as ornamental, is a pin for the hair, so arranged that any brooch with a common back can be fastened on and utilized for a head piece.

A beautiful barrel link necklace recently placed on the market had pendent from the front five large emeralds and six rubies. A most pleasing effect was produced by setting the stones alternately.

Live People

get on in the world; they look out for the good chances; they go in and win. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, need live people everywhere to work for them. $1 per hour and upwards easily made; many make more than double that. Either sex, all ages. You can do the work and live at home. No special ability required; all can do it. Write and see. All will be put before you free; then if you conclude not to go to work, all right. Capital not required; Stinson & Co. start you.

Doing His Best.

"Are women companionable to men?" is a question Junius Henri Browne asks and answers in the negative in the February *Cosmopolitan*. We should expect just such an answer from a man who spells John Henry Brown as does the heathen above referred to. "Are women companionable to men?" Think of such a question being asked in this age of hard coal stoves and single-seated sleigh riding. The probabilities are that Junius Henri wrote that essay the next day after he had been told by Marie Janeie Jonese that she could never think of him but as a brother. Women are companionable to men, we don't care if the entire Browne family deny it.—*Cadillac News and Express.*

Free! Free! Trial package for the instant relief and speedy cure of Asthma. Address Hollinger's Drug Store, Lincoln Park, Chicago.

She Didn't Wash the Damn Out.

Little Bobby was playing at a residence where his mother was visiting, and suddenly came into the parlor amid the company, saying: "Ma, I say d—n Johnny, he's no good; he's won't play with me."

"Why, Bobby!" exclaimed his horror-stricken mamma, "come right here to me. I must wash that naughty word right out of your mouth."

So she took the astonished youth into the bath-room, and in order to enforce on his memory the injunction that he mustn't use cuss words any more she washed his lips, tongue and teeth with soap till the kid was nearly nauseated. Finally, when his mouth was all washed out clean, the lady inquired:

"Now, Bobby, how do you feel?"

"Well, mamma," said Bobby, "dam's there yet."—*Louisville Post.*

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

"Throws Up"—Bealing.

J. L. Wents, Clark's Mills: For the "throwing up" in your cow, give her three-fourths of a pound of salts mixed with a cupful of molasses, stirred in warm water. After this has operated, take of sulphate of iron, 12 drs.; powdered nux vomica, 6 drs.; powdered gentian, 6 ozs. Make into six powders, and give one powder daily in dry food. For the bealing on cow's udder jaw, poultice with linseed meal or bran; then open the lump when it comes to a head. Then poultice again, and if there are any ulcers left, touch with a stick of lunar caustic or sprinkle with burnt alum.

Not Answered.

T. W. H., Garrison, Iowa: As you did not give your name in full, you will know why your question was not answered.

Two Questions.

F. W. Hawkes: For your cow's bag and teats, rub with the hands every day gently, knead the bag and teats with the hands, and rub this on with gentle friction: Powdered camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladonna and lard, of each, two ounces. Feed two or three times a week for three weeks with bran slops once a day at least. The yellow material that you see on the covering of hams, is yellow ochre.

Bone Spavin.

For the bone spavin, foment the part with water until the heat is all out. Then apply this: Mercurial ointment, two ounces; powdered cantharides, one-fourth ounce; oil of rosemary, two drachms. Apply until there is a free watery discharge. Then wash with soap and warm water, and apply again. Wash as before, and after a week or so, repeat the blister.

Shropshire-Down Sheep.

R. R. S., Mills City, Montana: We cannot give you the information as to what county in the United States or what section of Canada has the most Shropshire-Down sheep. All statistics we can find bunch the numbers without giving breeds. The original Shropshire were old English sheep, with horns, yielded about two pounds of wool, and weighed about 50 pounds. They were crossed with the Cotswold in the latter part of the last century, and later with the Leicester and South-Down, producing a sheep without horns, with long, glossy fleece that will weigh about seven pounds, washed. They dress 100 pounds at two years old. They are considered a fine sheep both in the United States and Canada.

Clover.

J. H. Goembel, Illinois: Clover may be sown in August or September, but the surest way is to sow in the spring with the cereal grains or cultivated grasses, or may be sown for a crop by itself. A little lime or plaster sown with it as a fertilizer is good. Clover thrives best on stiff loams containing lime. The covering should be of the slightest kind. When sown early in the spring, or on well pulverized grounds, followed by rains, it will germinate without harrowing. After the leaves develope in the spring, sow plaster over it, broadcast, one to three bushels per acre. Sow red clover (broadcast) after timothy, in the spring, 4 to 6 quarts per acre; without other grasses, in the spring, 8 to 12 quarts.

Nasal Gleet.

From what you say, we judge your horse has nasal gleet, if not a worse disease. Give him sulphate of copper, nitre and powdered gentian, of each one drachm. Make into a ball, and give the amount named night and morning for eight or ten days. Wash out the nose with a syringe with this: Chloride of zinc, 25 grains; water, two quarts. Keep the stall perfectly clean. You should call a veterinary if there is one in your neighborhood.

Pea-Nuts—Onions.

W. C. R., Boling, Kansas: See answer to J. G. S., Illinois, on onion raising. To raise the peanut (pinda) select a light, sandy soil. Sow in drills, four feet apart, and cover them with an inch or a little more of soil. Cultivate to keep down weeds, and when the vines reach midway across the rows, run a plow or cultivator in the middle of the rows. The small pod in the blossom strikes down in the soil and ripens its seed beneath the surface. Draw the earth up to the rows with a hoe after using the cultivator.

Tender Shoulders—Shying.

Mrs. H.: For the sore shoulders of your horse mix the following and apply on lint: Carbolic acid, 1 drachm; lard, 3 ounces. Scrape, and soften the collar, and rub the part of the collar over the sore with crude petroleum. After the shoulder is healed, wash twice a day with cold water and salt. A shying horse must be used gently but firmly. Speak encouragingly to him, but always get him up to or past an object by coaxing, if possible, but by the whip, if necessary. As a rule, the whip is unnecessary. No matter if he does get past the object at a little distance, pat him and make him believe he has done a brave thing. Then you will increase his pride to do well next time. The whip applied after an object is passed, only frightens the animal, and makes him worse.

Effects of Pink-Eye.

C. H. G. Trulo, Iowa: For the lingering effects of pink-eye in your horse, give this: Iodide of potassium, carbonate of ammonia and powdered gentian, of each, one ounce. Make into eight balls, and give one morning and evening. After a week's time give twice a day, either dissolved in drinking water or sprinkled on corn, half a drachm of citrate of iron and ammonia. Gently wash and oil the sheath.

Urticaria.

E. F. G., Sterling, Pa.: Your horse is troubled with urticaria, which results from drinking cold water when heated, mental emotions, worms, and eating certain kinds of food. There is a sudden breaking out of rash on the body, varying in color. The digestive organs must be regulated. Give, as a laxative, two drachms of aloes and three-fourths of an ounce of bicarbonate of soda as a drench in a pint of warm water. Follow this with half an ounce of bicarbonate of soda twice a day, dissolved in water, for three days. Bathe the eruption with sugar of lead—one drachm to the pint of water. Give bran mashes twice a week for two or three weeks. Feed no corn while the horse is under treatment. This is not a dangerous trouble.

Onion Raising.

J. G. S., Chenoa, Illinois: In raising onions, to procure the sets, choose a poor piece of ground, thoroughly pulverize it, and sow seed early in the spring in rows nine or ten inches apart. Take up the sets in August, dry them, and house until the following spring. Keep the sets covered with straw or chaff four or five inches deep during winter, to prevent freezing. To raise onions, pick out a good piece of ground, put on 20 cart loads—about 50 bushels—of well rotted manure to the acre. Then plow this in in the fall, but do not harrow. Ashes are also good, at the rate of 100 to 200 bushels per acre. In the spring, harrow thoroughly, pulverizing the ground well and making an inch very mellow. Plant the sets as soon as the ground is dry. Stretch a line along the ground, making it as straight as possible. This will be a guide for the other lines. Make rows nine inches apart, and plant the sets two to three inches apart. As soon as the onions come above the ground begin to hoe between the rows to keep down weeds. Onion seed or sets may be purchased of seedsmen or at the seed stores. The quantity of sets required for an acre of ground is from six to ten bushels.

Rheumatism—Farcy.

C. H. J., Pekin, Ill.: If your mule has rheumatism, as you say he has, take of powdered colchicum seed, one ounce; nitrate of potash, one ounce; fenugreek seed, two drachms. Mix and make twelve powders, giving one night and morning in soft feed. Wrap the joints of the legs with flannels, after bathing well with salt and vinegar. The bathing should be done twice a day. If he has a sprain of the shoulder he will show it by dragging his foot, and swinging it outward. If this be the case, rub the shoulder with oil of turpentine, 1 oz.; spirits of camphor, 2 ozs. This will do for several applications. If your other mule has acute farcy, there is little hope for a cure. It is a dangerous disease. If it be chronic farcy give him this twice daily for some time: Sulphate of copper, 1 dr.; iodine, 1 dr.

"Pipe" in Horse's Ear.

R. S., Wyoming territory: For the "pipe" that is in the base of your horse's ear that discharges, open it up, make it sore around the edges, and inject in the pipe carbolic acid one part, water ten parts.

Grafting Wax.

A. S. D., Dublin, O.: Grafting wax is made by melting equal parts of resin, beeswax and tallow together. The proportions are made to suit the weather. You do not say what you want to graft. Your question of grafting scions would be answered with the grafting question if we knew what you wish to graft.

Scratches—Filled Legs.

E. J. B., Fairfax, Vermont: For the scratches in your horse, use powdered alum, two drachms; sulphate of zinc, 20 grains; water, one pint. Wash with soap and water before applying. Apply freely to the cracks and dress with vaseline. Give gentle exercise, but not on bad roads or in mud. Give this internally: Venus turpentine, 1½ ounces; oil of juniper, one drachm; powdered resin, 4½ ounces; nitre, three ounces; hard dried soap, three ounces. Mix the resin, soap and turpentine together, and, when cooling, stir in the juniper and nitre. For twelve boluses, one for a dose daily.

Ventilating A Barn.

A Subscriber, Hutchinson, Minnesota: To ventilate a barn, run an air-box eight inches square through the entire building, each end being opened to the air, but protected by a screen of slats or wire. It may be about even with the nostrils of the horse, and openings an inch square made in it in each stall.

Eczema.

C. K. C.:—Your colt has an attack of eczema. As you do not give his age, we can not tell you exactly how much of anything to give him. We shall give you the treatment for an animal full grown, and you may judge about the quantity necessary. First give powdered aloes, 2½ drachms; bicarbonate of soda, one ounce. Follow this with bisulphate of soda, one ounce; powdered gentian half an ounce, make into a ball and give night and morning. Wash the animal with soap and water, dry thoroughly and apply this to the whole of the diseased surface, leaving it on two or three days, then wash off with a strong soap and water: Flour of sulphur, ¼ lb.; carbonate of potash, ⅛ lb.; carbolic acid, ½ oz.; unsalted lard 8 ozs. Mix with gentle heat. Do not use currycomb on any other horse.

Warbles—Grubs.

F. B., (No State given): The cause of "worms" in the back of cattle was explained last week.

Lingering Effects of Distemper.

F. M. H., Dakota: Give your horse a purge of three drachms of aloes and one ounce of bicarbonate of soda. After this wash the parts affected with carbolic acid, one part; water, ten parts. Do not feed much corn for a month.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Things That Will Interest Both Ladies and Gentlemen.

Egg Eaters.

If A. D. W., Franklin, Ind., will keep his chickens' trough well filled with wet bran I think he will have no more trouble about their eating eggs.—A. H.

Feather Eating—Roup.

Mrs. S. D. Johnson says the feathers are coming off the necks of her chickens; also, that one of her hens has swelled eyes. It looks very much as if her hens have contracted the bad habit of feather pulling. Where raw meat is fed to any extent the quills become filled with blood, and the fowls pick at each other to get the blood. Keep a sharp lookout for the "pullers," and separate them from the other. Feed lime in some form. Take all the old bones you can find; heat them in the oven of your stove to make them brittle; then break them fine with a hammer, and feed the fowls. Put a small lump of lime in the drinking water twice a week. A generous supply of meat, cooked, should be given—any kind of butchers' scraps will do. Sometimes poultry are attacked with white comb, so called, and the feathers come off the necks. It may be cured by rubbing the heads and necks with lard, one and a half ounces; carbolic acid, half a drachm. Mix well. For roup there are many remedies, which, if used in time, will cure. Give each fowl affected a teaspoonful of castor oil. Wash the heads with warm water, ten parts, carbolic acid, one part. Feed warm feed, in which there is a strong taste of red pepper. Clear nasal passages with carbolic acid and water in proportions above given. In the warm feed give sulphur in the ratio of a teaspoonful to every seven fowls, and eight drops of the tincture of iron to each fowl. Be sure there is no direct or top draught on your fowls. Read the remedy of C. H. Jacobs, in this number. We know it to be good. A sick fowl should at once be separated from the balance of the flock —Ed.]

Roup—Egg Eating.

Editor Blade Farm:—The last two numbers of the Blade Farm contained advices how to break hens of egg-eating, but I think the way I broke my hens of the habit two years ago this winter the most effective and convenient: Find out which hens do the mischief. Put them by themselves; lay half a dozen china eggs on the ground. If an egg is laid by any of the hens, take it away from it, and if you do this for three or four days your hens will not eat eggs. One or more china eggs should always be on the ground of the chicken house and their yard. I have for my number of hens, (86) two dozen china eggs, one in each nest where they lay, and if a hen gets the fever to set she will get two or three china eggs until two or three more want to set.

To Preserve Eggs—Butter.

Editor Blade Farm:—Seeing an inquiry in the Blade how to preserve eggs, will answer. I have tried all ways, but find sand the best. I take fine, dry sand, put the eggs in it, little end down, in layers, with sand between. Mine kept fresh all winter; also butter. When I churn, I sprinkle a little sugar in with the salt when I work it, keeping it fresh and sweet, so as not to taste too salty.—L. D. Hill, Osage, Iowa.

More About Egg Eating.

Editor Blade Farm:—I see in the Blade different methods to stop hens from eating their eggs. I had some trouble that way years ago. I put a plat stone in the hen-roost, then I took some clam shells and a hammer and broke the shells fine enough so that the hens could swallow them. I do that every few days all winter. I have not had an egg eaten since. The hens think as much of the shells as a Yankee does of pumpkin pie.—H. Hitchcock, New Lebanon.

Poultry for Eggs.

Editor Blade Farm:—Will some one who is experienced in raising hens extensively, for the eggs, be so kind as to inform me through the Blade Farm the most successful way, and what kind of food would be best?—B. T. Wilkinson, Darke County, Ohio.

Radish Culture.

Editor Blade Farm:—To comply with the request of "G. W. B.," of Bay Springs, Mich., concerning radish culture, I will say that I have been in the market garden business for about fifteen years, and find this the best and surest mode for producing nice early radish: Sow about the 20th of March in loose black land, or on a warm hillside or any well-sheltered place from the north winds. Sandy lands should be well manured with old rotten manure. Sow in drills fifteen inches apart, and as soon as the plants are all up, begin to loosen around the roots with a good sharp hoe. Never wait for weeds in spring. Hoe regularly after every rain as soon as the ground is dry enough to not bake. When the plants are an inch high thin out to two inches. As for "sort," for very early, the French Breakfast is about the earliest, but for standard and market the white turnip radish, red turnip, scarlet short top and white Strausburg are the best. The Cartier is also a fine radish, grown in heavy ground well manured.—G. J. White, Lawrence, Kansas.

Received.

Seed Annual of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., 1888. This firm always gets up a neat, handsome catalogue, and the present one is equal to the best. It has 125 pages, and the descriptive lists of vegetable and flower seeds, trees, bulbs, farm and garden implements is so full that the best selections may be made.

Descriptive catalogue of grapevines, small fruit plants, etc., Lewis Roesch, Fredonia, N. Y. Has several illustrations of grapes, strawberries, blackberries, etc. The picture of the choice new early white grape, "Diamond," is very pretty.

"Agricultural Education," an address delivered before the Farmers' Institute of the Seventh Congressional district of Illinois, at Galva, March 9, 1887, by Col. J. McClenahan, and outline of plan reported by committee. The address is an able one, and the report of the committee on agricultural education is one that should attract much attention.

LIBBY PRISON.

There is No Longer Any Doubt but What It Will Go To Chicago.

Chicago, March 2.—There is no longer any question about the removal of the Libby prison to Chicago. The final transaction was completed yesterday, and the building is now the property of a local syndicate, whose purpose is to transplant it in this city by June 1.

The parties interested assert that it will not be converted into a chamber of horrors, but that it will be made an interesting place of resort alike unobjectionable to Northern and Southern people.

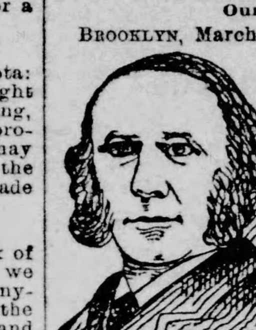
To more show the friendly feeling of the leading citizens of Richmond toward this project, it is announced that a number of them have signified their willingness to come to Chicago and deliver addresses at the opening ceremonies.

"I Don't Want Relief, but Cure,"

is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

TALMAGE ON 'SONGS IN THE NIGHT.'

The Savior's Love the Most Fascinating of Themes—The Bible's Praises of Our Lord.



Brooklyn, March 4.—Exercises at the Tabernacle this morning were jubilant. One hundred and twenty members were given the right hand of fellowship, making the communicant membership 4,150. Thousands of strangers were present.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., took as the subject of his discourse: "A Song Concerning My Beloved." His text was Isaiah v, 1: "Now I will sing to my beloved a song of my beloved." Dr. Talmage said:

The most fascinating theme for a heart properly attuned is the Savior. There is something in the morning light to suggest him, and something in the evening shadow to speak his praise. The flower breathes him, the star shines him, the cascade proclaims him, all the voices of nature chant him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful, if you only listen to it, will speak his praise. When I come in the summer time and pluck a flower, I think of him who is "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." When, in very hot weather, I come under a projecting cliff, I say:

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee!

Over the old-fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the sounding board, and then was struck back again upon the ears of the people. And so the ten thousand voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board, which strikes back to the ear of all the nations the praises of Christ. The heavens tell his glory and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured the light of a glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the seventh heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders and the rushing wings of the seraphim.

Instead of waiting until you get sick and worn out before you speak the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest, and your step is lightest, and your fortunes smile, and your pathway blossoms, and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.

The old Greek orators, when they saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble, and trials, and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

Taking the suggestion of the text, I shall speak to you of Christ, our song. I remark in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle song. What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul, and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead, and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel in re-cutting your name on the tombstone, your great grandchildren will be singing the song which this afternoon you sing to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or fifteen distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have ten thousand echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh, if mother only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our homes would chime with the songs of Jesus!

We want some counteracting influence upon our children. The very moment your child steps into the street, he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants; they must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting damning influence of the streets! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life of Jesus; let that name be the word that shall exercise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascination of music, morning, noon and night; let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You can not help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face, with laughing blue eyes, come for a kiss; but only a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it; and bitter desolation, and a sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed, and a wet pillow, and a grave, and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it. The heavenly Shepherd will take that lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful; but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The account said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother good-by, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer, and then died."

Oh, if I could gather up in one paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks, and the folded hands, and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of heaven's great doxologies!

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged ear. The school girl asks for a schottisch or a glee; but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the psalm book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang forty years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day the choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it; but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated, and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust, and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit, and sounding the good tidings of great joy.

I was one Thanksgiving day in my pulpit, in Syracuse, N. Y., and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at 98 years of age, stood beside me. The choir sang a tune. I said: "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it." "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that 70 years ago!"

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire and kindled a glory on their vision that our younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation—Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consecrated, and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their departed. Bless the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise: "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the worn out pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his redeemer! Blessed the hymn book in which the faltering tongue and the failing eyes find Jesus, the old man's song.

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on cold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said: "Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus, and to get down and pray; then I just take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star, domestic bereavement has put out a thousand lights, and gloom has been added to gloom, and chill to chill, and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness; but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you can sing:

> Jesus, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly,
> While the billows near me roll,
> While the tempest still is high
> Hide me, oh, my Savior! hide
> Till the storm of life is past,
> Safe into the haven guide;
> Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temple, or pour out the soothing anodyne, or utter one cheerful word—yet songs in the night! For the poor who freeze in the winter's cold, and swelter in the summer's heat, and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums, and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched, and tremble because rent day has come and they may be set out on the sidewalk, and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there, coming home from the bakery, and saying, in the presence of the little famished ones: "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, "slain by the sharpshooters," and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhausting cough, and pale cheek and the lusterless eye, and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gun shot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured into his own groan, the blasphemy of others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers. Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! "Ah!" said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night!

The Sabbath day has come. From the altars of ten thousand churches has smoked up the savor of sacrifice. Ministers of the gospel are now preaching in plain English, in broad Scotch, in flowing Italian, in harsh Choctaw. God's people have assembled in Hindoo temple, and Moravian church, and Quaker meeting house, and sailor's bethel, and king's chapel, and high towered cathedral. They sang, and the song floated off amidst the spice groves, or struck the icebergs, or floated off into the western pines, or was drowned in the clamor of the great cities. Lumbermen sang it, and the factory girls, and the children in the Sabbath class, and the trained choirs in great assemblages. Trappers, with the same voice with which they shouted yesterday in the stag hunt, and mariners with throats that only a few days ago sounded in the hoarse blast of the sea hurricane, they sang it. One theme for the sermons. One burden for the song. Jesus for the invocation. Jesus for the Scripture lesson. Jesus for the baptismal font. Jesus for the sacremental cup. Jesus for the benediction. But the day will go by. It will roll away on swift wheels of light and love. Again the churches will be lighted. Tides of people again setting down the streets. Whole families coming up the church isle. We must have one more sermon, two prayers, three songs and ont benediction. What shall we preach to-night? What shall we read? What shall it be, children? Aged men and women, what shall it be? Young men and maidens, what shall it be? If you dared to break the silence of this auditory there would come up thousands of quick and jubilant voices crying out, "Let it be Jesus, Jesus!"

We sing his birth—the barn that sheltered him, the mother that nursed him, the cattle that fed beside him, the angels that woke up the shepherds, shaking light over the midnight hills. We sing his ministry—the tears he wiped away from the eyes of the orphans; the lame men that forgot their crutches; the damsel who from the bier bounded out into the sunlight, her locks shaking down over the flushed cheek; the hungry thousand who broke the bread as it blossomed into larger loaves—that miracle by which a boy with five loaves and two fishes became the sutler for a whole army. We sing his sorrows—his stone-bruised feet, his aching heart, his mountain loneliness, his desert hunger, his storm pelted body, the eternity of anguish that shot through his last moments, and the immeasurable ocean of torment that heaved up against his cross in one foaming, wrathful, omnipotent surge, the sun dashed out, and the dead, shroud-wrapped, breaking open their sepulchers, and rushing out to see what was the matter. We sing his resurrection—the guard that could not keep him; the sorrow of his disciples; the clouds piling up on either side in pillared splendors as he went through, treading the pathless air, higher and higher, until he came to the foot of the throne, and all heaven kept jubilee at the return of the conqueror.

I say once more, Christ is the everlasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired; the strongest throat sometimes get weary, and many who sang very sweetly do not sing now, but I hope by the grace of God we will, after a while, go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start the tears, they turn the heart in on itself, and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathedral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven; all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

> Jerusalem, my happy home,
> Name ever dear to me;
> When shall my labors have an end
> In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn, and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in; and so in heaven it will be a harvest song on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in! Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills crying: "Harvest home! harvest home!"

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sailors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes; the music is weird and thrilling. So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once, and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress booming through the storm; but the pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the lighthouses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Ah, it will be the children's song. You know very well that the vast majority of our race die in infancy, and it is estimated that eighteen thousand millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the missions and the millions of the little ones—ah! that will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre; these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons—children everywhere in all that land; children in the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battlements. Ah, if you do not like children, do not go there. They are in vast majority, and what a song when they lift it around about the throne!

The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in the song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amidst threshing floors, shepherds who watched amidst Chaldean hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos; it came to Calvin in the prison; it dropped to John Knox in the fire; and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks over the battlements of heaven.

A Christian woman, the wife of a minister of the gospel, was dying in the parsonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night; they have been rehearsing there for an hour." "No," said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are, I hear them sing; how very sweetly they sing!" Now it was not a choir of earth that she heard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper cannot hold it.

I wonder, will you sing that song? Will I sing it? Not unless our sins are pardoned, and we learn how to sing the praise of Christ, will we ever sing it there. The first great concert that I ever attended was in New York, when Julien, in the Crystal Palace, stood before hundreds of singers and hundreds of players upon instruments. Some of you may remember that occasion; it was the first one of that kind at which I was present, and I shall never forget it. I saw that one man standing, and with the hand and foot wield that great harmony, beating the time. It was to me overwhelming. But oh, the grander scene when they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, "a great multitude that no man can number," into the temple of the skies, host beyond host, rank beyond rank, gallery above gallery, and Jesus shall stand before the great host to conduct the harmony, with his wounded hands and his wounded feet. Like the voice of many waters, like the voice of mighty thunderings, they shall cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessings, and riches, and honor, and glory, and power, world without end. Amen and amen!" Oh, if my ear shall hear no other sweet sounds, may I hear that! If I join no other glad assemblage, may I join that!

I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured; and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David; and when he came to the word, "Not unto us, O, Lord, but unto thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavalry discounted, and all the great host, officers and men, threw themselves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Savior's love and the Savior's deliverance, shall we not prostrate ourselves before him now, hosts of earth and hosts of heaven, fallen upon our faces, and crying, "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory!"

THE STATE OF TRADE.

Actual Business Satisfactory, but Some Doubt as to the Future—Failures and the Regular Barometer.

R. G. Dun & Co., in their review of trade for the week ending Saturday March 3, say: Actual business is satisfactory for the season but prospects are confused and uncertain. In some directions they are promising, but in other branches of large importance they are decidedly clouded. The passage by the House of the bill authorizing bond purchases was designed to remove the monetary uncertainly, the influence of which is felt in all trade industry.

Whether the Senate will pass the bill in its present form is not yet certain. Secretary Fairchild's report makes it questionable whether the measure, if passed, would prove an adequete reliance for the prevention of the treasury absorption of money.

Many think it will give full relief, and that impression gave a hopefulness to the stock market for one day. Lower prices immediately followed. The average decline for the week has been about $1 per share. Western railroad wars and strikes continue to disturb business.

Because of cuts by the Canadian lines, the Eastern trunk roads announce a reduction of 10 per cent. on east and west-bound rates for March 5. Efforts to settle the Western war were defeated Thursday by St. Paul. Only a partial revival of traffic on the Burlington & Quincy has been attained.

At prevailing rates business is not so profitable that company is impatient.

While the earnings of railroads continue to show that a large quantity of freight for the season is in motion, rates are dropping, expenses on many lines are increasing, the Pennsylvania having advanced wages on western lines 10 per cent.

An important cause of the uncertainty in many branches of trade is the movement to change the tariff. Whether the proposed changes is deemed desirable or not these who think them probable are for that reason moved to defer business operations. The bill submitted Thursday would effect so many industries and branches of trade that individual opinions, favorable and unfavorable to it, must considerably influence transactions while it r mains pending.

It was at a time when, for other reasons, there is hesitation in most of the branches chiefly concerned and increases that hesitation. It is characteristic of many trades at present that purchasers and operations are limited.

In cottons, the recent signs of halting may be attributed to unusually large dealings in the past.

In sugar and numerous other trades, the operations of trusts and combinations cause uncertainity.

The coal business since the strikes began to collapse has been marked by only hand to mouth dealings.

Prices of wool are steady with Ohio XX at 32. Buyers have been operating with some freedom, but any advance has been resisted.

Large failures in the lumber and salt interests in Michigan, following the remarkable shrinkage in the demand for iron ore, indicates a prospect that that region is not wholly unclouded.

Elsewhere the iron trade is hesitating, with somewhat lower price at Pittsburg, while the Youngstown works resolve to close unless better rail rates enable them to meet southern competition.

In the East the supply increases, while the orders halt.

No unfavorable indications appear in the reports of trade or of collections in any part of the country. Money everywhere comparatively easy.

The volume of trade, represented by payments through the clearing houses, is about 2½ per cent. larger than last year, outside of New York, but with noticeable losses at Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Kansas City.

Business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number for the United States 202; Canada, 42; total, 246—as compared with a total of 270 last week and 273 the week previous.

For the corresponding week last year the figures in the United States were 203; Canada, 26; total, 229.

SMALLPOX ABROAD.

The French Steamer Normandie Detained in New York Harbor With a Case of the Dread Disease.

New York, March 5.—The French steamer Normandie, which arrived this morning from Havre, is detained at quarantine on account of a case of smallpox in the steerage.

She is expected to get up to the city this afternoon.

[Copyright, 1887.]

The only medicine for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years. Did this medicine not possess extraordinary curative properties this offer could not be made by a house of well-known responsibility and integrity.

The Outgrowth of a Vast Experience.

The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

A Boon To Women. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar diseases.

A Powerful Tonic. As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

A Soothing Nervine. As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

A Mother's Cordial. In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up during the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

Cures the Worst Cases. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

For the Kidneys. "Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

The following words, in praise of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a remedy for those delicate diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women, must be of interest to every sufferer from such maladies. They are fair samples of the spontaneous expressions with which thousands give utterance to their sense of gratitude for the inestimable boon of health which has been restored to them by the use of this world-famed remedy.

Bed-Fast For Months. Rev. Sidney C. Davis, Pastor of First Baptist Church, *Berrien Springs, Mich.*, writes: "I wish in this letter to express my gratitude for Mrs. Davis and myself for the great good which has been accomplished in her case by the use of your proprietary medicines. When she began to take them she could not endure the least jar, could walk but a very few steps at a time, and could only sit up about thirty minutes at a time. When we look back to the 'dark age' of our married life, when disappointment and discouragement hovered like a cloud of thick darkness about our home, we rejoice together and thank God that in your treatment was found the power to dispel darkness by bringing back health and joy. Mrs. Davis is now strong and vigorous. We have a daughter fourteen months old who, as yet, has known no sickness. Those who visit us from our old field of labor, and were acquainted with Mrs. Davis' condition while there, express the greatest surprise to see how thorough is her recovery. It has now been nearly two years since Mrs. Davis ceased taking the medicine. When we consider that she had kept her bed the greater part of the time for fourteen months, and would lose repeatedly the advance she had made, her cure seems miraculous. We had almost lost confidence in medical practitioners and advertised remedies, but have found in your Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Pellets the remedies needed."

$100 Thrown Away. John E. Segar, of *Millenbeck, Va.*, writes: "My wife had been suffering for two or three years with female weakness, and had paid out one hundred dollars to physicians without relief. She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it did her more good than all the medicine given to her by the physicians during the three years they had been practicing upon her."

The Greatest Earthly Boon. Mrs. George Herger, of *Westfield, N. Y.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from leucorrhea, bearing-down pains, and pain continually across my back. Three bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' restored me to perfect health. I treated with Dr. ——, for nine months, without receiving any benefit. The 'Favorite Prescription' is the greatest earthly boon to us poor suffering women."

Female Weakness.—Rebecca Hicks, of *Jeroldstown, Greene Co., Tenn.*, says: "Three years ago you advised me to use your 'Favorite Prescription' for female weakness, which I did according to directions, and it cured me of the disease. Other doctors had failed to do me any good. I have not had a symptom of the disease since."

It Works Wonders. Mrs. May Gleason, of *Nunica, Ottawa Co., Mich.*, writes: "Your 'Favorite Prescription' has worked wonders in my case."

Again she writes: "Having taken several bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' I have regained my health wonderfully, to the astonishment of myself and friends. I can now be on my feet all day, attending to the duties of my household."

Threw Away Her Supporter. Mrs. Sophia F. Boswell, *White Cottage, O.*, writes: "I took eleven bottles of your 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Pellets.' I am doing my work, and have been for some time. I have had to employ help for about sixteen years before I commenced taking your medicine. I have had to wear a supporter most of the time; this I have laid aside, and feel as well as I ever did."

TREATING THE WRONG DISEASE.

Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only *symptoms* caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, *directed to the cause* would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

3 Physicians Failed. Mrs. E. F. Morgan, of *No. 71 Lexington St., East Boston, Mass.*, says: "Five years ago I was a dreadful sufferer from uterine troubles. Having exhausted the skill of three physicians, I was completely discouraged, and so weak I could with difficulty cross the room alone. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and using the local treatment recommended in his 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' I commenced to improve at once. In three months I was *perfectly cured*, and have had no trouble since. I wrote a letter to my family paper, briefly mentioning how my health had been restored, and offering to send the full particulars to any one writing me for them, *and enclosing a stamped-envelope for reply*. I have received over four hundred letters. In reply, I have described my case and the treatment used, and have earnestly advised them to 'do likewise.' From a great many I have received second letters of thanks, stating that they had commenced the use of 'Favorite Prescription,' had sent the $1.50 required for the 'Medical Adviser,' and had applied the local treatment so fully and plainly laid down therein, and were much better already."

Indispensable.—John L. Bufkin, of *Vossburg, Miss.*, says: "We have been using your medicines for many years in our family, and they have given wonderful satisfaction. My wife thinks they have not an equal; especially does she regard your 'Favorite Prescription' as indispensable."

Jealous Doctors. **A Marvelous Cure.**—Mrs. G. F. Sprague, of *Crystal, Mich.*, writes: "I was troubled with female weakness, leucorrhea and falling of the womb for seven years, so I had to keep my bed for a good part of the time. I doctored with an army of different physicians, and spent large sums of money, but received no lasting benefit. At last my husband persuaded me to try your medicines, which I was loath to do, because I was prejudiced against them, and the doctors said they would do me no good. I finally told my husband that if he would get some of your medicines, I would try them against the advice of my physician. He got me six bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' also six bottles of the 'Discovery,' for ten dollars. I took three bottles of 'Discovery' and four of 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have been a sound woman for four years. I then gave the balance of the medicine to my sister, who was troubled in the same way, and she cured herself in a short time. I have not had to take any medicine now for almost four years."

Retroverted Womb.—Mrs. Eva Kohler, of *Crab Orchard, Neb.*, writes: "Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done me a great deal of good. I suffered from retroversion of the uterus, for which I took two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription,' and I am now feeling like a different woman."

A Voice From California. Mrs. Ed. M. Campbell, of *Oakland, California*, writes: "I had been troubled all my life with hysterical attacks and paroxysms, or spasms, and periodical recurrences of severe headache, but since I have been using your 'Favorite Prescription' I have had none of these. I also had womb complaint so bad that I could not walk two blocks without the most severe pain, but before I had taken your 'Favorite Prescription' two months, I could walk all over the city without inconvenience. All my troubles seem to be leaving me under the benign influence of your medicine, and I now feel smarter than for years before. My physicians told me that I could not be cured, and therefore you will please accept my everlasting thanks for what you have done for me, and may God bless you in your good works."

Later, she writes: "It is now four years since I took your 'Favorite Prescription,' and I have had no return of the female trouble I had then."

Well as I Ever Was.—Mrs. John Stewart, of *Chippewa Falls, Wis.*, writes: "I wish to inform you that I am as well as I ever was, for which I thank your medicines. I took four bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of your 'Discovery' and four bottles of the 'Pellets.' All of the bad symptoms have disappeared. I do all my own work; am able to be on my feet all day. My friends tell me I never looked so well."

A Grateful Patient. Mrs. A. M. Ratcliff, of *McCune, Crawford Co., Kansas*, writes: "I have received great benefit from taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and Pellets. You cannot know how grateful I am to you."

Doctors Failed.—Mrs. F. Corwin, of *Post Creek, N. Y.*, writes: "I doctored with three or four of the best doctors in these parts, and I grew worse until I wrote to you and began using your 'Favorite Prescription.' I used three bottles of it and two of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' also one and a half bottles of the 'Purgative Pellets.' I can do my work and sew and walk all I care to, and am in better health than I ever expected to be in this world again. I owe it all to your wonderful medicines."

☞ *Favorite Prescription is Sold by Druggists the World Over. Large Bottles $1.00, Six for $5.00.*

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of Women. Address,

World's Dispensary Medical Association,
Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute,
No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets

Size of Pellets. ○○ ○○

The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

PURELY VEGETABLE! PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

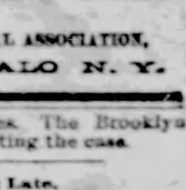
As a LIVER PILL, they are Unequaled!

SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE!

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr Pierce's Pellets, which are little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. ONE PELLET A DOSE.

BEING PURELY VEGETABLE

in their composition, Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a gentle laxative, alterative, or active purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.



SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pellets. In explanation of their remedial power over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. 25 cents a vial; by druggists.

Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaarpilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process unknown to any other medicine, and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. The same success is extending all over the country.

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes That Tired Feeling, creates an appetite, tones the digestive organs and the nervous system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is peculiar in being the only medicine of which can truly be said, "100 Doses One Dollar," which is an unanswerable argument as to its strength and economy. If you make up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not allow polite persuasion or argument to induce you to take anything else. Insist upon having

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar.

HE HAD SEVEN WIVES.

And They All Put in an Appearance at his Funeral.

New York, March 5.—Four women, each claiming to be the widow of ex-Fire Commissioner Philip F. Brennan, of Brooklyn, whose death is still a mystery, attended the funeral services over the remains in the Fourteenth Regiment armory, Brooklyn, yesterday. When the Rev. Mason Gallagher, chaplain of Grant Post, G. A. R., was about to begin the services, Mrs. Emma Brennan, with whom Mr. Brennan lived, entered the room and took a stand in the rear of the throng, while another woman who called herself Mrs. Clara Brennan, and who claims to have been married to Brennan in 1875, stood near.

A third alleged Mrs. Brennan, who says she wedded the ex-fire commissioner in 1880, occupied a front seat with two female friends. Mrs. Brainard, who avers that she was joined in matrimony to Brennan two years ago, the fourth alleged spouse, had been present, but did not wait for the funeral service, as she was persuaded to leave the Armory a few hours before the ceremony was begun to avoid the possibility of a scene.

When it came time for the mourners to take a last look at the remains, members of the regiment veteran corps gathered around the casket in order to keep the alleged widows from creating a scene. It is said that three other women who claimed the ex-fire commissioner as their husband were also present.

Everything passed over quietly and the remains were then taken to Cypress Hills cemetery, accompanied by the Fourteenth regiment veteran corps and Rankin and Grant posts G. A. R. After the Grand Army ritual had been read, the women, who would not relinquish their claims as widows of the dead man, were quietly but decisively led to their carriages and driven off.

One lingered, however, and sent for Gen. McEleer, telling the messenger to say that a lady from Chicago desired to see him.

He answered the call, and was greeted by a woman who claimed she had been married to Brennan. Her actions were very mysterious, and she said but little. A man who attended the funeral told a reporter that her name was Schuyler, and that she lived in this city, although a former Brooklynite.

Mrs. Brainard, who left the Armory before the services began, joined the funeral cortege just as it was starting for the cemetery.

It is said that the ex-fire commissioner's friends claim that threats were frequently made against him, and that he seemed in terror of some enemies. The Brooklyn police are still investigating the case.

Will fit out Late.

Cleveland, March 5.—The vessel owners of Cleveland are meeting to-day to consider the advisability of not fitting out their boats till May 1, or later if necessary. The waiting policy which is displayed in all branches of the iron market prevents sales of ore for next season's delivery, and of course there can be no talk of vessel contracts. Fully one-half of the floating property engaged in the ore and bituminous coal trade is owned here, and an agreement to the proposed plan has already been obtained from the men who control this tonnage.

A Slave to His Crime.

Kansas City, Mo., March 5.—George Pendergan, alias George Perry, who died Saturday night, has a peculiar history. He was employed at the State National bank in Springfield and purloined some funds from the safe and escaped.

He came to Kansas City and obtained a position, done well, saved money, and at his death had paid back nearly all the money taken from the bank.

A representative of the bank had traced him here and agreed with him not to prosecute if restitution was made.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Manitobans are talking of rebellion.

Prince William has gone to San Remo.

The Pope and the Czar are unable to come to terms.

Avalanches in the Trentine Valley have killed 20 persons.

The Pacific railroad telegraph bill has passed the House.

The sentence of M. Wilson is generally approved at Paris.

Garrett Roach, son of the late John Roach, the shipbuilder, died of pneumonia.

Unemployed workingmen are Rome engaged in a riot and pillaged the bake shops.

Mrs. Langtry received the news of the death of her father, Dean Le Breton, Wednesday.

A violent sand storm has been raging in Egypt since Saturday, stopping traffic on the Suez canal.

Henry C. Seymour, successor to Seth C. Moffatt, of Michigan, has taken the oath of office as Congressman.

Canadian lumbermen generally welcome the intelligence that the American government will take the duty off lumber.

Constantinople dispatch: The sarcophagus containing the body of Alexander the Great has been discovered at Saida.

Count De Lesseps tells his stockholders that the biggest vessels afloat will be going through the Panama canal in 1890.

Justin McCarthy has declined to become a deputy speaker of the House of Commons, giving as his reason that he is near-sighted.

The President of Mexico has given an audience to the new American minister, Gen. Bragg, who enters on the formal discharge of his duties to-day.

A dispatch received at Cambridge, Mass., says the new comet discovered by Cape Town astronomers is of the seventh magnitude, with a tail two degrees long.

Mr. Labouchere thinks Mr. Chamberlain and his commission have been spending too much money in this country, and wants Parliament to cut down their expense bill.

The Mississippi Senate, by a vote of 26 to 7, has agreed to subscribe $10,000 to a Confederate monument fund. The site selected for the monument is south of the capitol grounds.

The venerable Dayton banker, Valentine Winters, gave a family dinner and distributed half a million dollars of his estate among his six children and heir's two others. In the year 1882 he gave them $400,000.

All railway traffic in Sweden and Denmark has been stopped by heavy snow falls. Traffic on the lines in Northeast Germany is also interrupted. Dantzic is completely cut off from the world.

Grand Master Workman Powderly has issued an appeal to the Knights of Labor and workingmen to give aid to the miners of the Lehigh Valley who have been on a strike since last September.

The announcement of the death of Prince Hohenlohe Oehringin, third secretary of the German embassy at St. Petersbuag, who recently shot himself with suicidal intent, was incorrect. He is recovering from his wound.

At Chicago, 1,200 painters, Knights of Labor have decided to strike on March 15, if the recent demand for a minmum rate of 37½ cents an hour for an eight-hour day is not complied with. For the past year the minimum was 27½ cents an hour.

The following is a statement of the visible supply of grain in store and afloat on Saturday, March 3, as compiled by the New York Exchange: Wheat 37,515,953 bushels; decrease, 945,522. Corn, 8,141,652 bushels; increase, 293,420. Oats, 4,750,851 bushels; decrease, 121,312. Rye, 382,397 bushels; increase, 5,405. Barley, 2,409,351 bushels; decrease, 77,366.

CONKLING IS OUT.

He Really Likes to Have His Name Mentioned for the Presidency.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 29.—The Conkling club here received the following reply to a letter proposing him for President:

"NEW YORK, Feb. 25, 1888.

"MY DEAR SIR:—Setting great store by the good opinion of my countrymen, I warmly appreciate the fact announced in your letter of the 17th, that the citizens of Pittsburg have organized a club to indicate their wish that the Republican party may make me its candidate for President of the United States.

"Not being an aspirant, and not supposing a party with so many tried and distinguished men to choose from, would wish me to become the bearer of its standard, the honor you and others have so unexpectedly done me is gratifying not so much as a political act, but rather as an evidence of personal kindness and confidence. Regarding the formation of the club in this light I am grateful to its members and promoters for all their action implies. I shall remember and value it always, without reference to candidates.

"It will be a great satisfaction if the club bearing my name shall contribute in any way to reinstate the organization whose wisdom and earnestness proved so useful during the most tragic and trying period of our history. To see that party again triumphant, united and worthy of itself and its past—the brave, honest champion of the right and the welfare and progress of 63,000,000 people, is inspiration enough for all Republicans. In that hope I unite with you and with all who cherish it in sincerity. Respectfully yours,

"ROSCOE CONKLING."

COL. CASH DEAD.

Reminiscences of a Noted South Carolina Duelist and "Fire-Eater."

COLUMBIA, S. C., Feb. 29.—Col. B. C. Cash, the famous duelist and "fire eater" who killed Col. William M. Shannon, a prominent lawyer, in a duel in August, 1880, and who subsequently for ten days defied the entire power of the state to arrest him, died at his home in Chesterfield county Saturday, of paralysis, aged 60 years. He was buried on Sunday in the grounds adjoining the Cash mansion, beside his son, Baggan Cash, a young desperado who was shot and killed by a sheriff's posse five years ago while resisting arrest for the murder of the town marshal of Cheraw.

Before the abolition of slavery Col. Cash owned a large plantation and several hundred slaves. At the outbreak of the war he was one of the first in the field and commanded the 8th South Carolina regiment at the first Bull Run. He was a bold and desperate fighter. After the war he settled upon his lands and became a planter. He was a great sporting man and owned many fine horses. He had a very quick temper and since the war has killed four men. Two of these were negroes, whom he killed for some slight provocation.

In 1880 Cash fought the famous duel with Col. Shannon. The difficulty grew out of a quarrel between the ladies of the families regarding the division of some property. Col. Shannon, although an old man, accepted Cash's challenge, and was shot through the heart. The people of the state condemned this duel so severely that shortly afterwards the legislature passed the anti-dueling law, putting the duelist on the same footing with the ordinary murderer. The Cash Shannon duel was, therefore, the last which will probably ever be fought in this state.

IOWA'S RAILROAD BILL.

Opponents and Supports Striving to Make Political Capital Out of the Measure.

DES MOINES, Feb. 29.—The Republican State convention, which meets here on March 21, promises to be an interesting event. Many Senators will favor postponing action on the railroad bills now pending in the Legislature until the party can be heard from in this convention. Both factions are bending every energy to secure a majority of the delegates. It is even hinted, and quite broadly, too, that the convention was called thus early to allow the railroad men to get in their work on the delegates, and thus call a halt to all extreme legislation, for there is no doubt that the enactment of many of the radical measures proposed would greatly weaken Allison in the financial centers of the East.

It is conceded that Allison will be the unanimous choice of the convention, but any conflict over pending legislation might complicate matters and render success at the election uncertain. The St. Johnites are already in the field and making desperate efforts to organize the third party, and many Republicans feel that unanimity and concert of action are absolutely necessary to insure success, both in the convention and at the polls. The extremes do not propose to yield, however, and will insist on rigid railway legislation and let Mr. Allison take his chances afterward, pretending to believe that state legislation will not hurt him in the least.

INOPERATIVE.

A Man Can Not be Confined in an Asylum for Drunkenness.

MADISON, Wis., Feb 29.—The Wisconsin Supreme court has declared inoperative the law enacted by the last legislature, which permitted habitual drunkards under certain circumstances to be confined in an arylum not to exceed two years, on the ground that it made a penal offense out of simple drunkenness.

The case grew out of the confinement of Courtland P. Larkin, of Milwaukee, in an inebriate asylum. The court peremptorily orders his release.

Brokers Fail.

NEW YORK, March 6.—The failure of Waldron & Lawrence is generally considered unimportant, and only a small lot of Reading was sold out for their account. The amount involved is less than $10,000, and it is expected the firm will resume within a few days.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE TARIFF BILL.

What the Democratic Administration Proposes.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—(Special.)—The new tariff bill proposes to fix duty on pig iron at $6 per ton; on iron or steel railway bars, weighing more than 25 pounds to the yard, and slabs or billets of steel $11 per ton.

On iron or steel T. rails weighing not over 25 pounds to the yard $14 per tons; and on iron or steel flat rails punched, $15 per ton.

The bill provides for admitting free of duty after July 1, all wools, hair of the alpaca, goat and other like animals, wools on the skin, woolen rags, shoddy mungo, waste and flocks.

And after October 1, 1888, it provides among other things for a 40 per cent duty on woolen and worsted cloth, shawls, and all manufactures of wools, not specially enumerated, and on flannels, blankets, knit goods, women's and children's dress goods composed in part of wool.

Estimates of the reductions in the revenue effected by the bill have not been completed in detail, but the aggregate, according to the best information in the hands of the committee, is fixed at $55,000,000.

This total includes about $22,500,000 on account of the free list; $17,250,000 on account of woolen goods; $1,600,000 for china and glassware; three-quarters of a million dollars in the chemical schedule; something less than half a million dollars on cotton; one and a half million dollars on flax, hemp and jute, and sugar, about eleven million dollars.

There are no internal revenue changes proposed by the bill. This subject was purposely left, for lack of time, to the consideration of the full committee.

The administrative provisions constitute the most voluminous part of the bill, and embrace the provisions compiled by Mr. Hewitt in the 49th Congress, and incorporated in the Morrison bill.

Mr. Hewitt's provisions abolishing the office of merchant appraiser and providing new methods of appraisement are omitted.

The entire system of damage allowance on imported goods injured during the transportation is abolished. The period for which imported merchandize can be kept in bonded warehouse, is extended from one to three years.

The duties on boxes, cartons and other inside coverings of merchandise, which pass into the hands of consumers, are revived.

Duties on packing, charges are revived. What is known as the "similitude" clause of the tariff is re-enacted with such wording as to make clear when unenumerated articles can be classified as assimilating to enumerated articles.

Importers' declarations are substituted for importers' oaths in all custom matters, and importers are authorized to make declarations before notaries instead of at the custom house.

THE FREE LIST.

The bill makes the following additions to the list of articles which may be imported free of duty:

Timber hewn and sawed and timber used for spars and in building wharves.

Timber squared or sided.

Wood unmanufactured, not specially enumerated or provided for. Sawed boards, planks, deals, and all other articles of sawed lumber.

Hubs for wheels, posts, last blocks, wagon blocks, oar blocks, gun blocks, heading blocks and all like blocks or stocks, rough hewn, or sawed only. Staves of wood, pickets and paling, laths and shingles.

Clap boards, pine or spruce. Logs—provided that if any export duty is laid upon the above mentioned articles or either of them by any country whence imported, all said articles imported from said country shall be subject to duty as now provided by law.

Salt, in barrels, sacks, or other packages in bulk when imported from any country which does not charge an import duty upon salt exported from the United States.

Flax, straw, flax, not hackled of dressed; flax, hackled, known as dressed linen tow of flax or hemp. Hemp, manila and other like substitutes for hemp. Jute butts and jute. Sunn, sisal grass and other vegetable fibres.

Burlaps, not exceeding 60 inches in width, of flax, jute or hemp or of which flax jute or hemp, or either of them, shall be the component material of chief value.

Bagging for cotton or other manufactures not specially enumerated or provided for in this act suitable to the uses for which cotton bagging is applied, composed in whole or part of hemp, jute, jute butts, flax, gunny bags, gunny cloth, or other material—provided that as to hemp and flax, jute, jute butts, sunn and sisal grass, and manufactures thereof, except burlaps not exceeding sixty inches in width and bagging for cotton, this act shall take effect July 1, 1889.

Iron or steel sheets, or plates, or taggers iron, coated with tin or lead, or with a mixture of which these metals is a component part, by the dipping or any other process, and commercially known as tin plates, terne plates, and taggers tin.

Beeswax, gelatine and all similar preparations. Glycerine, crude, brown, or yellow. Fish glue or isinglass.

Phosphorus—soap stocks, fit only for use as such as such. Soap, hard and soft, all of which are not otherwise specially enumerated or provided for.

Extract of hemlock and other bark used for tanning. Indigo, extract of, and carmined. Iodine, resublimed. Licorice juice. Oil, croton. Hempseed and rape seed oil.

Flax seed or linseed oil. Oil, cotton seed. Petroleum.

Alumin—alum, patent alum, alum substitute, sulphate of alumina, and aluminous cake, and alum in crystals or ground. All imitations of natural mineral waters and all artificial mineral waters.

Baryta, sulphate of, or barytes unmanufactured. Boracio acid, borate of lime and borax.

Cement—Roman, Portland and all others, whiting and paris white. Copper, sulphate of, or blue vitrol.

Iron, sulphate of, or copperas. Potash, chloride, carbonate of, or fusil and caustic potash. Chlorate or potash and nitrate of potash, or salt petre crude. Sulphate of potash, sulphate of soda, known as salt cake, crude or refined or niter cake, crude or refined, and glaubers salt. Sulphur, refined in rolls. Wood tar. Coal tar, crude. Aniline oil and its homologues. Coal tar, products of, such as naphtha. Benzine, benzole, dead oil and pitch.

All preparations of coal tar, not colors or dyes, and not acids of colors and dyes.

Logwood and other dry wood extracts and other decoctions of spirits of turpentine.

Bone black, ivory, drop black and bone charcoal, ochre and ochery earths, umber and umber earths, sienna and sienna earths when dry. All preparations known as essential oils, expressed oils, distilled oils, rendered oils, alkaline, alkaloids and all combinations of any of the foregoing and chemical compounds by whatever name known and not especially enumerated or provided for in this act.

All barks, beans, berries, balsams, buds, bulbs, bulbous roots and exerescences, such as nut-galls, fruits, flowers, dried fibres, grains, gums and gum resin, herbs, leaves, lichens, nuts, roots and stems, vegetables, seeds and seeds of morbid growth, weeds, woods used expressly for dying, and dried insects.

All non-dutiable crude minerals, but which have been advanced in value or condition by refining or grinding or by other process of manufacture, not specially enumerated or provided for.

All earths, or clays, unwrought or unmanufactured, china, clay or kaoline. Opium, crude, containing 9 per centum and over of morphia, for medicinal purposes. Iron and steel cotton-ties or hoops for bailing purposes, not thinner than No. 20 wire gauge.

Needles—Sewing, darning, knitting and all others not specially enumerated or provided for in this act.

Copper—Imported in the form of ores, regulus of, and black or coarse copper, and copper cement, old copper fit only for manufacture.

Nickel—In ore, matt, or other crude form not ready for consumption in the arts.

Antimony—As regulus or metal.

Quicksilver—Chromate of iron or chromic ore.

Mineral substances in a crude state and metals unwrought, not specially enumerated or provided for.

Brick, vegetables in their natural state or in salt or brine. Chicory root, ground or unground, burnt or prepared and all other articles used or intended to be used as coffee or substances therefor, not specially enumerated or provided for.

Cocoa, prepared or manufactured; dates, plums and prunes; currents, zante or other figs; meats, game and poultry; beans, peas and split peas; pulp for paper makers' use; Bibles, books and pamphlets, printed in other languages than English, and books and pamphlets, and all publications of foreign societies, historical or scientific, printed for gratuitous distribution.

Bristles, bulbs and bulbous roots, not medicinal.

Feathers of all kinds, crude or not dressed, colored or manufactured, and statuary not otherwise provided for (but the term "statuary" shall be understood to include professional productions of a statuary or of a sculptor only).

Stones, unmanufactured or undressed, granite, sandstone, and all building or monumental stone. All strings of gut or any other like material.

Tallow, waste and all, not specially enumerated and provided for.

ARTICLES ON WHICH DUTY WILL BE CHARGED.

Metals are to pay duty as follows: Pig iron, $6 per ton; iron railway bars, $7; steel rails, $11; bar iron, rolled or hammered, ⅜ of 1 cent per pound: not less than one inch wide and three-eights of one inch thick. In large measurement, 1 cent per pound.

Iron slabs, blooms, loops, 35 per cent. advalorem.

Iron bars, blooms, billets, in the manufacture of which charcoal is used, $20 per ton.

Iron or steel T rails, $15 per ton.

Round iron in coils or rods and rolled iron unenumerated, 1 cent per pound; sheet iron, thin, 1 cent per pound; block taggers iron, 30 per cent.; hoop iron, 1 cent per pound; cast iron pipe, six-tenths of 1 cent per pound; nails, 1 cent per pound; tacks, 35 per cent.; anvils, anchors, etc., 1½ cents per pound; rivets, etc., 1½ cents per pound; sledges, axils, etc., ditto.

Chains, 2 cents per pound; saws, 30 per cent.; files, 35 per cent.; ingots and blooms, four-tenths of a cent per pound.

Wire and manufacturers thereof are left unchanged provided that the duty exceeds 50 per cent.

Old copper clippings, 1 cent per pound. Copper, unmanufactured, 2 cents per pound. Lead, 1½ cents per pound; in sheet 2¼ cents per pound.

Nickel, in ore, 10 cents per pound. Zinc spelter, 2 cents per pound. Machine needles, 20 per cent.

The entire wood schedule is subjected to 30 per cent. duty.

All grades of sugar are reduced by an amount varying from one-fifth to one-fourth of the present duties.

Cotton yarn is reduced to 35 and 40 per cent.; bleached linens to 25 per cent.; other yarns 25 per cent. Cotton cloth 40 per cent.

The manufactures of wool are reduced as follows: Woolen and worsted cloths to 40 per cent; flannels, blankets and knit goods, 40 per cent; dress goods, partly of wool, 40 per cent; ready made clothing, 45 per cent; cloaks, 45 per cent; webbings, 50 per cent; carpets, 30 per cent. Paper and its manufactures are generally reduced.

Carriages, 30 per cent. Watches, 25 per cent.

NOT SATISFIED.

Many Democrats Who Can Not Support Mills's Free Trade Bill.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 5.—Representative Candler, Ninth Georgia Congressional district, is very much displeased at the treatment of the marble interests by the tariff bill. There is $1,000,000 invested in plants for quarrying and dressing marble in North Georgia. This is a new industry in his state. He says he cannot live without protection, and as protection is very generally recognized in the bill, he sees no reason for Democrats discriminating in its protection against the South. The committee, he says, shows a lamentable ignorance of the marble interests. If the object of the bill is revenue, why was rough marble put on the free list and dressed marble highly protected, when the duties on rough marble have been much greater than on dressed. If protection was the object, the bill fails, for ther are ten men engaged in this country in quarrying rough marble to every one engaged in dressing marble.

DYNAMITE IN THE CAMP.

Virginia Sends the Cold Chills Vibrating Down the Back of Mr. Mills.

WASHINGTON, March 6.—(Special.)—A bomb has been exploded in the Democratic camp and there is a look of dismay on the countenance of Chairman Mills this morning. The whole capitol is lively with political discussion and the most happy among the number are the Republicans with Randall and his forty followers.

Yesterday the upper branch of the Virginia legislature passed a resolution to appoint a committee to visit Washington and urge a reform of the internal revenue, as advocated by the Republicans, and oppose any reduction of the tariff duty on ores, wool, etc.

The vote of the Virginia Senate was unanimous, with one exception, and the action has thrown a cloud over the warm supporters of "Mr. Mills's little bill." An early meeting of the Ways and Means committee was convened this morning, and the new opposition was viewed in no cheerful mood.

The matter was discussed among the members, and it is the common talk that the administration's force, and the advice of the "kitchen cabinet," will be called in to keep Virginia on her feet.

But this will be a hard thing to do, as it is a matter of bread and butter to them, and a hungry stomach is always capable of presenting a strong argument.

Ohio members, who are opposed to free trade, say there is no danger of free wool.

FUNDS ON HAND.

The following is a statement showing the gold, silver, United States notes and other funds in the treasury to-day:

Gold coin and bullion	$309,673,258
Silver dollars and bullion	231,702,895
Trade dollars, bars	6,649,022
Fractional silver coin	25,387,084
United States notes	33,567,301
National bank notes	124,877
National bank notes in process of redemption	6,209,647
Deposits with National bank depositaries	56,137,328
Total	$669,444,412
Certificates outstanding:	
Gold	$96,641,021
Silver	184,847,420
Currency	11,265,000

INTERNAL REVENUE.

A $25,000,000 Reduction Agreed to by the Democratic Majority of the Ways and Means Committee.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—(Special.)—The internal revenue reductions were agreed on yesterday by the Democrats of the Ways and Means committee and will be reported to the full committee early next week and considered with the tariff bill.

They effect a total reduction of about $24,000,000 or $25,000,000.

The tobacco tax, except on cigars and cigarettes, is repealed, reducing the revenue about $19,000,000.

Licenses abolished will make a further reduction of between four and five million dollars.

There is no reduction on spirits of any kind.

The manufacturers of fruit brandies are allowed to place their product in bonded warehouse and take warehouse receipts for the same as the whisky distillers now have.

The total reduction in revenue made by the bill is about $25,000,000 made up of $20,000,000 on tobacco and $5,000,000 on various special taxes removed.

Some extreme penalties have been lessened.

WORK OF CONGRESS.

Senator Sherman's Chinese Resolution Adopted.

THE SENATE.

Credentials of Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, for a new term were presented.

The resolution reported by Mr. Sherman, from the committee on Foreign Relations, requesting the President to negotiate a treaty with the Emperor of China containing provisions that no Chinese laborer shall enter the United States, passed.

The credentials of Mr. Walthall, for a new term, were passed.

The Pension bill was taken up, the pending question being on the amendment offered by Mr. Wilson to add the words "from infirmities of age." Without voting on the amendment, the Senate adjourned.

Mr. Palmer has introduced a bill to revive the grade of general in the army.

Mr. Reagan reported adversely from the postoffice and post roads committee the Edmunds and Cullum postal telegraph bills and reported favorably the original bill to regulate inter-state commerce carried on by telegraph, and to subject the telegraph companies to the supervision of the inter-state commerce commission. Went over without action.

Among the petitions and memorials presented and referred were the following:

For the abolition of all licenses and taxes on commercial travelers.

For the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for the repeal of internal revenue taxes on alcoholic liquors, and for a prohibition amendment to the constitution.

From citizens of Kansas, against the Springer Oklahoma bill, and from citizens of Nebraska in favor of it.

From the Society of Friends in Kansas for a permanent arbitration treaty with Great Britan, (thirty-two petitions) presented by Mr. Sherman.

For the passage of the *per diem* service pension bill and numerous other petitions from another state to the same effect.

HOUSE.

Joint resolutions passed accepting the invitation of the French Republic to the United States to take part in the international exposition to be held in Paris in 1889, and authorizing the President to arrange a conference to be held in Washington in 1889 for the purpose of promoting arbitration and encouraging reciprocity between the United States and the Republic.

Mr. Blount (Ga.) from the committee on postoffices and postroads, reported adversely a bill prohibiting the transmission through the mails of newspapers containing lottery advertisements. Placed on House calendar.

The House committee on Foreign Affairs has authorized a favorable report on the Morrow resolution requesting the President of the United States to communicate to the House what steps, if any, have been taken in the direction of treaty stipulations or otherwise to prevent the continued immigration of Chinese laborers into the United States notwithstanding the provisions of the treaty of 1880 suspending such immigration.

Mr. Bacon, chairman of the committee on manufactures, offered a resolution authorizing an expenditure of $5,000 by that committee on the conduct of the investigation into the subject of trusts. Adopted.

On motion of Mr. Dibble a bill was passed appropriating $75,000 for the construction of a revenue cutter for use at Charleston, S. C.

Mr. Steele, from the military committee, reported the bill to increase the efficiency of the line of the army.

Mr. Daragan, from the committee on banking, reported the bill authorizing the issue of fractional silver certificates.

Mr. Crain, from the committee on election of President and vice-President, reported back his joint resolution proposing constitutional amendments, changing the time for the commencement of the presidential term, and changing the date for the annual meeting of Congress.

Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, introduced a bill appropriating $227,000 to enable the various executive departments to participate in the international exhibition, to be held at Cincinnati July 4 to October 7, 1888.

Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, has introduced a bill declaring trusts unlawful.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the McDuffie-Davidson, Alabama, contested election case.

THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

Indiana to be Ignored and California or Illinois to Obtain the Honor.

WASHINGTON, March 3.—The Democrats begin to discuss the Vice Presidential possibilities, and an impetus was given to this by the announcement of Mr. Morrison that if Illinois is to be considered, he may be regarded as a candidate.

A prominent Democrat said to your correspondent yesterday: "If we could carry Illinois with a Vice President from that state it will be a great gain. But I don't feel sure of that. Morrison seems to think that Indiana ought to have the preference; but I don't think we can get anybody in that state who would not create antagonism in the party.

"In my belief we can not take a vice-president from Indiana, nor from Wisconsin, nor from Michigan, nor from Ohio. In fact, the vice-presidency on our side has narrowed down to two states—Illinois and California.

THE MAINE ELECTIONS.

Maine Comes to the Front with Splendid Majorities.

AUGUSTA, Me., March 6.—Chairman Manley, of the Republican State Committee, to-day sent the following telegram to Hon. Whitelaw Reid:

Municipal elections were held in the cities of Hollowell, Gardiner, Bath, Rockland, Portland, Lewiston, Auburn, Saco and Ellsworth. They gave sweeping Republican majorities in every city, redeeming Ellsworth and Lewiston, the homes of Senator's Hale and Frye. It was an unprecedented Republican triumph. Maine repudiates the free trade message and emphasizes the condemnation of the surrender made in the fishery treaty.

PORTLAND, Me., March 6.—Chapman's majority over Dow is 1,537, the largest ever given in a municipal election. The Republicans carried every ward.

GONE TO HER REST.

A Worthy Daughter of an Honored Father Follows, Only Two Days Behind, to the Unexplored Regions Beyond This Life.

BOSTON, Mass., March 6.—Miss Louise May Alcott died this morning.

Coming so soon after the death of her father, the suddenly announced death of Louisa May Alcott brings a double sorrow to the many friends of the family, while the loss of this talented writer will be felt far and wide among the many readers of her books.

Miss Alcott was born on an anniversary of her father's birthday, and it is singular that she should have followed him so closely to the grave.

THE GREAT RAILROAD STRIKE.

The Chicago Burlington and Quincy Road firm—The Strikers say They will not Yield—It may Spread to Other Roads.

CHICAGO, March 5.—The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy trains ran into and from the Union depot this morning with pretty much the same regularity as they did the day before the big strike began. Early this morning this notice was posted in the conductors room:

"C. B. & Q. trains will run to-day on schedule time, except Nos. 1, 15 and 17.

"L. A. HOWLAND."

The abandoned trains are all through trains. All the engines, both in and out, were manned by new men.

About 100 men were being examined as engineers at the offices of the company this morning. They were mostly men who arrived from the East yesterday. To-day freight is being received for all points east of the Mississippi, and to-morrow it will be received for points up to the Missouri.

WHAT IT WOULD MEAN.

A Million Men to be Thrown Out of Employment.

CHICAGO, March 5.—Referring to the possibility of a general strike being ordered on Western railroads by engineers and firemen a local engineer says: It is probable that the Chicago & Northwestern, the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Chicago & Alton, the Wisconsin Central, the Illinois Central, the Wabash Western, the Chicago St. Paul & Kansas City, and all of the branch and leased lines of the above named railroads would be involved.

Roughly estimated this would embrace about 23,000 miles of road and would completely close the channels of communication between Chicago and the West.

It will lay a complete embargo on the Northwest, cut off communication to Council Bluffs, Omaha and Upper Missouri river points, except by circuitous routes, and to a partial degree the same thing to the Southwest.

It will destroy the express business, paralyze trade, suspend the operation of all mining and manufacturing industries, and transform busy hives of industry into centers of idleness and stagnation, and this in a territory of over a thousand miles square.

When it is remembered that these roads penetrate to the Canadian border on the north to the Rocky Mountains on the west, and to the Indian Territory on the south, the scope of their operations and the magnitude of the interest they serve can better be comprehended.

More than this. It will cut off the great Northern and Middle transcontinental routes, reducing them to local roads at once, the consequence being that the great interior basin from Utah to Oregon would suffer equally with the Mississippi and Missouri valleys.

It is not only trade and commerce which would suffer. Labor, both skilled and common, would feel the effects, and most disastrously.

The general managers of the railroads named freely state that in case of a strike upon their lines there is but one course for them to pursue—shut down the shops and freight houses, discharge the workers, and await the end.

Cessation of operations would mean the immediate discharge of four-fifths the number. This would throw out of employment 92,000 men, and according to the average of wages paid entail upon them a daily loss of over $200,000.

This is the direct result. Beyond that comes the stoppage of manufacture, the suspension of mines, the cessation of lumber operations which must follow any shutting down of the railroads mentioned, and it is a conservative statement to estimate this great outside army employed in the named industries at 1,000,000 men.

NORTHWESTERN WHEAT.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad Blockaded—Millions of Wheat.

WINNIPEG, March 1.—[Special wire.]—Numerous instances have come to light in the last two days showing how complete is the grain blockade on the Canadian Pacific road. Cars shipped from Winnipeg to Montreal three months ago have not yet arrived at their destination.

A grain dealer was notified yesterday that a car of wheat shipped to Port Arthur January 5 only arrived there on Monday last.

It is said that 5,200,000 bushels of wheat have been taken out of the country. Three-fifths of the crop of 12,000,000 bushels have been marketed but much of this remains stored in elevators, warehouses and at numerous stations to the west.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

His Condition has Cast a Gloom Over all Germany.

LONDON, March 5.—The cessation of the daily bulletins and the strict prohibition of all authentic information regarding the condition of the crown prince has caused intense excitement in Berlin and no little indignation. The Germans in general are venting their spleen upon Dr. MacKenzie and it would not be safe for that gentleman to make his appearance in Berlin just at present, for should he be seen and recognized on the streets he would undoubtedly be mobbed, so great is the feeling against him. The recent suppression of news of the royal patient is at the command of the emperor, who was grievously offended at a report that appeared in a Berlin newspaper, containing an account that came too near the truth to suit the authorities.

The reception of this order for silence concerning the crown prince carries with it a gloom that is felt both on the continent and here. It is considered that this is but the prelude of the fatal end, and that official silence will give way only to the official announcement of the sufferer's death. Many other signs point to a crisis which seems now in the gathering darkness to be not far off. Orders for usual festivities remain ungiven and postponements of those already planned are announced. Even the preparations for the silver wedding of the prince and princess of Wales, which occurs on the 10th of this month, are proceeding slowly, and hang fire, awaiting the result of further developments at San Remo.

Professor Waldeyer, who has gone to San Remo at the request of Emperor William, although a pupil of Virchow's, has radically different theories about cancer and the treatment of cancer from his instructor, and is especially fitted by previous study for the peculiar case of the crown prince. Much seems to depend on his report to the emperor, and it is looked upon generally in the light of a final judgment in the case. His opinion, therefore, is anxiously awaited.

The German crown prince passed a good night. His cough and expectoration have lessened. There is a more cheerful feeling regarding his immediate condition.

FERDINAND MUST GO.

Turkey Stands Ready to Declare Him a Usurper and Send Arms into Bulgaria.

MOSCOW, March 2.—The *Gazette*, government organ, says that Turkey will declare Prince Ferdinand a usurper in Bulgaria and will interfere with a military force to establish a status there in accordance with the Berlin treaty, either on reciving a mandate from all the powers, or *carte blanche* from Russia.

PRINCE FERDINAND.

The Porte Has Notified Him That He Holds His Position Illegally.

CONSTANTINOPLE, March 6.—In accordance with the demands of Russia the Porte has notified Prince Ferdinand that his position in Bulgaria is illegal.

BULGARIA A KINGDOM.

Prince Ferdinand to Call Upon the People to Proclaim Him King.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 6.—Prince Ferdinand, of Bulgaria, is preparing a manifesto in reply to the expected ultimatum of the powers regarding the Bulgarian question, in which he will proclaim Bulgaria a kingdom and call upon the people to crown him king.

M. WILSON CONVICTED.

The Wholesale Jobber in French Decorations Receives a Heavy Sentence.

PARIS, March 1.—M. Wilson, the son-in-law of ex-President Grevy, who has been on trial for complicity in the Legion of Honor decoration scandals, has been convicted. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, to pay a fine of 3,000 francs, and to be deprived of his civil rights for five years.

To Kill Off the Rabbits.

PARIS, Feb. 29.—Three of M. Pasteur's agents sailed from Naples for New South Wales to-day, taking with them a quantity of hen cholera microbes with which to inoculate and ultimately exterminate the rabbits in Australia.

England's Poor Navy.

LONDON, Eng., Feb. 29.—Lord Wolseley made a speech at a dinner at the Rifle club last evening, in the course of which he deplored the fact that the ministers had not asked parliament for the supplies necessary to put the navy in proper condition. He said he was sure that the English parliament would be as ready to vote supplies as the German parliament had been.

Austro-Hungarian Army Too Small.

PESTH, Feb. 29.—The Austro-Hungarian government is arranging for a considerable increase of the army. The present military law, which expires in 1889, fixes the strength of the army at 800,000 men, exclusive of the Landwehr.

The law was adopted in 1868, since which time there have been only slight modifications of it. Austria-Hungary is thus behind other powers in military strength, but intends to institute thorough and extensive reforms by which she will be placed on an equal military footing with Germany and France.

Italy's African War.

VIENNA, Feb. 29.—The *Fremdenblatt* denies that Austria and Germany have counseled Italy to abandon her African campaign and recall her troops on the ground that events are impending in Europe which will require Italy to enter the field with all her forces.

The paper says that Austria and Germany regard the African campaign as purely an Italian matter and are convinced that a few thousand men on foreign service will not jeopardize Italy's military position.

Deserting the Italians.

ROME, March 2.—Advises from Massowah say Chief Debah and his followers, who hitherto have been powerful allies of the Italian forces, have deserted to the enemy, taking with them the arms and equipments with which the Italians had supplied them.

Austria Will Ask for an Extra War Grant.

VIENNA, March 2.—It is expected that an extra war grant will be demanded by the government at the next meeting of the delegations which will exceed 200,000 florins.

A BOLD BANK ROBBER.

He Kills the Cashier, After a Desperate Struggle and Then Blows His Own Brains Out.

BRADFORD, Pa., March 6.—(Special.)—A desperate attempt was made to rob the Bradford National Bank shortly before noon to-day. Cashier Harvey Tomlinson was alone in the bank.

Hearing a noise, he turned and discoverd a young man behind the counter, just as the latter grabbed up a large bundle of bank notes. Tomlinson seized the robber, and a desperate struggle ensued.

Finding that he was getting worsted the thief drew a revolver and shot Tomlinson, fatally. He then took the money and started out, but the report of the pistol had already attracted a crowd, and the robber, seeing that escape was impossible, shot himself beyond hopes of recovery.

The rumor that the robber was Tascott was unfounded. It is supposed that his name is Kimball, and thas he came from Philadelphia.

A later report says that before committing suicide, Kimball shot and probably fatally wounded A. L. Bleich, one of pursuers. Kimball is dead and Tomlinson is unconscious and cannot survive.

Washington Gossip.

The Senate committee on the District of Columbia voted 6 to 3 against the Platt bill to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors in the District of Columbia. The committee then, by a vote of 8 to 1, [Riddleberger], decided to frame and report a local option and high license bill. Mr. Riddleberger will make a favorable minority report on the Platt bill.

The House will hold evening sessions on Friday hereafter from 7:30 to 10:30 o'clock for the consideration of private pension and political disability bills.

The secretary of the Treasury is advised of an organized movement for the emigration of German convicts to this country and has taken steps to guard against the landing of all such passengers.

Mr. McKinley, of Ohio, has secured the unanimous consent of the House to have printed in the *Record* a memorial signed by glassblowers protesting against a reduction of the duty on imported window glass, as proposed by the Mills tariff bill.

To Abolish Slavery in Brazil.

NEW YORK, March 3.—A Rio Janeiro correspondent writes under date of February 3, and says: "The absorbing question of the day continues to be that of slavery, and it is current that the ministry, recognizing that their announced policy has been rendered impracticable by the extraordinary progress of voluntary concessions of freedom by the planters of Sab Paulo, have decided upon introducing early in the next legislative session, that is in May, a bill to abolish slavery throughout Brazil."

RACE TO DESTRUCTION.

A Runaway Engine's Brief but Disastrous Engagement in the St. Louis Yards.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., March 3.—A runaway engine played a brief but disastrous engagement in the Missouri Pacific yards, at this place, last night. The Kansas City express arrived at 6:30 p. m., and the engineer as usual, backed the engine into the round house and left it.

An hour later, in some mysterious manner, the throttle was opened and the engine struck out through the yards at the rate of 30 miles an hour without anybody to guide it.

There were a number of engines in the yard and on the main track. The engineers were all anxious to get out of the way, but owing to the complicated arrangement of the numerous switches none knew which way it would come.

A train was pulling up on a long switch leading to an elevator, with another engine behind it. Into this switch the runaway engine turned. The engineer of the first train saw the danger. He was between two fires, but reversing his engine and whistling to the engine behind him, he started backward. A hot race for three blocks ensued but the runaway overtook the train.

The two engines came together with fearful force, tearing both to pieces. The engine behind continued to back 40 miles an hour, and before the engineer could stop, jumped the track at the elevator, wrecking the engine. The three locomotives are completely ruined and the absence of the loss of human life appears miraculous.

MYSTERIOUSLY MISSING.

Two Cases Which Excite the Citizens of Middletown, N. Y.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Feb. 28.—Two recent cases of the unaccountable disappearance of farmers, while visiting New York City on business, are exciting comment. The first was that of Charles D. Johnson, a middle-aged farmer of the town of Minisink, who went to the city on December 3, to collect his monthly bill of the dealer to whom he sold milk. The dealer paid him part in cash and part in a check for $97 on the Eleventh Ward Bank. The farmer had an old acquaintance name Grover, who keeps a restaurant on Wes street, with whom he proposed to stay over night. About 9 o'clock in the evening he stepped out on the step as if for a moment only and left his overcoat behind.

He was seen a few minutes later by the policeman on the beat in conversation with some rough looking men on the corner of Rector and West streets, since which moment not the slightest trace of him has been found, although friends and detectives had prosecuted a faithful search in hospitals, morgues and other placef. The $97 check has never turned up at the bank. Charles S. Miller, a young farmer of the town of Greenville, visited the city last week to hire a servant at the Castle Garden labor bureau. He spent Thursday night with a sister living up town. He left her house Friday morning, on the way down town, and has not since been seen or heard of by any of his friends, though a thorough search has been made for him. He was of exemplary character and a strict teetotaler. He has a wife and four young children. No cause for absenting himself from home is known except that he was in some financial straits.

ROBBED OF HER HAIR.

A Young Married Woman of Reading Shorn of Her Luxuriant Tresses.

READING, Pa., Mar. 3.—Mrs. William J. Miller, aged 21 years, was alone in her handsome cottage on Rose street last evening when he was brutally assaulted by an unknown man who entered from the side yard. She had gone into the sitting-room when she was grasped from behind by both arms, and before she could turn around was thrown violently to the floor. In her struggles the lady was kicked and choked, and finally went into convulsions.

Upon regaining consciousness her assailant was not to be seen and Mrs. Miller then discovered that she had been divested of her magnificent brown hair, the tresses having been cut off close to the scalp. A pair of sharp shears had evidently been used, as the work was very skilfully done. The lady has been in delicate health for several months and could only offer very feeble resistance. She immediately alarmed the neighbors, and a search was made without success. The chief of police and several detectives are engaged in gathering in all suspicious characters in the hope that they may be able to find the scoundrel. The stolen tresses measured 23 inches in length and Mrs. Miller's beautiful hair had been the pride of her neighbors.

MOEN MYSTERY.

The Old Man Denies That He is Again Shelling Out.

WORCESTER, Mass., Feb. 28.—"Doc." Wilson, the notorious recipient of the mysterious bounty of P. L. Moen, the millionaire President of the Washburn & Moen Manufacturing company of this city, has received a new accession of wealth upon the strength of which he has left Providence, where he has been living, for a trip to Europe. His friends say that he is to receive $500 a month from Mr. Moen so long as he remains abroad. This story, which was telegraphed from Providence to Boston, was shown Mr. Moen to-day.

He gave it a prompt and indignant denial. He said:

"I know nothing of Wilson; have had nothing to do with him lately, and probably never will have again. The story that I have agreed to pay him $500 a month, or any other amount, is absolutely false, and I wish you would contradict it as flatly as possible. If Wilson has any money he probably has got hold of some new victim. I certainly know nothing of him, but on general principles presume he is getting his living by deviltry of some sort or other."

PLUNGED TO THEIR DEATH.

Three Men Killed by a Fall of Fifty Feet Into a Mine Shaft.

BUTTE, Mont., March 3.—At Goldsmith's mine, Walkerville, three miners were killed yesterday. They were:

WALTER LAWRENCE,
JAMES RIGGINS and
FRITZ DELL.

They were going to the mine to work, descending a shaft 225 feet in depth in a bucket. When within 50 feet of the bottom the wire cable broke and the men plunged to their death.

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

Circumstances Combining to Make Such an Affair Possible.

NOGALES, Ariz., March 2.—The invasion of Mexico by Guatemalian troops has created a daal of excitement here. Mexicans here believe the step is taken to cause a political revolution in Mexico to prevent the re-election of President Diaz, or at least to further extend what dissatisfaction there may be with the Diaz administration.

A certain class in Mexico is always ready to join a revolution, therefore it would be no surprise if a number of small revolutions were started before the presidential election, which takes place in June this year.

A pouch of registered mail was stolen last night from one of the mail wagons bringing it from the Miami depot to the Cincinnati postoffice. The pouch contained all the registered matter that came on the last night's Panhandle mail. The empty mail pouch was found in the Ohio river. Authorities arrested W. L. Fensler, driver of the mail wagon just behind the one robbed, and charged him with the crime.

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NOT A DUMPING GROUND.

Judge Pendergrast Take Steps Which Will Lead to the Settlement of an Important Question.

CHICAGO, March 2.—An international question has been vigorously stirred up by County Judge Pendergrast. From the number of insane paupers, subjects of European powers, who have come before him, while holding the court of insane inquiry, the judge has long been of the opinion that the foreign governments are simply dumping their undesirable inhabitants into the United States.

Yesterday he decided as the best means of forcing the subject to legislative attention to order two Canadian lunatic paupers sent to the British consul, one German to the German consul, and a Hungarian to the Austrian consul.

Before they were sent an officer of the court was dispatched to the consuls with a note from the judge explaining that as the paupers had been allowed to come here insane, to be a burden on Cook county, the consuls ought to take charge of and reship them.

Baron Von Vordenfivcht, the German consul, at once replied warmly that as he received orders only from Germany, he begged to state that "if any attempt is made to carry out the order of the county court by leaving Victoria Riedl at my office without my consent, I shall invoke the aid of the federal courts."

The other consuls sent similar curt replies, and thus the matter stands.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE.

Members of the Order Arrested for a Murder Committed 24 Years Ago.

VINCENNES, Ind., March 3—(Special.)—Intense excitement prevails at Shoals, Ind., over the arrest of John G. Jones, county commissioner, and Wm. Stanfield and James Archer, charged with the murder of Jack Ballard, a Federal soldier, 24 years ago.

Albert Quackenbush turned state's evidence. Ballard came back to this county during the war to arrest a deserter, and it is said, the above parties belonged to the "Knights of the Golden Circle."

At a meeting of the order Ballard's murder was decided upon, and, it is alleged, that the men arrested were implicated in the crime.

Jones is out on $10,000 bail, Stanfield and Archer are in jail, and Stone, who resides near Olney, Ills., it is said, will be arrested.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, March 7, 1887.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	March 7.	Feb 28.
4½'s coupons	125⅜	125⅝
4's registered	124⅜	125⅛
Pacific 6's of '95	120	120

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—decrease	$2,455,725
Loans—increase	819,700
Specie—decrease	1,701,400
Legal tenders—decrease	1,483,800
Deposits—decrease	2,917,900
Circulation—decrease	79,000

The banks now hold $12,745,700 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, March 6.—Noon.—Money is easy at 2@3 per cent. Bar silver, 95½.

In the stock market, Reading & Richmond and West Point maintained some activity, but the remainder of the list continued dull and without feature. There was scarcely any movement to prices, but a generally heavy tone prevailed, and most stocks are slightly lower as the result of the hour's operations. At noon the market was very dull and about steady, generally at slight fractions above the opening prices.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: Can. So., 51⅝; D. & H., 107; D. L. & W., 127⅛; Erie, 24⅝; H. V., ; J. C., 80; K. & T., 14; Lake Shore, 90¼; L. & N., 55; M. C., 79½; N. Y. C., 106⅞; N. W., 107⅞; N. E., 36⅛; O. T., 19½; R. T., 58½; Reading, 62⅛; St. P., 76⅜; U. P., 54⅝; Wabash, 12⅞; W. U. 77⅝; C. B. & Q., 125.

TRADE.

During the week just closed, the general trade of the country, while not brisk, was fairly good. The prospects for the spring trade are fairly encouraging.

THE MARKETS.

On 'Change To-day.

The markets dragged along this morning, fluctuations being confined within the limits of ¼c. Cash wheat showed but little life, but the tone was fairly firm. In futures, May led, but no attempt was made to force trade. It dropped ¼c soon after the opening but before the close the decline was recovered. June and July sold only to a moderate extent. Corn was dull with a slight easing off on last transactions. Oats were quiet. Clover seed showed fair strength. Liverpool cables were steady for wheat with a firmer feeling. The demand was moderate. The exports were moderate. It is believed that with nice spring weather, the markets will be higher. The prospects are good for a good European demand for the next 90 days.

The local market was dull, with but little variation in prices, as compared with yesterday, in wheat. Cash sold at 86c for No. 2 soft red, closing at 85¾c for Wabash; May wheat opened at 86¾c, fell to 85⅞c, and closed at 86¾c, same as yesterday; June, 86⅞c; July, 84⅝c. Corn was dull; cash neglected; No. 2 May, 54½@54¾c, ⅛c up. Oats nominally unchanged. Clover seed dull; prime cash, 5c advance at $3 90; seller April, $3 95. Dressed hogs—Sale at $6 15.

CLOSE.—Wheat, cash, 85¾c; May, 86⅝c; June, 86⅞c. Corn—Cash, 52c bid; May, 54¼c asked. Oats—May, 34c bid. Clover seed—cash and March, $3 90 bid; May, $3 95 bid.

The Produce Market.

The market for produce was dull to-day. Changes during the past week have been slight in most things. Butter, best, 20c; next quality, 16@18c. Eggs are lower at 16@17c. Onions, $1 00@1 20. Beans, $2 75. Chickens, 11@12c. Salt, in barrels, 75c; car lots, 70c. Cranberries, bushel crates, $3 75. Lettuce, 26c per lb. Oranges, $8 75@4 50 for Floridas, and $3 00@3 50 for Messinas. Lemons, $3 00@3 50.

General Produce.

CHICAGO, March 6.—2:30 p. m.—Wheat—March, 75⅝c; May, 80½@80⅝c. Corn—March, 49½c, nominal; May, 53¼@53⅜c. Pork—May, $14 02½.

DETROIT, March 6.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 87c bid; No. 2 red cash, 86¼c; May, and June, 87¾c; July, 85c asked. Corn—No. 2, 53c. Oats—No. 2, 33¾c; No. 2 white, 36c asked.

MILWAUKEE, March 6.—1 P. M.—Wheat steady; cash, 76⅝c; March, 76c; May, 79c. Corn dull; No. 3, 48c. Oats firm; No. 2 white, 34c. Rye steady; No. 1, 59¼c. Barley higher; No. 2, 75½c.

KANSAS CITY, March 5.—Wheat—Market steady; No. 2 soft cash at 81¼c; May, 80c bid, 80¼c asked. Corn—Market strong; No. 2 cash, 43¾c asked; April, 43½c bid, 45c asked; May, 45¼c, 46¼c asked. Oats—No. 2 May at 30c bid.

CHICAGO, March 6.—1 p. m.—Wheat steady; cash 75 15-16c; April, 76 5-16; May, 81c. Corn easier; cash, 49⅝c; April, 49⅝c; May, 53 9-16c. Oats firmer; cash, 29¼c; May, 32⅛c. Rye at 63c. May. Barley, nothing doing. Prime timothy, $2 55@2 56. Flax seed, $1 45. Whisky, $1 15. Pork firm; cash, $13 77½; May, $13 90@13 92½. Lard steady; cash $7 62½; May, $7 70; short ribs, $7 20.

CINCINNATI, March 6.—Flour steady; family, $3 30@3 50; fancy, $3 70@3 90. Wheat quiet at 86c. Corn strong and higher at 53@54c. Oats strong and higher at 34@34½c. Rye strong at 65@68½c. Provisions quiet and unchanged. Pork quiet at $14 50. Lard steady at $7 55. Bulk meats easier; short ribs, $7 35. Bacon quiet; short clear, $8 62½. Whisky firm; sales, 918 barrels finished goods on a basis of $1 09.

NEW YORK, March 6.—Wheat—Market ½@¾c higher, firm and more active; receipts, 2,200 bushels; sales, 4,000 bu; No. 2 red, March, 90¾@91c; 128,000 bu do April, 91¼@91¾c; 648,000 bu do May, 91 11-16@92c; 576,000 bu do June, 91 1-16@91 7-16c; 136,000 bu do December, 93 7-16@93⅝c. Corn—Market advanced ¼@¾c with fair business; mixed western spot, 60@61½c; futures, 60⅞@61⅞c; receipts, 5,500 bu; sales, 976,000 bu. Oats a trifle better; western, 38@45; receipts, 85,000 bu; sales, 90,000 bu. Beef—Market dull; new extra mess, $7 00@8 00. Pork steady but quiet; new mess, $15 00@15 25; one year old mess, $14 50@14 75. Lard in moderate demand and steady; steam rendered, $8 02½@8 05. Butter steady and demand fair; western, 14@30c; Penn, and Elgin creamery, 30c. Cheese firm at 11@12¾c; state fancy white, 12½@12¾c; do colored, 12¾@12⅞c. Sugar dull; crushed, 7¾c; powdered, 7c; granulated, 6⅝c. Molasses steady; 50 test 20½c. Coffee nominal; fair rio, 14¼c; options steady at 5@10 points advance. Spirits of turpentine dull at 49@49½c. Eggs—Western, 19c.

Live Stock Market.

EAST LIBERTY, March 5.—Cattle—Steady on good and lower on common. One car shipped to New York to-day; prime, $4 75@5 00; fair to good, $4 25@4 50; common, $3 65@4 00. Hogs—Market active; Philadelphias, $5 70@5 75; mixed, $5 60@5 65; Yorkers, $5 45@5 55; common to fair, $5 25@5 35; pigs, $4 75@5 00; 19 cars shipped to New York. Sheep—Market firm at last week's closing prices; prime $5 50@6 00; fair to good, $4 75@5 25; common, $3 50@4 25.

BUFFALO, March 5.—Cattle—Market active and a shade higher; common to fair, $3 60@4 35; good to choice shipping, $4 50@5 00; extra steers, $5 10@5 35; cows and heifers, $3 25@3 75; bulls, $3 25@4 00; stockers and feeders, $3 00@3 60; milch cows, $2 50@4 20; veals, $6 25@6 75. Sheep—Prices advanced 10@15c; inferior, $4 00@3 50; good to choice, $5 75@6 25; extra, $6 35; lambs strong; ordinary to choice, $4 50@4 90; extra, $7 00@7 10. Hogs—Market light declined 5@10c; others unchanged; light pigs, $5 00@5 20; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 25@5 40; selected Yorkers, $5 45@5 55; selected medium weights, $5 65@5 75; selected heavy ends, $5 00@5 25; stage, $3 75@4 00; mixed closed steady.

KANSAS CITY, March 5.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1,555 head; shipments, 350 head. The market was strong and active. Values were firm and 5@10c higher for good of all classes, except stockers and feeding steers, which were quiet and firm. Sales of good to choice corn fed steers at $4 50@5 00 per cwt.; common to medium at $3 30@4 25; stockers at $2 25@2 90; feeding steers at $3 00@3 60; cows at $1 60@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 3,850 head; shipments, 543 head. The market opened strong, closing weak. Values steady to strong. Sales of good to choice shipping at $5 20@5 30 per cwt.; common to medium at $4 70@5 10; skips and pigs, at $3 00@4 60. Sheep—Receipts, 138 head; shipments, none; market was strong for good to choice muttons at $4 50@4 60 per cwt.; common to medium at $2 50@4 00.

Boston Wool Market.

The market has assumed a more quiet tone. Prices are steady and well maintained. Ohio and Pennsylvania, 31@32½c; Territory, 13@23½c; Texas and Southern, 14@19c; combing and delaine, 24½@38c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 16@23½c; pulled wools and noils, 30@36c; scoured and tub washed, 30@65c.

Foreign Markets.

LONDON, March 5.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says:

The provincial markets record a slight advance in native wheats. In London the market does not improve. The sales of English wheat during the past week, 40,907 quarters at 30s 2d, against 42,366 quarters at 32s 9d during the corresponding week last year. Flour is dull, but values are maintained. Foreign wheat is lifeless. There is a continued decline in all Russian wheats. Foreign flour is dull. The large arrivals from America act as a dead weight on the home trade, which is without prospect of relief. Corn is dull. Four arrivals of wheat, two were sold. Canadian peas were 6d dearer.

Spring Wheat Receipts.

The Special Market Report of C. A. King & Co. has the following comparison of the receipts of spring wheat at three leading points:

MINNEAPOLIS.	1887-8.	1886-7.	1885-6.
August	2,400,000	1,800,000	1,000,000
Sept	5,300,000	3,800,000	1,900,000
October	6,700,000	4,000,000	6,000,000
Nov	8,000,000	5,900,000	4,400,000
Dec	4,600,000	4,100,000	2,600,000
January	1,500,000	2,500,000	2,400,000
February	3,600,000	2,200,000	2,100,000
Total	32,200,000	23,300,000	20,500,000
DULUTH.			
August	600,000	1,900,000	500,000
Sept	1,600,000	5,800,000	2,600,000
October	2,700,000	4,100,000	2,800,000
Nov	4,200,000	3,600,000	3,000,000
Dec	3,600,000	1,800,000	2,000,000
January	400,000	1,000,000	500,000
February	140,005	240,000	200,000
Total	13,240,000	18,440,000	11,600,000
CHICAGO.			
August	1,500,000	2,200,000	900,000
Sept	1,200,000	2,000,000	900,000
October	1,800,000	2,400,000	2,200,000
Nov	2,000,600	2,700,000	1,600,000
Dec	2,100,000	2,800,000	1,600,000
January	650,000	1,050,000	650,000
February	600,000	700,000	450,000
Total	9,850,000	13,850,000	8,310,000
Min'p'l's	32,200,000	24,300,000	20,500,500
Duluth	13,240,000	18,440,000	11,600,000
Total 3 places	55,290,000	56,590,000	8,310,000

Receipts this month have been larger at Minneapolis than usual, but a trifle lighter at Duluth and Chicago.

The total receipts thus far this season at the three places are about the same as during the corresponding time of last season. Minneapolis shows a large increase, while Duluth and Chicago show a decrease but were larger than in 1885-6.

The crop of the five principal spring wheat states was 145,000,000 bushels, against 138,000,000 in 1886, and 128,000,000 in 1885. The increase this year was the crop of Dakota.

The stocks at these markets compare as follows:

MINNEAPOLIS.	1887-8.	1886-7.	1885-6.
First week Aug	3240000	2300000	2900000
Last week March	7500000	7500000	5700000
Increase 7 mo	4260000	5200000	2800000
DULUTH.			
First week Aug	1900000	3000000	2600000
Last week March	7000000	10400000	5700000
Increase 7 mo	5100000	7400000	3100000
CHICAGO.			
First week Aug	7800000	8300000	14700000
Last week March	5500000	13000000	14400000
Increase 7 mo	*2300000	4700000	*300000

* Decrease.

Over half of the visible supply is at these three centers. Minneapolis stock is the same as a year ago, while stocks at Duluth and Chicago are smaller.

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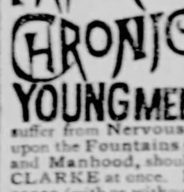
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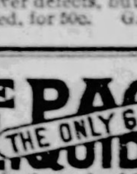
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